Ken

AUGUST 11TH
VOL. 2. NO. 3 1938

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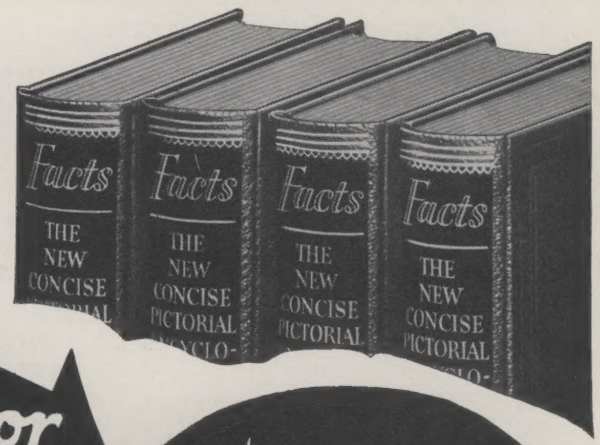

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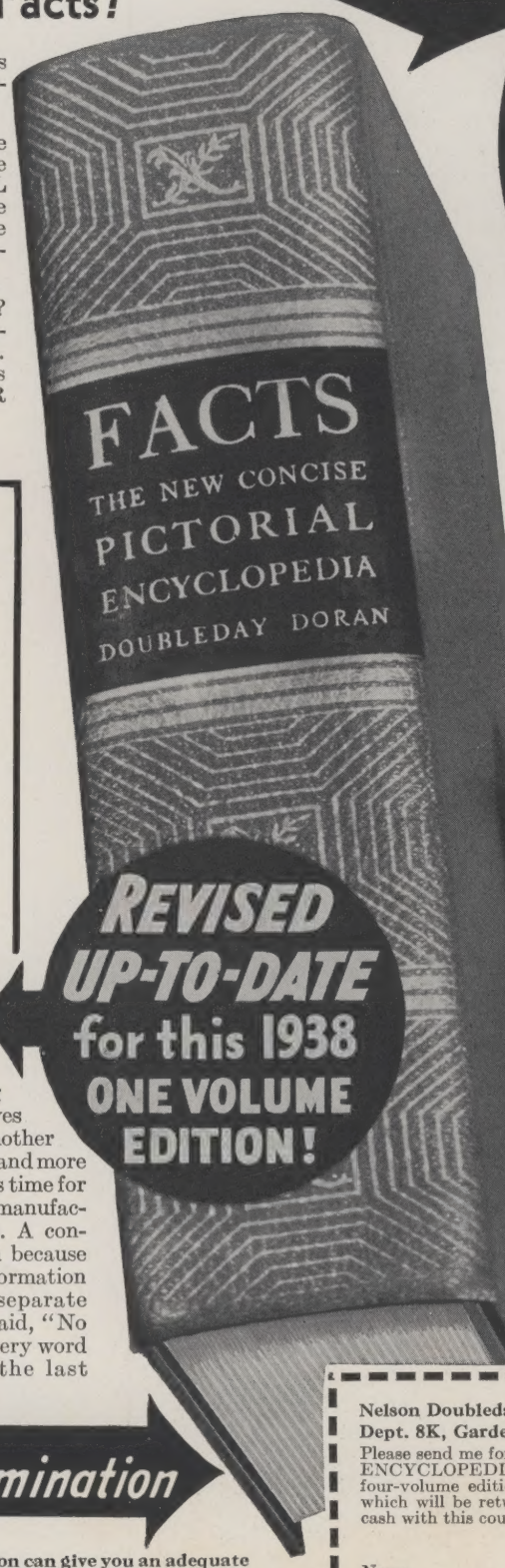

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WITHIN THE EDITORIAL KEN

A Ken article was criticized by the Communists as "biased in favor of Trotsky." Now it is denounced by Trotsky as a "conscious distortion with hostile comment." Ken, in the middle, gets it both ways.

Sir:

In the May 5 issue of Ken magazine I was surprised to see an article concerning me written by Alvin M. Josephy, Jr., purporting to be the result of an interview with me. On August 23, 1937, almost a year ago, Mr. Josephy, posing as a representative of the *New York Herald Tribune,* sent me a number of written questions which he asked me to answer for the readers of that paper. In view of the political importance of these questions I gave written answers and Mr. Josephy signed the following agreement: "The actual answers have to be printed in full and exactly as written. Otherwise, they have to be returned to me. (signed) Leon Trotsky. Copy as approved by (signed) A. M. Josephy, Jr.—Coyoacan, D.F., Mexico, August 23, 1937." In spite of this categorical obligation, Mr. Josephy introduced many changes and omissions apparently with the aim of obscuring the causes of the defeat of the Spanish revolution. He accompanied these conscious distortions of my answers with hostile comment which would have been impossible if he had not deformed my own answers.

As if he would himself prove his bad will, Mr. Josephy affirms at the beginning of his article: "He (Trotsky) and Rivera no longer speak to each other, though one is host and the other guest." The reason for this he gives as the "egotistic" character of the two men, etc. The whole story is sheer invention. I have not had the slightest conflict with Diego Rivera in any question. Since my arrival in Mexico we have been tied by the closest personal friendship, free from any shadow. I refrain from enumerating the false assertions of minor importance made by Mr. Josephy and list only the following items which he omitted from the article despite his signed agreement to publish them:

Question: Many people in America today are greatly concerned over the eventual outcome of the Spanish Civil War. There are many attempts being made by students to foresee the end. In your opinion, what do you think will be the eventual outcome of this struggle and what are the reasons for your opinion? How soon do you believe the end will come?

Answer: The best assistance to General Franco is being rendered by Negrin and his ally Stalin. With the help of the reactionary social politics, and no less reactionary repressions, they are blotting out the hope for liberation of the Spanish peasantry and the revolutionary enthusiasm of the workers. Only in this way can one explain the military defeats of the Republicans and the protracted character of the war. The people see less and less difference between the programs and regimes of either warring camp. A mere contrasting of "democracy" to fascism carries little consolation for the mind and heart of the masses, especially during the time of war, when in both camps reigns an actual military dictatorship. The workers and peasants are capable of the greatest sacrifices, if they know what they are fighting for. Civil war wins, in the first place, by a bold social program. If the "republicans" could have such a program and would put it into immediate operation on the territory occupied by them, nine-tenths of all the population of Spain would be inspired by the powerful revolutionary gust, and General Franco with his gangs would hang suspended in the air. The government of Negrin-Stalin, which in the rear leads a struggle against the workers and peasants, is incapable of assuring victory at the front. But even if we would allow that Negrin will be victorious over Franco, a new military dictatorship, differing little from the dictatorship of Franco, would arise from such a purely military victory. *Without social revolution, the victory of fascism or a semi-fascist militarism in Spain is completely unavoidable, regardless of the outcome of the military operations.*

If the civil war, in its present form, is prolonged for a lengthy period, in face of the growing indifference of the national masses, it can end in the demoralization of both warring camps and in a compromise of the tops of the generals, with the aim of establishing a joint military dictatorship.

Question: Do you believe that Germany and Italy will be forced by internal affairs in their own countries to go deeper and deeper into the Spanish struggle?

Answer: I do not think that Germany and Italy will involve themselves deeper in the Spanish struggle: this would threaten a conflict among themselves; however, *at the given stage,* they are interested in demonstrating their solidarity. Insofar as there is a question about a struggle against the social revolution in Spain, Hitler and Mussolini could not wish for a better gendarme than Stalin. Finally, the degree of interference is determined by international groupings behind the stage, in particular, by the desire of Hitler not to repulse Great Britain. However, precise prophecies in this respect are hardly possible.

Question: Why are there differences among the leaders of the Spanish Republican government?

Answer: The political differences in

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THE INSIDER'S WORLD

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

ARNOLD GINGRICH Editor
CLAUDE APPERSON
R. GRAM SWING
CHARLES J. DUTTON
CARL MARZANI
MARC T. GREENE
DONALD HOUGH
ERNEST HEMINGWAY
ANN FORD
IRA WOLFERT
DR. JOSEPH HEINE
WILLIAM SCHOFIELD
ROBERT L. BACON
KENT WARWICK
DON ROGERS
BOB BROWN
FRANK SMITH
WILLIAM L. HOPSON
SIDNEY CARROLL
HERB GRAFFIS
ROBERT J. MALONE
RUSSELL LIMBACH
ERIC GODAL
DAVID LOW
LAURENCE LARIAR
BERT WHITMAN
JOHN MACKEY
GEORGE ANNAND
FRED ELLIS
IRMA SELZ
CORSAIR
F. J. ELMIGER
WILLIAM SHARP

COVER: WESLEY NEFF

TEXT

Within the Editorial Ken..... 4
Capitol Ken..... 5
Trans-Atlantic Ken..... 7
Ken Particles..... 8
Folding the Big Tent..... 11
Foreign Policies, Private—Public 12
The Gestapo in the U.S.A..... 16
Pennsylvania Muscles In 19
Pity the Poor Generals..... 20
National Hara-Kiri..... 22
The Presidents Go Fishing..... 24
A Program for U. S. Realism.. 26
X Rarely Marks the Spot..... 44
The Admiral on Horseback.... 60
Ph. D. Carries Your Bags..... 63
Dr. Ford's Strange Palimpsest. 64
Death of Democracy (1803).... 67
Fad and Fraud in Health..... 68
Oil for the Line of Fire..... 70
Exposing Bund's Home Ties... 71
The Third Term Mythology... 72
The Voice from the Tomb..... 74
Cinema's Newest Sin..... 75
Streamlined Cattle Rustling... 77
Butterfly, Win for Me!..... 78
Cotton Explodes in Dixie..... 80
Stratosphere Bomber..... 81
Inside New York..... 82
The Ken Stop-Watch..... 84

COLOR and GRAPHIC

Processing the Bill..... 6
A Singular Success..... 9
"You'll find a lot of your friends inside, sir"..... 10
"Sam, just when I'm about to pay for my last war—"..... 13
"Do your stuff, boys—"..... 14
The Choice of Spears..... 18
Creative Artist..... 23
See America First!..... 25
Isle of Dreams..... 43
X Rarely Marks the Spot..... 44
Rockwell Kent..... 46
Dictator..... 61
But It's Still Standing..... 62
"Next!"..... 66
Radio Hit..... 69
"Let's you and him fight!"..... 73
This Little Pig Goes to Europe!—..... 76
Butterfly, Win for Me!..... 79
Running Full Time..... 81
What About Today?—..... 83
Green Pastures!..... 85

ILLUSTRATIVE

Paid in America..... 27
Kids As Pigs..... 28
Prelude to Motherhood..... 29
Grounded by Groundmen..... 30
Sisters and Brothers..... 31
Company Unionists..... 32
Locked Out..... 33
The Circus Pays..... 34
No Circus Days..... 35
Like Parchment..... 36
Trifling Restrictions..... 37
Funny Scene..... 38
Not So Funny..... 39
Craft Pride..... 40
Japanese Tea..... 41
Hand-Raised..... 42
Top Scale..... 47
Homework..... 48
Cheaper..... 49
Before Publicity..... 50
No Precedent..... 51
Boys and Loafers..... 52
Into Deeper Waters..... 53
Hungarian Hindenburg..... 54
Hapsburg Forever..... 55
No More Hapsburgs..... 56
Hitler Is Hungry..... 57
Steel Fingers..... 58
Loveliness Lost..... 59

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the so-called "republican" camp of Spain, directly or indirectly, are determined by the antagonism of class interests. The government of Negrin wants, at no matter what cost, to save the regime of private property. As the debacle of the workers' organizations, the arrests, false accusations, shootings from out of the corner or behind the back show, the safeguarding of the interests of capital is incomparably more important for Negrin than the observance of the democratic principle. The Spanish peasantry, on the other hand, wants to get the land. The workers want to free themselves from exploitation through the expropriation of the means of production. During the time of revolution, social antagonisms reach the sharpest tension. Each political person must choose: with the bourgeoisie and with the government of Negrin against the workers and peasants or with the workers and peasants—against Negrin. Largo Caballero does not wish to break with the workers but fears to break with the bourgeoisie. From this arises his vacillating ("centrist") politics. The anarchist working masses of Catalonia want the social revolution, though their ideas in that regard are hazy. But the anarchist leaders, at the first contact with bitter reality, threw away their anarchism and became vulgar bourgeois ministers. The leaders of the P.O.U.M. vacillated, bided their time, concluded blocs from the top, entered into the reactionary ministry and with that disoriented the masses. It is the false politics of the workers' organizations that explain why the Spanish proletariat, in spite of its exceptional fighting capacity which could doubly and triply assure him full victory, saw until now only the defeats. The proletariat cannot come to victory without a genuine revolutionary party.

Question: May I ask what, in your opinion, is more important—winning the Spanish war first, or first setting up legislation of reform?

Answer: The question, according to my view, is not correctly put. The experience of the Spanish war, as of all great civil wars, in which number is the Civil War of the 60's of the last century in the United States, shows that it is impossible to win a civil war without an open announcement and factual realization of a program of great social reforms. He who promises the masses reforms *after* the end of the war deceives the masses and, in any case, the masses justifiedly do not trust him. Precisely because of this the government of Negrin-Stalin is suffering shameful defeats.

Question: Why can't all differences among Loyalist leaders wait until the war is won?

Answer: The differences lie in this: *how* to lead the war: with the help of police terror over the masses or with the help of social revolutionary measures. "To put off" these differences until the end of the war means to give the Negrin government full freedom for the preparation of a catastrophe, i.e., of military defeat and the victory of fascism.

These answers were written, I repeat, almost a year ago. Your readers may judge for themselves whether they have been confirmed or refuted by the events. I count upon your fairness to print all my genuine statements in accordance with the formal obligation of your contributor.

Sincerely yours,
Leon Trotsky.

Coyoacan, D. F.
June 28, 1938

CAPITOL KEN

Behind Harry Hopkins. Farley & Roosevelt rift. Mississippi's Bilbo, versus Negroes. Swank W.P.A. outhouses. Barkley boomerang. F. D. R. against govt. railroading.

POWER-BEHIND-THE-THRONE of Harry Hopkins is David K. Niles, Harvardite. Niles, unknown publicly, flits furtively about vast WPA domain, pulling secret wires, unscrambling messes before they break into print. He is sure-thing at long odds to replace Hopkins if health should force WPA chief to quit.

•

NEVER reported in newspapers was knock-down, drag-out fight in railroad investigating committee headed by Sen. Wheeler. Row was whether committee should recommend specific laws to correct R. R. shenanigans. Enthusiastic investigators proposed far-reaching reforms. Wheeler, backed by Counsel Max Lowenthal, vetoed the proposal with claim committee should confine itself to exposure, not correction.

•

QUESTIONS about Pres. Roosevelt's book profits are barking up wrong tree. Fact is $15 presidential papers have sold very slowly, profits won't bulk very large for some time.

•

FARLEY & ROOSEVELT aren't buddies as country generally supposes. Relationship more and more has become pure, practical business proposition. End of personal comradeship dates back to Huey Long days when F. D. R. failed to lift finger against Huey's mud-slinging, allowed Senate to inquire into Long charges of Farley graft.

•

FEAR of another Dem. fiasco like that when Upton Sinclair captured California governor nomination brought F. D. R. to Sunshine Land. Dems alarmed that Culbert Olson, old Sinclair manager, will cop gubernatorial spot, insure G.O.P. success.

•

POOR whites will get a break at southern polls. Due to abolition of two-thirds rule, Mason-Dixon politicians must increase state votes or lose power in Dem national conventions. Result: Poll taxes are vanishing right & left, even Negroes may win ballot in some districts.

•

BALLYHOOED monastic life of Supreme Court Justices is bunk. Justices mix in Capital society in free accord with age and inclinations. Most socialite are Reeds, Roberts & Stones. Blacks move in same back-home Alabama and brain-trustish circles as in senatorial days. Bachelor McReynolds has coterie of Old Guard cussers. Brandeis holds exclusive levees for bright-eyed youngsters. Hughes & Butler restrict appearances to extreme upper-crust. Only real monk was Cardozo, now deceased.

•

CHASM in leftist Minnesota Farm-Labor party makes Republicans lick their chops. After 10 lean years, G. O. P. hopes to take over state. Democrats, a poor third, haven't a chance but might enable F-L boys to squeak through by withdrawing in their favor.

•

SEN. Robt. Wagner will NOT run for NY governorship. He will quit senate for only one reason. To accept Chief Justiceship of Supreme Court if Hughes dies or resigns.

•

BLUE-CHIP market manipulation will be tried by New Deal farm experts. Backed by $200,000,000 kitty, government will buy wheat, cotton, corn. Ostensibly purchases are part of relief program, will be distributed to destitute families. Actually, it's scheme to support sagging prices, protect huge federal crop loans.

•

PRIVATELY, F. D. R. told pals he would veto any bill for government to take over railroads. Said Congress would keep so many jerkwater rust-streaks operating to constituents' villages, that government would have tougher time than private operators. Besides, he contends, railroads made the mess themselves, let 'em clean it up.

•

U. S. NAVY knows why those Jap ships suddenly concentrated off Mindanao in the Philippines. During U. S. fleet maneuvers four Yank destroyers steamed through Jap-mandated Turk islands. Nippon said tit-for-tat. Sent 14 "whaling" vessels poking into equally forbidden. Mindanao waters. Two incidents add up to navy equivalent of mutual nose-thumbing.

•

JUSTICE Oliver Wendell Holmes died in 1935, leaving his estate to the government. Congress has wrangled ever since over what to do with money, some wanting to buy law books for Library of Congress, others to create Holmes memorial. Meantime legacy keeps growing, may rise to $1,000,000 before it's taken into the treasury.

•

LOCKED UP in Library of Congress are thousands of tattle-tale documents. They are deposited by statesmen & statesmen's survivors with injunction not-to-be-opened until all those mentioned in letters, diaries, etc., have died. Some private Lincoln documents are still under lock & key, won't be opened till 1945 under order of Lincoln's late son, Robert.

•

OLD-LINE Army generals are over the boiling point because of favoritism to the Navy. They claim President gives them only scraps from the table while Navy gets double helpings. Plan is to raise hell before congressional appropriations committees when next year's funds are considered. Probable upshot: Navy will still get double helpings.

•

SENATORS are trying to figure out how to set up a special congressional economic council. Idea is economists have so many theories that senators can't tell good from bad. Council would act as economic litmus paper, turn pink at crackbrain hypotheses, blue at sound ones. Danger is council might go to work on senators themselves.

•

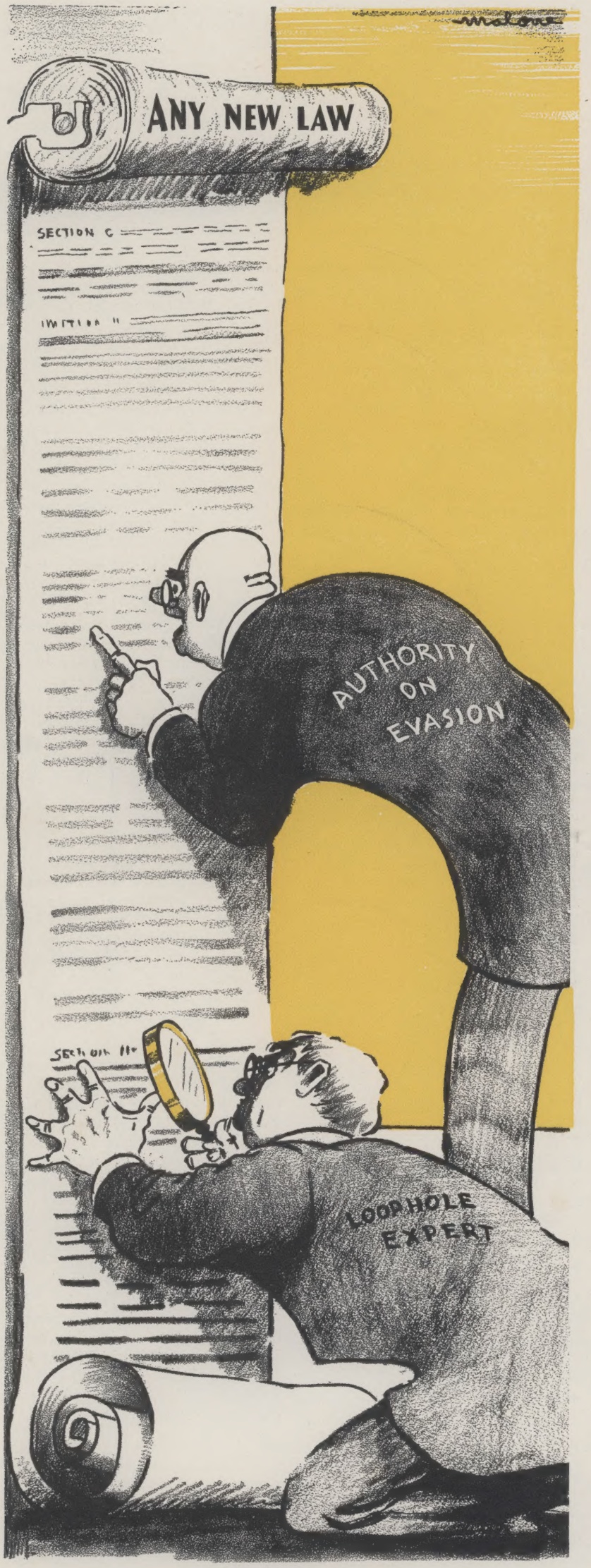
INSURANCE pachyderms are slated for New Deal mauling. Fabulous Cohen & Corcoran have sold President plan to twist scalpel in risk innards during anti-monopoly probe, then ram home long-latent bill to put government into general insurance business through Social Security setup.

•

THE HON. Theo. G. (The Man) Bilbo, Mississippi ranter, is tops at economic problem-solving. Says he, end the depression by using that three-billion dollar relief fund to ship American Negroes to Liberia. If Liberia's too small, he'd take over adjoining jungles from Great Britain and France, credit the cost to their war debts.

•

NEW DEAL publicity men are drinking black coffee by the gallon, trying to invent twists to get their stories past anti-administration editors. Neatest trick, so far: Sending



Processing the Bill

Secretary Wallace's letter to Chief Justice Hughes, sure-fire stunt to put his side of stockyards row into headlines.

•

MOTE-in-the-eye prize goes to congresses which have voted a billion dollars, more or less, to clean up slums. NOT a penny of that billion has been spent to eradicate near-by pest-spot which social workers class among country's worst. Location of No. 1 Hell's Kitchen: one city-block (approx. 600 feet) from U. S. Capitol.

•

No whopping Democratic war chest is in sight for the November elections. Depression and corrupt practice law fears have cut contributions. Republicans claim state of Dem. treasury doesn't matter as long as Hopkins shovels out relief dollars.

•

OUTHOUSES putting WPA's 1,000 and 1 (but simple) achievements to shame will be built under new highway appropriation. Bill provides for swank "rest stations" along all trunk highways. Sponsor was congressman from Texas, the state of magnificent distances.

•

JUNKETING British labor party members visit Washington in steady stream, hunting New Deal innovations to be used in Britain when and if they return to power. Customary comment: U. S. still lags in social legislation but is experimenting in more directions than England has in 40 years of such efforts.

•

1940 Presidential race is plainly visible through telescopic sights of Washington politicos. Keen-visioned Democrat Chairman Farley is busy collecting second-choice designations from state leaders, especially in the South. Vice-President Garner and RFC-man Jones are fighting to sew up Texas' big convention plum. Paul V. McNutt men are contacting midwest bosses and dickering in California. Hull friends are working the border states. Long-shot specialists, noting Farley's second-choices offer small wagers on a badly-split Democratic convention. Those calculations all assume Roosevelt will NOT be a third term candidate.

•

LAST of the Mohicans are slickering the Great White Father. Tribes send delegations to Washington to make phony complaints to Indian Bureau. Redskins register, obtain government drafts for travel expenses as authorized by law. Braves then vanish to inspect capital sights and drink firewater—all at courtesy of long-suffering treasury.

•

HATERS of Justice Hugo L. Black will snarl & fume when they learn who put Senator Minton, Black's successor as chairman of senate lobby committee, up to investigating propaganda against the government reorganization bill. They will contend it was unethical for a Supreme Court justice to point out that the almost-defunct committee still had $7,000 on tap and available to tip back the lid on Publisher Gannett and his crew.

•

ADMINISTRATION house was divided against itself on wage-hour bill. Friends of Secretary Hull whispered that bill would wreck his pet reciprocal trade program by upping U. S. manufacturing costs, widening price advantage of foreign products in American markets. They hush-hushed that this would make it impossible to give concessions necessary for making more trade deals.

•

STEEL industry is full of spies swiping secrets for rival corporations. SEC reports tattling goes right up to boards of directors. Company executives getting grey-haired wondering whom to trust.

•

STATISTICAL boomerang has thwacked Sen. Barkley. To help reelect Dems he devised dollar-by-dollar table showing how much New Deal lent & spent in each state. But antis streaked away with Barkley's statistical ball. Republicans used Barkley data to argue: (1) recovery money was dumped in midwest and far west to hold doubtful states for Roosevelt; (2) rock-ribbed northern Republican states were short-changed compared with southern Democratic strongholds. Unkindest of all, stand-pat southerners now thunder they were treated like poor relations, that Pennsylvania alone got more than all Dixie.

•

CIO fears rail unions will agree to compromise wage cut, is maneuvering to stiffen upper lips of aristocratic R.R. labor chiefs.

•

SUPREME Court gave a Blackstone razzberry to Philadelphia's Third Circuit Court mossbacks, reversed 'em six times in a fortnight. Circuit oldsters tossed in the sponge, three judges quit. Combined age of retiring trio: 230 years.

•

CAPITAL reporters offer 10-to-1 they can pick that anonymous former U. S. senator involved in Rep. McFarlane's radio charges on the first guess. Libel fears keep his name out of the papers.

•

G-MAN J. Edgar Hoover will tell you confidentially that FBI dropped the Parsons case because it's murder, not snatching. He'll tell you who he believes did the killing but says his hands are tied because the corpus delicti can't be found.

•

TVA has beaten $5,000,000 marble grab by Sen. George Berry but hears he's getting ready to reach for the jam pot again.

•

HOW to get Labor Secretary Perkins' goat: Call her Madam Secretary.

•

EXPOSÉ of "un-American" activities by Rep. Dies, Texas hell-raiser, will reveal communist drive to enlist

workers in rail industry, only key field in which reds haven't even a corporal's guard of sympathizers.

•

HIGH JINKS of high school students has capital's police force dizzy. Buses dump kids by the thousands in Washington for "excursions" to see National sights. Bluenoses complain second-rate hotels cater to "excursions," blink at unchaperoned whoopee. Police are trying to enlist secondary school principals to forbid excursions, end whoopee.

•

HOUSEWIVES, FARMERS, DOCTORS AND POETS will hold heads together if new Social Security deal goes through in January, as planned. Idea is to extend old-age insurance to 17,000,000 casual workers, farm laborers and self-employed persons; would require bookkeeping by housewives, farmers, etc., that makes income tax reports look like kindergarten stuff.

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ANTI-SEMITIC and anti-labor scandals are boiling in two New Deal housing agencies. Discrimination against Jews has been spotted in FHA-sponsored apartment houses. Projects for financing company houses in notorious anti-union towns have been uncovered in U. S. Housing Authority.

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NEW DEAL Dynamitero Tommy Corcoran claims unique feat. Avers his widely-publicized accordian playing has aided U. S. industry, points to new sales record set by accordian manufacturers.

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SHORTAGE of trained laboratory technicians and nurses is delaying start of government's new anti-syphilis crusade.

•

NO weeping over bygones for up & coming Mme Prochnik whose husband was Austria's minister to U. S. before Hitler. She wangled agency to sell fancy linens to swank social and diplomatic set. Soon heads-up Prochniks will become American citizens.

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SECOND SWING into country will be made by Roosevelt before fall elections. First trip concentrated on primary elections; second will appeal to vote down the line for 100 per cent New Deal Congress. Itinerary will be devised to tip balance for Roosevelt candidates fighting nip-and-tuck battles.

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MEANEST trick of New Deal was changing name of Washington's Water Street to Maine Avenue. Chief attractions of new avenue: Fish market, City Morgue.

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SOS (Service of Supply) would have tough task if U.S. went to war tomorrow. Army is equipped with 28 different makes of passenger cars, 143 makes & models of trucks. Coordinating committee now trying standardize the conglomeration to minimize war replacement difficulties.

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DON'T be surprised if Secy Morgenthau quits after Nov. balloting. He would draw last breath for Roosevelt but privately is tired of eternal squabbling & thinks pump-priming has gone far enough. If new depression hadn't hit, he'd be relaxing on N.Y. state farm right now.

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TWO MORE Supreme court vacancies will be created before year rolls by. Intimate friends assure that neither Brandeis nor McReynolds will serve out next court term. This will give Roosevelt more supreme court appointments than any president since Taft.

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WHAT'S happened to Phil La Follette's plunging Natl Progressive party? Headline ideas running low?

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STUPID statesmen plague Washington telephone company. Because they persist in dialing GA for Georgia exchange numbers, company has fixed mechanism so that either GA or GE gets the number.

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WOULD democracy work better if citizens had to pay $2 fine for not voting? F. D. R. wonders, would like to get man-in-the-street's opinion.

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THEORY that Washington is depression-proof because govt maintains huge payroll through thick & thin is only halftrue. When times get bad, govt clerks send large sums back home to out-of-work folks. Figs show D.C. dept store losses exactly equal to average of whole 5th fedl reserve district.

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SEARCHLIGHTS for anti-aircraft defense are more spectacular than efficient, Army experts believe. Claim best means of beating off raiding planes is to establish approx. altitude with sound-detectors, blanket that range with anti-aircraft shells.

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POSEYS for lapels, office desks and formal dining parties are perquisite of senators and handful of top fedl executives. Flowers are supplied by Botanical garden and nursery operated by Ag dept.

•

U.S. govt property is valued at several billion but there's not a penny of insurance, fire, theft or otherwise on it. Reason: premium cost would be so high it's cheaper just to replace property as it burns down or is stolen.

•

CRUMB for N. Y. international bankers is being baked. It involves deal to settle piddling debt dispute between U. S. and Nicaragua. Settlement will lift Johnson Act ban on sale of Nicaragua's bonds here, enable her to float overdue refinancing. ●

TRANS-ATLANTIC KEN

Again the worst war scare since 1918 is brewing, with Big Berthas moved up to the Czech border, Goering and Goebbels artfully misinterpreting every British-French appeasement move as weakness signs, and the big blowoff likely for the second or third week of this month.

ANTHONY EDEN is contemplating a "political voyage" to the United States in September. The trip would be "political" in the strongest sense of the word, since the voyage is seen as a necessary preliminary to Eden's "comeback" into British politics in a big way. It is no exaggeration to say that the discussions Eden has had with his friends as to whether to go, have given the affair the proportions of a large-scale political undertaking. Behind the suggestion of such a trip lies the controversy now rapidly developing, with Anglo-American relations as the center, into a new row between Chamberlain and dissatisfied Conservatives. It is maintained by Eden's friends that apart from the disastrous results of Chamberlain's policy in Spain and the rest of Europe, the worst and least appreciated misfortune involved therein is the acute worsening of relations with the U. S. They assert the turning point came when Eden was forced to resign. They state that Eden really did have worked out, a scheme whereby at least a public statement of identity of democratic aim with the U. S. was imminent. They contend further that Eden's real reason for resignation was as much the fear of hurting Anglo-American relations by the Chamberlain policy of alliance or "close understanding" with fascists, as direct objection to details of the Anglo-Italian pact.

The suggestion now is that having been proved right as to both Europe and America, Eden should underscore the situation by "tripping" to the U. S., returning with an authoritative view of American opinion, then leap into the political arena with a slashing attack. On rumors of this discussion reaching Chamberlainites, they immediately whispered around that if Eden wanted to go to America at all, maybe Chamberlain ought to be prepared to send him as ambassador, a move reckoned to keep him safely bogged down out of politics for at least a year. Other—and possibly the most astute—friends of Eden are passionately advising him against such a trip. Their reason—and they are among the keenest observers of British and European politics—is quite frankly that "there is no time for that sort of thing."

Situation in Europe and Britain is such that we may find ourselves in the midst of the acutest crisis since 1918 at any moment. Even a five-day Atlantic crossing is too long for any up and coming politician to absent himself.

•

Heavy German guns rolling up to the Czech frontier from Dresden, Plauen, and Chemnitz, and remaining there on the frontier—waiting for something—are the most concrete fact visible to statesmen and others behind the smokescreen of alleged "conciliation" in Central Europe. For behind the present gun movement is a story—pieced together at last on the basis of investigations and discoveries by Czech police in Sudetenland since May 22. It is now clear that Germany's plan in the May crisis was the following:

During the week preceding Saturday, May 21, the Nazis concentrated in camps in neighboring Dresden, Plauen, and Chemnitz, a number of mechanized divisions. These were the divisions of which the Germans afterwards said they were simply "carrying out normal maneuvers." In fact, a number of divisions of this category were small enough to lend color to this official assertion. Simultaneously infantry divisions were put in a state of partial mobilization in the three cities. On the afternoon of May 18 the Nazis concentrated along the frontier huge forces of uniformed stormtroopers.

The plan as it now emerges from instructions to Henlein people was that on Saturday afternoon, May 21, Henlein "bodyguards" would start making trouble. In view of the relatively small strength of Henlein guards, they would be insufficient to do more than create an "atmosphere of tension." The police would be able to master them without using firearms. After dark, from across the

border the German storm-troopers would begin to filter in, mingle with Henlein guards.

Then real trouble would start and Czech police, faced with mysteriously augmented forces, would be driven to the use of guns, probably machine guns. Then Hitler would declare Czech government had lost control of the situation, that German blood was flowing in Sudetenland, etc. Then mechanized forces would advance, backed a little later by infantry. Czech mobilization changed all that, particularly as Czechs, by manning their "Maginot line," rendered plan of a swift dash by mechanized forces followed up by infantry impracticable.

If there were a decision to attempt to repeat more successfully the coup of May 21, it would be necessary that heavy, slow-moving guns be already on the frontier, prepared to blast passage for the mechanized forces through the Maginot line. And now the guns are there.

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Mark off second and third weeks of August on your calendars as possibly Europe's most dangerous crisis to date. That's no prophecy—maybe nothing will happen. But what is true and certain is that in Berlin on July 3, late August was the time set as the "optimum moment" for the next big push against Czechoslovakia.

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To selected inquirers beginning the second week of July, Lord Halifax made an observation which is likely to make history. Authoritative though unquotable, he said that there would be no Anglo-German conversations till "Czechoslovakian problem is settled." Naïve fellows on Czech side were cheered, thought this some form of threat against Germans. Facts are the opposite. Halifax's remark was the fatal tip-off to the Germans, informing them that Britain will intensify pressure on the Czechs for impossible concessions to Hitler and Henlein, in order to "clear the way" for a direct deal between Chamberlain and Hitler.

Halifax's off the record observations were thus the most important next step in long-drawn British attempt to deal with Hitler on the familiar, oft-discussed basis of a free hand for Nazi Germany in Central Europe and hands off British colonies. The first stage was accomplished during conversations between British and German representatives to settle the Austrian debt question. Parallel with official discussions were exceedingly interesting undercover chats between Germans and certain British financial interests—principally companies with largish interests in Czechoslovakia—on question whether their property would be guaranteed by the Germans in case of successful German domination of Czechs. Although the financial interests directly involved are not large in terms of the total British foreign holdings, these undercover talks are most important, because they represent first wedge of Anglo-German financial discussion of possible "condominium" of British and German capital in Central Europe. Undoubtedly this notion has been solidifying in the minds of pro-Hitler City men for a long time.

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The trickiest diplomatic tightrope walking in years is involved in operations, both public and undercover, that will take place between now and the end of September, as already reported by Trans-Atlantic Ken. The British ideal is to strengthen the so-called "Von Fritsch Line" within Nazi Germany's highest councils, avoiding an absolute showdown in central Europe which might reproduce the line-up of May 21, and instead going swiftly but cautiously ahead with economic, political and military pressure strong enough to terrorize the Czechs, gentle enough to keep France and the British public quiet. Daladier's overture to Hitler in his early July speech, wherein he referred to his trust in the Nazi Chancellor, was made on direct instigation of the British. It was intended simultaneously as a conciliatory offer and promise of good things to come in Central Europe, and as a suggestion that such good things are achievable only by avoidance of over-violent policies.

Behind this in turn was the British effort to pull wavering Hitler into the camp of the generals, away from Goering and Goebbels who are now urging that the situation is greatly improved for Germany since May 21. The gross irony of the situation is that while the British play this game, each new offer of assistance to Germans bringing pressure on the Czechs, in fact simply encourages and strengthens Goering and Goebbels, who are now asserting that there will be no risk of serious British reactions if they attack Czechoslovakia direct—and claim, untruthfully so far, that British can now be relied upon to restrain France too.

A fantastic position has arisen wherein the most crucial factor in western Europe—namely, the relations between France and Britain—is at present based on a document which was drawn up in three-quarters of an hour and signed by a set of bewildered statesmen who a few hours before had agreed to something totally different.

The unpublished fact is that at the end of Daladier's and Bonnet's visit to London this spring, French foreign office officials called in to look over the agreement made between Chamberlain and Daladier, declared it was the feeblest, worst, most dangerous agreement imaginable.

Politicians informed officials it was impossible to do otherwise because the Chamberlain government refused to go any farther. French officials, a few hours before departure, despairingly telephoned Robert Vansittart, diplomatic advisor to the British government, and informed him of the state of affairs—he had been carefully excluded by Chamberlain from any important share in the conversations. Thereupon Vansittart, without hesitation, dashed to 10 Downing Street, burst in on the assembled British Cabinet, and, in the words of one of the politicians present, "talked at us till our hair stood on end."

At the end of three-quarters of an hour Vansittart had succeeded in getting the essential features of the agreement altered and tightened up, persuaded the Cabinet to agree and to inform Daladier. It is partly on account of this incident—wherein Vansittart quite certainly had the support of several members of the Cabinet, who are uneasy over Chamberlain's policy—that relations between Chamberlain and Vansittart are now strained almost to the breaking point, with the Germans furiously pushing to get him removed altogether from his present post. ●

KEN PARTICLES

Hitler's new stooge. Psychiatric confessionals to boost health. Result of London self-censorship. What made Sedgwick sick. Death of 100 Jap reporters.

Naturally on left sits Leon Jouhaux, labor's man on Bank of France board

BELIEVE IT OR NOT—Leon Jouhaux, the John L. Lewis of France, sits on the Board of Directors of the Bank of France, along with the biggest capitalists of the Republic.

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?-BOX: What's difference between selling bombing planes to Japan (frowned on by Secy. Hull) and selling bombs to Germany for forwarding to Franco (smiled on by Secy. Hull)?

(Pic. on Pg. 27)

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APLOMB: While bombers sank British ships in Spain, Chamberlain was fishin' on the Itchen, Alresford, Hants.

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NOVITIATE: Hitler is grooming new Czech stooge, Hans Krebs. Krebs, a Sudeten wanted by Czechs for high treason, significantly has been promoted to post of Nazi district leader *without a district.* Plan is to substitute Krebs for Henlein after putsch starts. Henlein regarded as popular figurehead but lacking umph for real dirty work.

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NOTHING NEW UNDER SUN DEPT.: Los Angeles hypnosis for childbirth caught transcontinental headlines. G. Washington and T. Jefferson amazed at same technique when Mesmer discovered it in Vienna shortly after 1775.

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CONFESSIONALS: Life insurance exec. wants large industrial firms to set up psychiatric "confessionals" as move to aid mentally harassed workers, claiming would aid health and happiness, cut risk losses, zoom factory output. Psyche boom seems near. (See: Revival of the Third Psyche, Ken, June 30.)

•

NAZI EFFICIENCY: Children are more sensitive to gases than adults, because it takes a smaller quantity of the lethal fumes to overcome them. So children are the guinea pigs sent into chambers filled with deadly gases to test new German masks.

(Pix on Pgs. 28-29)

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BOOM: Private newsletters are flourishing in Great Britain. Growth fed by spreading awareness of "self-censorship" by London journals. Newsletters are mimeographed, circulate weekly by subscription only. Leaders are the Week & K-H News-

Letter Service. K-H started two years ago with 600 subscribers, two-man staff. Now has 24,000 subs., 25 staffers. When Atlantic plane service starts, K-H plans invade U. S., publishing London Saturday, delivering at New York or Washington Monday. Odd fact: today's London newspapers evolved from similar newsletters written in famed coffee houses 200-odd yrs. ago.

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BARGAIN BUGGIES: Your new jalopy will cost less. Steel price cuts mean Detroit magnates can shave F.O.B. on new models.

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FRANCO FRIEND: *Atlantic* Editor Ellery Sedgwick said there was no connection between his pro-Franco articles and retirement from *Atlantic* helm. He did not reveal that threats and stress of Franco controversy had put him to bed, impaired his health.

•

DREARY DIXIE: World's greatest gully is Georgia tourist attraction.

•

FLIM FLAM FLOY: Turn-callers report jitter dither appears to have hit peak, likely will toboggan to nothingness fast as it came. Somewhere in land germ of new Tin-panic is already at work.

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NEWS WAR: Hearst-Pulitzer row over Spanish war was pink tea compared to fight of big Jap papers to get first and best news of Chinese battles. More than 100 Jap Richard Harding Davises been killed so far in Far East fighting.

•

Heywood Broun, president of the Newspaper Guild, thinks there should be a government-owned newspaper. There already are dozens of them, including *Congressional Record, Agricultural Situation, School Life, Public Roads, Official Gazette, Commerce Reports, Public Health Reports, Crops and Markets, Consumers Bulletin, American Foreign Service Journal,* in which government officials can and do say anything they like, postage free.

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Two guesses where the Edsel Fords and the John D. Rockefellers now have their summer homes? Yes, Maine. They're near neighbors at Northeast Harbor.

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FARM SUPPLY CHAINS: To cut costs of production, farm supply companies—cooperative purchasing units—are denting business of regular distributors. Over 50 million dollars' worth of petroleum products now sold in Middle West area annually. Over 2,000 local and county associations render supply service and 4,000 other associations, primarily interested in marketing, are distributing farm supplies as side line. Total supply business has leaped to over 320 million in 1937.

•

COLLEGE: Surveys of student reaction (Northwestern Univ.) reveal that four years in college results in little change in religious belief. President Ruthven, University of Michigan, says: "That far from being red or even liberal, colleges and universities are really strongholds of conservatism and important in maintaining status quo." Question: What, if anything, does student learn in college?

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TIPS: Motor Transit Committee of NYC estimates total tips paid by taxi passengers there at $26,000,000 a year, more than total passenger revenue of B. & O., Erie, or other rail systems.

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LOBBIES: Study of N. Y. shows labor has most powerful lobby; farm group strong; Catholics strong enough to beat child labor and birth control bills. Business lobby suffers from Republican rout. Latest tendency in lobby world is for groups to enter into alliances, logroll, make trades.

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AUTO: 20 states require every auto to have windshield wiper, no state requires cigar lighter . . . The Solomon Islands (head-hunters) have only one auto, a truck.

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NAMES: Polish dictator Smigly-Rydz's name is translated "lightning quick mushroom." Cuban dictator Fulgencio Batista's name means "effulgent Baptist."

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LANGUAGE: First really efficient international artificial auxiliary language is Novial, constructed by Prof. Otto Jesperson, but few people know of it.

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EGGS: Good eggs with dirty shells are graded as follows: U. S. Trade Dirty, Standard Dirty, and Extra Dirty. The Extra Dirties are the cleanest.

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SMOKES: Roll-your-own cigarettes are most popular in South and Southwest, where a man is still a man.

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CALL SCOTLAND YARD!: Annual report of Athenaeum, London's toniest club, reveals large thefts of books from its library—mainly crime stories.

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GOVERNMENT INEFFICIENCY?: 45% of all beds in private hospitals are occupied. In hospitals operated by states, cities, and counties, 78% of beds are in use.

•

SACRED COWS: Practically impossible to criticize or mention adversely onions, potatoes, spinach, prunes, or other fruits or vegetables without provoking belligerent action from producer-jobber interests concerned. Every commodity seems to have propaganda society, like the Onion Anti-Defamation League, ready to stamp out heresy.

•

MIRACLE: Marion Davies has always, for some reason, wanted to play the nun in *The Miracle,* ever since

"A singular success, Sir. He passed away owing $68,000,000"

"You'll find a lot of your friends inside, Sir!"

Warner Bros. began scheduling it several years ago. Warner's can't see it Marion's way, and the Max Reinhardt super-colossus is slated with Bette Davis in the coveted role.

•

NO KIDD-ING: Costa Rica has found new gold mine. Banana republic lets concessions for hunting pirate treasure to highest bidders. For 20 grand you can buy rights to dig up mysterious Cocos Island. If you know where Capt. Kidd sunk a Spanish galleon, govt. will humor you for five or ten thousands.

•

IRON LUNG: To sell more bread Caskey Baking Company is sponsoring "humanitarian" program involving contributions from kids toward purchase of Iron Lung respirator which they, through the baking company, will present to local hospital. Too bad health of America's children is so poorly served by government and medical profession that it becomes opportunity for promotional schemes.

•

The *London Express*' headline on an article by Peter Howard, its Parliamentary correspondent: "There's Hope for England at Last! Scotsmen Show Signs of Falling Out with the Jews."

•

THREAT: Fascism is already chipping away at American territory. The semi-fascist province of Quebec, through a member of the Canadian parliament, has petitioned that the U.S. be asked to yield up five square miles of the state of Maine, which contains about 100 French Canadians. If this attempt at annexation succeeds with Maine—well, remember, "As Maine goes, so goes the nation."

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Some experts now say all the attention given to syphilis by the newspapers, radio and mags is doing harm as well as good. Quacks and cults have been capitalizing the public alarm and exploiting fake diagnoses and fake cures. Syphilis remains difficult for skilled physicians to diagnose, with absolute certainty, even the Wassermann Test frequently showing "positive" on some human beings not infected. This latter was admitted before the American Society of Clinical Pathologists. Estimates of percentage of public infected that have been recently made by campaigners appear to be higher than actual number of sufferers.

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Britain barred a dramatization of *The Dark Invader,* a confession by Capt. Fritz von Rintelen of how he committed sabotage in the United States in World War days, from its broadcasting network in England, but it was permitted in Australia.

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CHEERFUL EARFUL: Experts pooh-pooh gas as military weapon. Note World War record was only one killed for each approx. one and one-half tons gas used (90,000 fatalities, 125,000 tons gas). Theoretically one ton mustard gas could kill 45,000,000 but militarists hopeless of such suicide. Sensational yarns of deadly new gasses are flub-dub. Plenty of deadly gas is available but sky-high costs make it impractical. For war use, gas must be cheap, easy to make, easy to transport. Simple fact is most gas released floats harmlessly away. French filled millions of shells with hydrocyanic gas during World War but didn't faze a single Boche because deadly doses wafted skyward soon as released.

•

CLEVER CHINESE: Saboteurs put scorpions in hold of Japanese freighter, kept Kobe crew from unloading cargo of war-bound scrap iron.

•

OPINIONNAIRE: Further results of *Successful Farming* personal-call poll of national farm opinion: two-thirds of farmers advise their children to stay on farm rather than prepare for city jobs. Eight out of ten believe solution of sex crime problem lies in sterilization of habitual criminals (probably based on farmyard surgery). Farmers believe Hull has done best cabinet job, with Morgenthau, Ickes, Farley, Wallace, and Perkins following in order named.

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THINKERS: At last philosophers are to be honored before and not after they die. Prof. Paul Schilpp of Northwestern University will bring out soon after eight years' preparation the first of a series of books on living philosophers, each to consist of autobiography and evaluation by 16 fellow philosophers. Financed by big endowment fund, first volume will be devoted to John Dewey, second to Benedetto Croce.

•

CLOSED SHOP: Mike Edwards, author of ex-super song hit, *Once in a While* (at present the rage in London), to date has received no royalties; claims he is blocked by Tin Pan Alley syndicate that won't let any outsiders in, and swears he won't write any more music until this racket is cleaned up.

•

BRAGGADOCIO: British navy has decided reports Japan is building 45,000-ton dreadnaught were Italian hot-air. Appears Jap admirals toyed with 45,000-ton notion but dropped it under strain of Chinese war and realization U. S. and G. B. would match the over-sized battle craft.

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CLEVER RUSSIANS: Saboteurs put glass and tin in sausage fed to Ukraine general staff; injected paraffin and disease germs in food of guards on Finnish border.

•

SICK SOOT: Prosperity won't bring health back to languishing coal industry. Technologists with packing-plant technique put every sooty molecule to work. Haven't yet harnessed four o'clock whistles but have cut coal requirements 55, 28, and 15% in power plants, trains and blast furnaces, respectively. ●

FOLDING THE BIG TENT

The show must go on, said Ringling's widow; the strike went on Instead

When the circus owners tried to cut their $15 wages to $11.25 per week, the roustabouts decided they were just as much interested in providing their own children with bread as in providing the nation's children with laughs. The lockout took place in Scranton, Pa., a strong union town. And the children of Scranton, when they learned why they couldn't see the circus, were all set to join the picket line. With their big New York profits already salted down, the owners decided against bread and circuses, closed the show for the summer.

BY CLAUDE APPERSON

THERE's a tradition in show business that no matter what happens the show must go on, but that tradition developed before show people organized into unions.

The Greatest Show On Earth quietly folded its tents and is now basking under the Florida sun at its winter quarters because it tried its agreement with its employees; and of all places that the circus picked for the fight, they picked Scranton, Pa., one of the oldest and strongest union-sympathetic towns in the United States.

Instead of resenting their inability to see the show and sympathizing with the management, the people in Scranton openly showed their sympathy for the strikers, a sympathy best illustrated by one blond haired, round eyed youngster who stood in line with his father for the refunds after the show closed. The disappointed kid wanted to know why they couldn't see the circus.

"Strike," the father said very tersely. "The union got a 25% cut in wages so they went on strike."

"Oh," said the kid. "When do we go on the picket line?"

The countless number of youngsters throughout the country who had looked forward to seeing the circus as they had looked forward to their teacher getting chicken-pox or somethin' won't see the greatest collection of animals, freaks, flying ladies of the trapeze and clowns ever gathered under one Big Top this season and the roustabouts' kids had a lot to do with the closing of the show. I heard about the roustabouts' kids at one of the booking agencies on Broadway to which the performers had gone for new engagements if possible.

The American Federation of Actors, affiliated with the A. F. of L., had organized the performers and roustabouts and the Ringling Bros.-Barnum & Bailey Combined Shows signed a five-year contract providing for a minimum wage scale of $15 a week for the nomads wandering the country to make the people laugh. Without any warning the circus management announced a 25% cut in wages. Scranton was where the next pay day fell due and it was in this city in the heart of the anthracite coal fields where labor has been organized for decades and almost everybody is sympathetic to union labor that the showdown came.

When the pay envelopes showed that one-fourth of the agreed wages were missing the roustabouts and midgets, the giants and the bareback riders, the clowns and fire-hoop jumpers flocked to the Big Tent with the same indignation they once flocked to the cry of "Hey, Rube!" when the show was attacked by village toughs.

Probably no union in the world ever had so extraordinary a collection of members. The fattest woman in the world waddled in and sat wheezing indignantly, the toothpick of a man, the tiny midgets who just barely reached the knees of the tallest giant in the world, clowns who made millions laugh by their antics sat solemn and resentful. Apparently the only one not represented was Is-It-Human, Can-It-Talk, Gargantua the Great, the enormous ape who rested comfortably in his specially built, air conditioned cage.

Some hours before the performance was scheduled to start, the organized circus performers and roustabouts decided for strike action unless the cut was restored and so informed the management. Nevertheless, tickets for that night's performance were sold up to the last minute, presumably on the assumption that the tradition of "the show must go on" would win over the large wage cut. The Big Top was packed and the kids squealed with delight while they munched peanuts, ate hot dogs, drank soda pop and tried very hard to work up a bellyache at least equal to the one they had when they last stole some green apples off a neighbor's tree.

Then it was announced that there'd be no show.

"Maybe they wanted to close it," one performer said when I was talking with him at the booking agency's office.

"I don't get it," I said.

"Show business is big business," he explained. "There's millions in making people laugh. Why, I remember *Variety* saying that last year this show paid off a $400,000 note and spent a wad of dough on new stuff. There's big money in it because the kids love it and the grownups get their money's worth when they see the kids have the time of their lives.

"Now this circus makes most of its money out of the three or four weeks' run at the Madison Square Garden. If the show is a success in New York it would have to be very lousy to end the season without a profit. Even if the show broke even in most towns or even laid an egg once in a while, they would still come out ahead. In New York they need only 500 people around for all the work and tops in admission is $3.85. On the road they need 1,400 people and tops is $1.85.

"Last year the show made out well; this year it didn't do so bad for itself, either, according to *Variety*. If they went on the road, they had to increase their payroll and charge less for admission. With the depression it was possible they might lay an egg in some towns. But they already had their big take in New York so no matter what happened if they started a fight with the union, they were sitting pretty so this was the time for a showdown with the union. If we took the 25% cut, the show would be that much ahead and the union would be smashed for a union's no good if it can't enforce a contract. If we struck and the show folded up, they'd go to winter quarters and still be ahead of the game. They had nothing to lose!"

"I get it. But the kids—it's tough —" I began.

"Nobody likes to see a kid disappointed," he interrupted. "We get a kick out of seeing the kids howl, too. But a lot of us have our own kids and we'd like to see them laugh once in a while. Some of the performers got pretty good individual contracts but the roustabouts without whom we couldn't perform—they got 15 bucks a week under the union contract which was a gain. When a 25% cut went into effect it was not only that the show broke its signed agreement but the loss of those few bucks made a lot of difference.

"It'd make a lot of difference to you, too, if all you got was 15 bucks a week and it was suddenly cut to 11 and two bits, especially if you got to send a lot of it back home where they need every cent they can get. A lot of us got kids and did you ever try to keep your kid laughing on 11 bucks and two bits a week? You're knocking around the country making the kids laugh and all the time you're wondering if your own kid back home got enough to eat. And that's funny, ain't it? Bust your sides laughin' at that, wouldn't you?" ●

(Pictures on Pages 30-35)

FOREIGN POLICIES, PRIVATE AND PUBLIC

Resignedly America, through Secretary Hull, tags along

Pacifists don't like war anywhere, isolationists will fight only at home; together they put through the Neutrality Bill. Now the pacifists are ashamed and the isolationists puzzled. Great numbers were really behind Roosevelt's plan to quarantine the aggressor nations, but they couldn't make the State Department feel their strength. So the government pacifies for disarmament today, isolationizes for a bigger navy tomorrow, but actually tags after Great Britain.

BY RAYMOND GRAM SWING

In a democracy every citizen can be his own Secretary of State. The result is a multitude of foreign policies, of which the government policy, theoretically, is a composite of the majority views. But that is true in theory only. British foreign policy has been out of line with British public opinion for several years. It took the Peace Ballot of 1934 to swing the Baldwin government to back the League of Nations for a while. Today the Chamberlain policy of bargaining with the aggressors pleases only a minority of the British people. In the United States, the Administration would like to co-operate with the world much more than public opinion will permit. The Administration also is making treaties which increase foreign imports, which go against public habits and prejudices. In Britain a majority favors co-operation against aggressors, and the government refuses; in the United States the government favors co-operation and the public refuses. In both countries the democratic process is not functioning well. It works better here, because the Administration is being constantly checked by public opinion, whereas Mr. Chamberlain can adroitly circumvent public discussion to ward off a like veto.

This can be said in explanation of Britain's difficulties: it is much harder to formulate a rational foreign policy for Great Britain than for the United States. Britain is an Empire whose Dominions no longer care greatly about protecting either the Empire or the Mother Country. Britain also is a European power, within 15 minutes' flight from the Continent. Britain is industrial and cannot feed itself without selling goods to foreigners. Britain, in the last analysis, is a land of 45,000,000 people, just larger than Italy and two thirds as large as Germany. A European war in which Britain takes part, endangers the Empire. A war outside Europe, in which Britain takes part, endangers Britain's European power. Here are contradictions enough to give a nation headaches. Whatever Britain finally decides to do, it is sure to be unwise in a major way.

American foreign policy, in contrast, is a fairly straightforward problem in lower mathematics. We do not rely on foreign trade for the bulk of our business activity or our food. We have no empire to defend. We are beyond immediate attack from any formidable quarter. All our foreign problems are distant ones. We can look at them at our leisure. We have to work very hard to make a major mistake.

Most of our private Secretaries of State have been concentrating on formulating policies to keep the United States out of war. To this end they have subjected the nation to an intensive educational campaign. The feature of the program was the investigation of the Senate Munitions Committee. This was followed by propaganda, conducted by the numerous peace societies, reaching every village in the country. The Munitions Committee's work is the first instance in history when a democracy set out to study a past mistake (entry into the World War), analyze the steps leading up to it, and legislate against their being taken again. In a sense it was a national psychoanalysis. It explored the subconscious and the unconscious motives that led America to war. It dragged them out in the confessional. Munitions makers testified to their underhand connivings. Experts traced the effects of our economic ties with foreigners. In the end, the case history of the United States was set down in its essentials, and the neutrality legislation was passed. This legislation is the first instance of a democracy, having made a scientific study of a mistake, resolving not to commit it again, at least not in the same way. It is one of the most modern performances in recent times.

The trouble with the psychoanalysis is that it studied only the past, and the legislation which grew out of it covered only the past. When the neutrality specialists had finished their case history they had prevented a recurrence of our entry into the War of 1917. What is not recurring is the world of 1917. And even the neutrality specialists are beginning to appreciate that their "cure" of the War of 1917 is not necessarily life-long. Private policy making produced a remarkable alliance between the peace movement and the isolationists. It is remarkable because it is intellectually preposterous.

Fundamentally, there is nothing more antipathetic than an isolationist and a pacifist. The isolationist doesn't like foreigners, and he isn't ever going to fight for a foreigner. That is why he is against war. The war he opposes is a war to help a foreigner. So he is against collective security, or any thesis which would make the United States responsible for maintaining justice in the abstract. But if it were necessary to defend genuine American interests, the isolationist would be the first to fight. He insists on an adequate army and navy. All he wants to be sure of is that it won't be used to help anybody else. His only concern for justice is to make the United States so strong that no foreign country will dare to be unjust to it.

The pacifist is against war because he likes human beings even if they are foreigners and he doesn't want to kill them. He doesn't believe in war for national interests, being suspicious of these interests. He fears finding himself fighting for Standard Oil or American Tobacco. He is against war as a means of settling international disputes. He is particularly against wars waged by strong countries against weak. He wants disarmament, even one-sided disarmament.

The alliance between the isolationists and pacifists produced the neutrality legislation, which proclaimed American indifference to the right or wrong of a foreign conflict. In this the pacifist sold out part of his cause to buy part of it. If Japan attacked China, or Italy and Germany attacked Loyalist Spain, the pacifist could not clamor for help to the victim of aggression, for he had sold this birthright. He had accepted the thesis that right and wrong, as affecting foreign countries, are not the concern of the United States.

At the time the neutrality legislation was first passed, the Ethiopian, Spanish, and Chinese wars had not begun, and the new law seemed a fairly academic gesture. Since then both isolationists and pacifists have grown dissatisfied with their achievement. It happened that neutrality in the Ethiopian war penalized only Italy since Ethiopia could not buy in American markets. So the pacifists could be glad that their betrayal of sound pacifist principles had not contributed to a national disgrace. When the Chinese war began they once more cringed before what they had done, but the Roosevelt Administration saved them by not applying the neutrality laws. In the Spanish conflict they were at first unaware what was going on, and application of neutrality did not seem important. Then when Italy and Germany openly joined the struggle they again were penitent. And this time the isolationists, too, became dissatisfied. They proposed to lift the embargo on Loyalist Spain in a resolution introduced by Senator Nye.

It is important to understand why. They noted that non-intervention by the United States had not been accompanied by non-intervention by other countries, and so had become part of a conspiracy. By refusing to help Loyalist Spain the United States was in fact helping Italy and Great Britain. And when the Chamberlain-Mussolini agreement, dependent on a Franco victory, was announced, the

isolationists felt they had been in effect playing British world politics. Rather than help Britain they would help Loyalist Spain. They were not particularly interested in Spain. They were primarily interested in not helping Britain. So pacifists and isolationists could support lifting the embargo on Loyalist Spain for quite different reasons. And if the Roosevelt Administration had given the green light the resolution would have passed. But lifting the embargo on Spain would have jeopardized the Chamberlain-Mussolini agreement, a responsibility Mr. Roosevelt, advised by Sumner Welles, did not care to assume. Since the United States was doing nothing to defend the peace, the White House did not see how it could consistently tamper with the peace efforts of Mr. Chamberlain, however faulty they might appear.

The isolationist-pacific alliance still holds, but mandatory neutrality as a national cure for war is in some disrepute. These are not, however, the only foreign policies in the United States. Very substantial left-wing elements have taken over the Popular Front conception. Foreign relations appear to them as in only one alignment, everybody against fascism. This is called the movement against "war and fascism," but what is meant is fascist wars. It is not a pacifist movement, and it makes up one part of the minority of Americans who would like to see this country meet aggression with sanctions and other forms of coercion, in concert with other countries. One of the objectives of this movement is to protect Soviet Russia, and its speakers usually rank Russia with the democracies. Members of this movement contribute many participants in the consumer's boycott against Japan. The other co-operationist element in America is the residue of the League of Nations adherents. Today they have more of a following than shows in the newspapers or in Congress, but they lack organization and drive. Believers in collective security are in every community, and as in the Wilson days they still number many influential persons in their ranks. Since the possibility of collective security vanished in the failure of sanctions against Italy, and with the resignation of Eden from the British government, these Wilsonians can join no movement and must remain silent. They heartily approved of the quarantine speech of President Roosevelt, but they were not numerous or vocal enough to give him the sense of having the majority of his countrymen behind him.

America's private foreign policies fall roughly into two categories, those which want to keep America out of war, those which want America to co-operate. And each category is divided into two groups. The genuine isolationists make up the right wing, the pacifists the left wing of the first category. The League adherents are the right wing and those who maintain the Popular Front outlook are the left wing of the co-operationists.

The foreign policy of the State Department is a composite of all four of these private foreign policies with one addition. The addition is the realistic sense of the United States as a world power which has to deal in power terms in its daily diplomacy. The State Department is pacifist to the extent of believing in collective security in a world of low armaments. It is isolationist to the extent of wanting a strong navy and air force, and in calling everything it does an independent act. One day it proposes to reduce armaments, the next it supports a billion-dollar building program for the navy. It goes on contradicting itself like this without ceasing. Almost daily it discusses concerted action with other powers, and almost daily it disavows that its actions are concerted. It wants collective action, as in the quarantine speech of Mr. Roosevelt, then sends its delegates to the Brussels conference forbidding them to discuss collective action in the Far East. And all of this is simply the projection of the contradictions within public opinion itself.

Where the State Department becomes itself, as distinct from public opinion, is in its fraternal sense toward the British. The closest country to us, as a world power, is Great Britain. The existence of the British Empire is of vast importance to us, and its conquest by a non-democratic country or coalition would endanger our safety. The country most menacing our power is Japan, and since Britain, too, is menaced by Japan, close contact with the British is unavoidable. But the more we snuggle to the British the more riled become the isolationists. So the State Department does most of its hand-holding with the British under the tablecloth. An odd aspect of this pro-British attitude of Washington is that London does not reciprocate it. The British treat us as a wife who ought to understand that her husband can have no time for her since he is beset by a dozen intriguing women. When we want something from the British—like the trade agreement—we have to whistle for it a long time. The British ask us to back them up in Europe without ever inviting our advice about their policy in Europe. This is annoying to everybody but the State Department. It feels, perhaps rightly, that since we are not a European power we must not ask to influence British policy in Europe. And since we are a Pacific power we cannot forego British co-operation in the Far East. But this attitude is a factor which makes the State Department unpopular with the four factions of the amateur diplomatists. Each faction sees its own pet foreign policy being whittled down, and each sees the State Department courting a curt and preoccupied Britain. But how much does all the dissatisfaction with the State Department matter? Less than one might think. Next to Franklin D. Roosevelt, the most popular member of the Democratic Party today is Cordell Hull. ●

"Sam, just when I'm about to pay for my last war, another war comes along!"

KEH

"DO YOUR STUFF, BOYS –

DRAWN FOR KEN IN ENGLAND BY DAVID LOW

SAME AS IN AUSTRIA"

THE GESTAPO IN THE U.S.A.

Col. Nicolai thinks U. S. may become enemy No. 1

Three departments of the Gestapo in Berlin are trying to buy or steal our industrial and military secrets. Meanwhile, the greatest of our peacetime spy hunts nets only small fry. The big shots are secure in their Berlin hide-out. But three documents obtained there indicate the extent of the Gestapo's present interest, and activity, in the U.S.

A LARGE building in the Prinz Albrecht Strasse, Berlin SW, serves as the headquarters of the "Gestapo." The Gestapo—short for Secret State Police—is the greatest espionage center in the world. An independent government within the government of the Third Reich, it is not accountable to courts and not subject to laws. The organization was originally created to deal with opposition within the country. In the last few years, however, the Gestapo has extended its steel tentacles over the whole world. Its secret agents and spies are everywhere: on the Czechoslovakian border and at the headquarters of the Japanese Kwantung army, among Brazilian and Moroccan rebels, in aristocratic London drawing rooms and even in the personal entourage of Germany's "good friend" Mussolini. The United States, too, is covered by an extensive and carefully laid network of secret Gestapo agents. The incident which first revealed their presence here was an attempt to assassinate a prominent personage.

The victim of the attack was Dr. Heinrich Brüning, the last chancellor of the democratic Weimar Republic. After the Third Reich had been established, Dr. Brüning remained in Germany for a whole year, hiding from the Gestapo. He could have chosen an easier and safer course, because twice Hitler offered him the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in the Nazi government, but Brüning had refused to compromise and declined both offers. This double refusal turned the Führer's hatred of Brüning to insane rage. It is a well-known fact that Hitler is a bad loser and can't take "no" for an answer. He went into one of his usual paroxysms of rage when he learned that Brüning had slipped out of Germany despite the fact that the entire pack of Gestapo bloodhounds had been trailing the former chancellor. Brüning first went to Oxford where he had been given a professorship and then moved to Harvard which had invited him as a guest lecturer. But he knew that the persecution of the Gestapo would follow him. He broke off his old connections, refrained from mentioning politics in his lectures at the University and even went so far as to drop his former name and to call himself Jan Anderson.

There was only one connection with the past which Brüning-Anderson retained in his new life, and that was a certain Dr. Müller, for many years the chancellor's private secretary, and his companion on the flight from Germany. It was this same trusted friend who carried out the attack on the chancellor's life. In some way the Gestapo agents had managed to establish contact with Müller, and it was on their behalf that he tried to kill his friend and chief in an unusually fiendish manner. The story sounds like the invention of a cheap mystery writer, but Müller tried to kill the chancellor with poisoned cigars. Dr. Brüning's life was only saved by the fact that he went to a doctor in Boston as soon as the first effects of the poison made themselves felt. On the day Brüning first consulted his physician, the secretary disappeared. He got back into Germany, and today is one of the most dreaded figures in the Nazi underworld.

But poisonings and the removal of undesirable persons are no longer the most important jobs of the Gestapo. By taking over military espionage from the German army command, the Gestapo has risen to the status of a major power. Every army in the world—with the exception of the United States—maintains its own intelligence service. The headquarters of the German spy system had always been in the Bendlerstrasse in Berlin, in the Ministry of War. In the struggle for domestic control between the army and the Nazi party the latter was victorious along the whole line, and one of its results was to force the army to hand over the espionage work to the party, or more accurately, to the party police, the Gestapo. The only concession which the Gestapo chief Heinrich Himmler made to the army was to appoint a former officer, Colonel Nicolai, to the command of the "Dienstgruppe 2" (Service Section No. 2).

The "Dienstgruppe 2" or Service Section No. 2 is the Gestapo department which handles military espionage abroad. Its chief, Colonel Nicolai, is one of the greatest experts in his field. A short, slimly built man with the head of a bird of prey, Nicolai had been commander-in-chief of the German intelligence service during the World War and had enjoyed such unlimited power that even Ludendorff had to bow to his orders. After the armistice, Nicolai specialized in organizing private combat units for use in civil wars and putsches, but was always careful to remain in the background. He made a point of concealing his membership in the Nazi party during the early years, while the movement was unpopular in official Germany, and although he never belonged to the Führer's intimate circle, he had been one of Hitler's very first followers. Colonel Nicolai was one of many Germans who began in November, 1918, to make systematic preparations for the next world war.

Nicolai has a better mind than most of his colleagues in the German army and he knows very well that the outcome of the last war was decided by the United States. It is still fashionable in Germany to sneer at the American "miniature" army, and to dismiss the billion dollar naval rearmament program as bluff, but the Colonel realizes that the American defense machine is potentially the most powerful in the world—once it gets under way. Through the accidents of plot and counter-plot in European espionage the intelligence service of a minor Continental power came into possession of a German military memorandum containing the following sentence: "If the combined efforts of the American isolationists and of our own propaganda machine should fail to keep the United States out of a future conflict, that country would become a most formidable adversary within a few months from the opening of hostilities, and would unquestionably have to be regarded as our enemy number one." This thought bears the unmistakable stamp of Colonel Nicolai's mind.

This same mind has now set itself with typically Teutonic aggressiveness to the task of undermining the American defense force. It is less than a year since German espionage was extended to the United States; until recently the Lithuanian border defense, the Netherland coast fortifications and every new Czech gun model were deemed more important by the German intelligence service than the American military machine. In the last year, however, Colonel Nicolai has made rapid progress in organizing his spy system in the United States. To the many departments of the Gestapo "Service Section No. 2" he has added three new ones, Nos. 23, 24 and 25, all three covering the United States. Department 23 specializes in economic espionage, department 24 in military intelligence, department 25 in propaganda.

Department 23 is the most active. Its offices are located on the fourth floor of the Gestapo building in the Prinz Albrecht Strasse, but the departmental chief, Dr. Hans Sanden, has a private suite of luxuriously appointed rooms at Vosstrasse 9, in the most fashionable district of Berlin. A hard worker who often stays at his desk until late at night, Dr. Sanden is at the same time a soft-spoken, well-dressed and rather sensitive young man. The screams of tortured human beings, the tramping of hobnailed boots as the blackshirted S.S. butchers go about their fiendish errands, the nightmare of cruelty which goes on at the Gestapo barracks day after day so got on Dr. Sanden's nerves that he had to move his private office to more congenial surroundings. For himself he prefers subtler methods. Like all well-bred young gentlemen he hates to be conspicuous. His passion for anonymity goes so far that he never travels abroad under his own name and constantly changes these *noms de guerre*. He called himself

simply Mr. Wilhelm Werner when he came to New York for the first time in 1933, a few months after Hitler had seized power. The purpose of his visit here was to establish an American distribution center for German wine exports. The dubious nature of this "business venture," however, was immediately realized by American firms; as a matter of fact, this "export office" had never been intended to be anything but a clearing house for secret intelligence and an agency for arranging contacts between German agents and American businessmen.

Naturally, Dr. Sanden's business interests were not confined to liquor and soon embraced the real objects of his enterprise: chemical and engineering problems. Chemists and engineers who wish to leave the United States and become repatriated in Germany are always assured of a hearty welcome in Dr. Sanden's office—especially if they happen to bring along construction secrets of the American firms which had employed them. The G-men recently uncovered a case of this kind, a typical example of the methods employed by Dr. Sanden's organization. A German engineer, formerly employed by a large engine manufacturer in the Middle West, had stolen blueprints from his firm and sold them to Berlin. The investigation is not yet completed and it is therefore impossible to give further details at this time, but the American public will soon learn the facts through the newspapers.

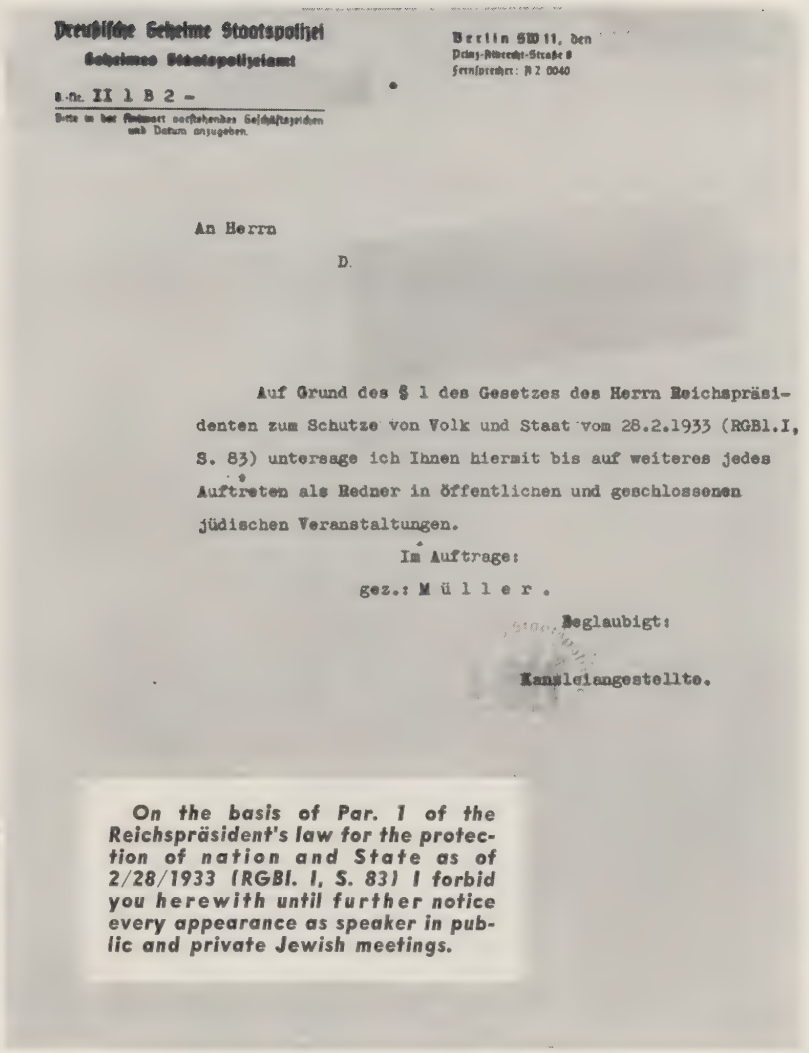
Practically unlimited funds are at Dr. Sanden's disposal for the financing of his industrial espionage in the United States. They are provided by a supposedly academic endowment, the "Fund to Promote Research in Plant Operation." The statutes of the organization specify that the fund is to be used to "permit young German scientists to complete their studies abroad." Among the contributors to the endowment are most of the leading heavy industries in Germany, notably the I. G. Farbenindustrie—the German chemical trust which has considerable interests all over the world, including the United States—and the most important manufacturer of automotive and airplane engines, the Bayrische Motorenwerke. The latter firm, together with the Junkers works in Dessau, supplies most of the engines for German rearmament in the air. The young scientists selected by the Fund to undertake research in plant operation know that the Bayrische Motorenwerke is willing to pay any price, in any currency, for successful research on the construction secrets of the latest Curtiss-Wright airplane engines: the same engines which have just been the subject of negotiations between the manufacturer and the French Government. In other respects, too, the Bayrische Motorenwerke deserves its reputation for far-sighted business management. Long ago, when Hermann Wilhelm Goering was not yet the all-powerful Nazi Number Two but merely a retired captain in the air force with certain political possibilities, the Bayrische Motorenwerke let him earn hundreds of thousands of Marks in commissions, and the firm still contributes handsomely toward the cost of his more than princely style of living. Naturally, the creator of the greatest air armada of the world now has the opportunity to show his gratitude through fat government contracts. A German gentleman does not accept gifts.

While the Bayrische Motorenwerke was cornering the market for construction secrets of American automotive and airplane manufacturers, the German chemical trust, the I. G. Farben, embarked on a treasure hunt of its own—to get the formula of "Lewisite." This deadly poison gas, named after its inventor, Professor Lewis of Northwestern University, is claimed to be so effective that two or three drops applied to the human skin could kill the victim. The German poison gas manufacturers pride themselves on being the most advanced in the world, but for years they have vainly tried to analyze it or even obtain enough to become better acquainted with it. The Führer himself is greatly interested in all new inventions in the field of gas warfare. Hitler enjoys watching expert demonstrations of the latest novelties in the line of poison gas. During the great army maneuvers in Mecklenburg a number of soldiers came down with evident signs of gas poisoning, and the Führer expressed himself as specially pleased with a weapon which had worked so "satisfactorily" even during maneuvers.

"Get me this Lewisite!" was Adolf Hitler's curt order when he finally learned that such a gas existed. This typical Führer pronouncement started a mad race to acquire the secret formula by hook or crook. The I.G. Farben offered enormous prizes, premiums and stipends, disguised as rewards for scientific research, making the formula of Lewisite the supreme goal of every German chemist, spy and secret agent.

The race was won by a certain Dr. Blank. A few months ago, Dr. Blank appeared in Dr. Sanden's private office in the Vosstrasse and politely inquired whether he had been correctly directed to the headquarters of the "Fund to Promote Research in Plant Operation." He also asked whether it was true that a total of half a million Marks in prizes had been offered for a certain chemical formula, and would it be possible to make payment of this sum in a foreign country? For, Dr. Blank explained with laudable candor, he was unfortunately not an Aryan and a blocked Mark deposit in Germany would be of no use to him. He was relieved to find that Dr. Sanden has no racial prejudices where poison gases are concerned, true to Goering's dictum that inventions have no grandmothers.

The clever Doctor then announced that he had acquired the Lewisite formula in a manner he could not reveal, and offered to demonstrate the



Preußische Geheime Staatspolizei
Geheimes Staatspolizeiamt

Berlin SW 11, den
Prinz-Albrecht-Straße 8
Fernsprecher: A 2 0040

g.-Nr. II 1 B 2 –

Bitte in der Antwort vorstehendes Geschäftszeichen und Datum anzugeben.

An Herrn

D.

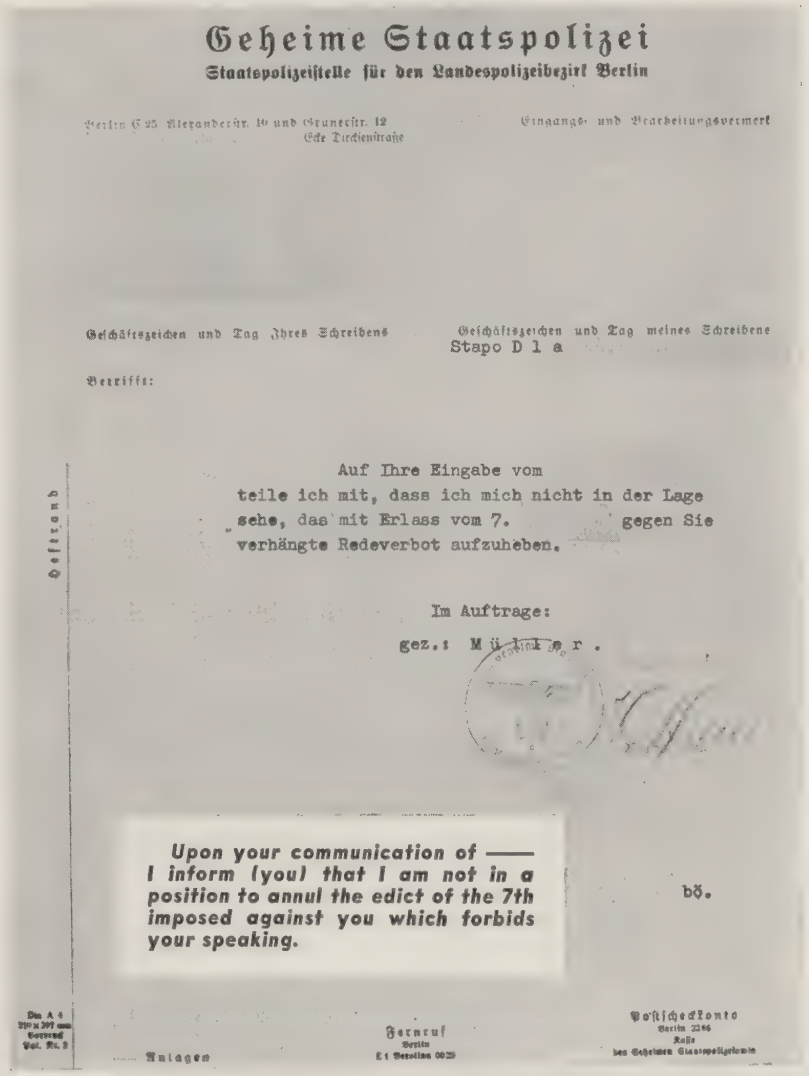
Auf Grund des § 1 des Gesetzes des Herrn Reichspräsidenten zum Schutze von Volk und Staat vom 28.2.1933 (RGBl.I, S. 83) untersage ich Ihnen hiermit bis auf weiteres jedes Auftreten als Redner in öffentlichen und geschlossenen jüdischen Veranstaltungen.

Im Auftrage:
gez.: M ü l l e r .

Beglaubigt:

Kanzleiangestellte.

On the basis of Par. 1 of the Reichspräsident's law for the protection of nation and State as of 2/28/1933 (RGBl. I, S. 83) I forbid you herewith until further notice every appearance as speaker in public and private Jewish meetings.



Geheime Staatspolizei
Staatspolizeistelle für den Landespolizeibezirk Berlin

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Eingangs- und Bearbeitungsvermerk

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Geschäftszeichen und Tag meines Schreibens
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Betrifft:

Auf Ihre Eingabe vom
teile ich mit, dass ich mich nicht in der Lage sehe, das mit Erlass vom 7. gegen Sie verhängte Redeverbot aufzuheben.

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bö.

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Berlin 2246
Kasse
bei Geheimer Staatspolizeiamt

Fernruf
Berlin
E 1 Berolina 0025

Anlagen

Upon your communication of —— I inform (you) that I am not in a position to annul the edict of the 7th imposed against you which forbids your speaking.

Official documents, published for the first time, attest to the cold, systematic, vigilance of the secret state police of the Third Reich. They have forbidden a former newspaper editor from speaking in public or private.

The Choice of Spears

gas to experts and agents of department 23 of the Gestapo Service Section No. 2. A demonstration was finally arranged in Buenos Aires, since Dr. Blank could not be induced to show his secret in Germany. The test was eminently successful; a dozen experimental animals, from guinea pigs to a mule, died the poison death reserved for mankind in a future war unless some way of restraining the aggressor can be found. The financial side of the Lewisite deal had been so carefully planned that the payment of 500,000 Marks—of course in American dollars—took place without any trouble. Thus the resourceful doctor succeeded in getting half a million Marks out of Germany, while the world-famous banker Baron Rothschild, now in a Vienna prison, will have to thank his stars if he is allowed to depart with the legally permitted "export capital" of ten Marks.

But when the German scientists retested the Lewisite formula in Berlin they found that in the first flush of success and in their eagerness to carry out the Führer's orders, the experts of department 23 had allowed themselves to become the victims of a fraud. What they had bought for 500,000 Marks were poison recipes available in any drugstore. Dr. Blank himself was anxious to clear up the little misunderstanding—after the payment had been made. In a polite note to Dr. Sanden he admitted that he was neither a Ph.D. nor a chemist, but had simply been an assistant in a Vienna pharmacy. If the Gestapo should wish to sue him for defrauding the German government of half a million Marks, he would anticipate with the greatest pleasure a public trial of the case before an Argentine court. The Gestapo did not sue Dr. Blank—partly because the German secret service was not anxious to broadcast its activities through a public trial and invite the ridicule of the whole world, but mainly because so far no one has had the courage to admit to the Führer that his greatest desire is still as far from fulfillment as it ever was. Adolf Hitler is probably still convinced that he has the most deadly weapon known in poison warfare. The world, however, need not worry on that score. Lewisite is, and will probably remain, in the exclusive possession of the United States.

Such mistakes could not happen in department 24 of the Gestapo Service Section No. 2. This department which handles military espionage does not employ dilettantes but experts of the highest rank. The traditional efficiency of the German military intelligence service has been further improved under the Nazi rule. The department has never enjoyed such centralized direction, nor has it been as ruthlessly employed, as it is now, with an outsider as its head. The present chief of department 24, Naval Lieutenant Franz Friedrich Bleyel, claims to be a graduate of the Imperial German Navy but his name does not appear in the lists of former officers. His explanation is that the revolutionary disorders had forced him to change his name. In a private conversation—a privilege rarely and reluctantly granted—he may hint at his aristocratic birth and his connection with the highest German nobility. Tall, broad-shouldered and slim-hipped, with the muscles of a prize fighter and the immobile face of a Buddha statue, Bleyel is precisely that combination of Teutonic strength and Asiatic brutality which the Nazis revere as the Aryan ideal.

Looking at Franz Friedrich Bleyel —Naval Lieutenant or not—one can readily believe the stories whispered about him. Last November a certain Baron Kasimir Polinsky who had formed a mysterious link between the German and Polish general staffs and had probably double-crossed both sides, disappeared without leaving a trace. Rumor had it that the traitor was strangled by Bleyel with his own hands. And when the Robinsons, the mysterious American couple, were arrested by the G.P.U. on a recent trip to Russia, insiders claimed that it was again Bleyel's work and that, notwithstanding the official enmity between Berlin and Moscow, he had played ball with his bolshevist colleagues in blood to liquidate two "Trotzkyists."

Bleyel's connections in Moscow, however, do not prevent him from maintaining the most amicable relations with Tokyo. This arrangement was a result of the German-Japanese treaty, signed by Herr von Ribbentrop even before his appointment as foreign minister, and later expanded by the inclusion of Italy into the tripartite Anti-comintern Agreement. The original German-Japanese treaty had a secret appendix of eleven clauses concerning military co-operation. In official Germany it was denied that anything like an outright alliance had been concluded, and diplomats preferred to call it the "East-West axis" supplementing the "North-South axis" between Italy and Germany. One of the military clauses provided for "friendly co-operation between the intelligence services of the two armies." It is strenuously disclaimed that this co-operation might be directed against another power. It must be a coincidence that the photographs taken by Japanese agents in the Canal Zone are enlarged and studied in Bleyel's Berlin office, and that the plans of the latest American destroyers, obtained by German secret agents, have been copied in Tokyo.

The German military espionage machine is particularly concerned with three phases of American defense:

The possibilities of industrial and economic armament

The development of the navy and air force

The Panama Canal.

If matters should reach a serious stage, the German secret service is determined to use its strongest weapon on these three fronts. The weapon is sabotage. Colonel Nicolai no doubt still remembers the successful sabotage undertaken by his agents on American soil before the United States

entered the war. At that time German sabotage in this country was in charge of the military attaché to the German legation in Washington, Herr von Papen, later Reich Chancellor and Hitler's pacemaker, and the man who lured Schuschnigg into the Berchtesgaden trap. Papen's hirelings had been responsible for the Black Tom explosion and the destruction of the plants of the Canadian Car and Foundry Company. That the Nazis will be no more considerate, in dealing with neutral powers, than the secret agents of Imperial Germany is proved by Service Memorandum No. 38 Z 7, issued in Berlin on December 9, 1937. This memorandum also happened to come into the hands of the intelligence service of a power for which it was not intended, exactly like that other memorandum in which the United States was described as the potential enemy number one. The instructions contained in bulletin No. 38 Z 7 were given to German agents in all countries regarded as "potential enemies," including the United States, and read in part as follows:

"Upon the outbreak of hostilities the agents will concentrate on the following objects behind the enemy lines:

1. Attacks on the enemy water supply and food resources,
2. Destruction of communication facilities, especially railroads, bridges and highways,
3. Attacks on air bases,
4. Destruction of electric power and light plants, oil reserves, etc.
5. Intensified strike propaganda, notably in armament plants."

The sabotage to be undertaken under the last heading, however, is not within the scope of Lieutenant Franz Friedrich Bleyel's department. It will be the task of his colleagues in the Gestapo department 25 which, though independent, works in close collaboration with Reich Propaganda Minister Goebbels and State Secretary Bohle of the Foreign Office. The last of the government bureaus to retain its old civil service character, the Foreign Office has been only recently coordinated and it had been Herr von Bohle's task to act as party commissioner and Nazi watchdog. The activities of department 25 are guided by Goebbel's pronouncement that the next war will be fought with airplane bombs and propaganda, and by another German slogan coined by Lieutenant-General von Metzsch. The gentlemen of department 25, eager to show that their typewriters are no meaner weapons than Goering's bombers, had the Metzsch slogan printed and hung over every desk as the only adornment of their bare office. The slogan reads: "THE WAR OF THE FUTURE WILL BE ARMED PROPAGANDA."

Of what type this propaganda will be, and how it will affect the United States, can be learned from pamphlet No. 7 of the "Instructions for our friends overseas"—a small brochure printed in a total edition of 500 copies and given only to reliable agents. A short excerpt will amply convey the spirit of this "armed propaganda":

"German propaganda in the United States must be handled more tactfully than it has been done before. It will not be possible to subsidize American newspapers except in very rare cases—and only newspapers of minor importance. The fundamental aim must always be to discredit conditions in the United States and thus make life in Germany seem enviable by contrast. It will therefore be to the best interests of the Reich to cooperate secretly with all persons or groups who criticize the American system, regardless on what ground. The line to be taken in all such cases is to exaggerate the strength of Germany and to contrast it with the weakness of democracies . . ."

It is difficult to disagree with the author of these "instructions"; Germany is really strong, and the democracies are really weak as long as they permit the German Gestapo to provoke the whole world, including the United States, with propaganda, espionage and sabotage. ●

PENNSYLVANIA MUSCLES IN

She was Queen of Delaware, but why quibble over 5 yrs.?

Pennsylvania's new legal holiday commemorating the 300th anniversary of the state, and honoring the Swedes who first settled it, is a very fine thing, except that it honors the wrong Swedes on the wrong anniversary, in fact on the anniversary of the wrong state. But historical accuracy is not a passion of politicians.

BY CHARLES J. DUTTON

On April 8 Pennsylvania observed a legal holiday. Banks were closed, children did not have to go to school. It was the first time the 8th of April had been a holiday in Pennsylvania, it will probably be the last time. "Forefathers Day—to commemorate the 300th anniversary of the founding of the state." Historians say the holiday came just five years too soon. There never was a real historical reason for celebrating a 300th anniversary five years before the proper date. There was a reason however.

This holiday is a beautiful example of what politicians can do with historical facts when they wish to make political capital out of racial groups. Pennsylvania was not settled in 1638 but in 1643. The state is spending $35,000 celebrating an anniversary which will actually occur five years in the future. There is one thing the people of the state can be grateful about. The politicians wanted $150,000. The legislature gave them $35,000.

There is a story behind this celebration. For years the children of the state have been told it was settled by William Penn, that he was the first governor. If the Federal government and the state of Delaware had not decided to commemorate, in 1938, the 300th anniversary of the Swedish settlement in America, Pennsylvania schoolchildren, and others, might still have gone on believing that William Penn was the founder and first governor of the state.

Years before William Penn came to America, at Tinicum, just below Philadelphia, the Swedes had established a settlement, with a governor, schools, law courts, and churches. All this in 1643. And Johan Printz, a gentleman weighing in the neighborhood of 400 pounds, was the first governor of Pennsylvania. The fact seems to be omitted from the textbooks.

In 1638, Peter Minuit, a native Prussian of Dutch descent, brought a Swedish colony to America. They settled on the Delaware River near Wilmington, Delaware. That was 300 years ago. There is no evidence at all that any of that colony or any other Swedes of that day came into what is now the sovereign state of Pennsylvania before 1643. It was some years later that William Penn received the land which is now Pennsylvania as a grant from the Crown.

Last spring, when Governor Earle was being mentioned far more prominently than now as a possible candidate for the presidency in 1940, his advisors were looking for anything which might bring him national publicity. Behold, in a neighboring state, in 1938, was coming a great celebration, it would interest all people of Swedish descent in America. In the northwest were states with many Swedish voters, all of which might be needed in the next convention.

Pennsylvania decided to have a celebration of its own. It was tried, rather naïvely, to have the Swedish government change its plans, already made, and make Philadelphia the center of the celebration. The suggestion did not meet with approval. After all, the first settlement had actually been in Delaware, and in the year 1638. The Swedes knew that none of their people had come into Pennsylvania until 1643. It was a bit difficult to get over that fact. In the last announcement the state sent out the title was changed to become the 300th anniversary of the settlement in the Delaware Valley, but—the Act which created "Forefathers Day" in Pennsylvania said directly that the state had been founded 300 years ago.

The bill asked for an appropriation but failed to interest the 1937 Pennsylvania assembly. The Commission handling the anniversary wanted $150,000. Most of the assemblymen had never known there had been a Swedish governor—they cared less. It was not exactly their fault. Their textbooks and teachers had failed to mention Johan Printz, had but talked

of William Penn. In the end, on the very last day of the session, the bill was passed. There were changes. The $150,000 had been cut to $35,000, and the power to spend the money had been given to the Governor instead of the Commission. At the same time was passed a bill creating a new legal holiday—"Forefathers Day, April 8th, 1938, to commemorate the 300th anniversary of the founding of the state."

Eager to get the publicity, in November, 1937, Governor Earle sailed to Sweden with a party to present as a gift from Pennsylvania, two bronze tablets. One in English and the other in Swedish. They were unveiled in the harbor of Gothenburg and Governor Earle received a minor Swedish title. The tablet has at the top the state seal, flanked on either side by the dates 1637—1937, goes on to give the names of the vessels which sailed to America "to plant the colony of New Sweden along the banks of the Delaware River thus establishing the foundations of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania"—and ends with the words "dedicated by their governor, George H. Earle, titular successor to Johan Printz first governor of the colony of New Sweden, the first permanent white settlement in Pennsylvania."

Naturally the Swedish people have wondered much about that tablet. Every schoolchild in Sweden knows that the first governor of the colony of New Sweden was Peter Minuit. Nor was Johan Printz even the second governor of the colony. He was the third. He did not come to America until 1643. So the tablet is inaccurate as to date and inference.

It is difficult to understand how the Swedish nation can hold in respect the inaccurate tablet which was presented to them.

And to our nation as a whole, another historical inaccuracy has been given. The state was given a public holiday to celebrate the founding of something that took place in a neighboring state 300 years ago. But in Pennsylvania this all happened 295 years ago. Interesting too, to note that Delaware and New Jersey, the one celebrating the 300th anniversary of the founding of their state, the other the coming to their shores of the Swedes, are not rising up and saying any kind words about Pennsylvania. They appear to think the politicians tried to steal their own celebration for political purposes. Another thing. In their haste they overlooked the fact that some Finns were among those early settlers, so at the last moment, they were included under the title, "Forefathers."

The celebration will wander through a part of this year. The legal holiday was April 8. Just what will the state do in 1943 when it comes to the real 300th anniversary of the founding of the state? Perhaps they will have another holiday. But by that time the presidential campaign will be over. Who then will care anything about the first Swedish settlement? ●

PITY THE POOR GENERALS

At Guadalajara, Italy's boys left their wheels, ran

In all the loose talk about the infamy of Italian troops in Spain there was at least an occasional good word for the privates, yet nothing but continual contumely for the generals. But how would you like to be in charge of stealing, deserting, disaffected, demoralized troops, when the only word you could get out of the Big Boss was a pep talk about your invincible legions?

BY CARL MARZANI

DETAILS I'm about to give from official Italian military documents should make us think more kindly of those distracted fascist generals who had the responsibility for the actions of the "volunteers" in Spain.

Some of their troubles of course are only minor infractions of such courtesy regulations as govern an army operating in an allied country.

In a report dated Siguenza, March 2, Captain Nello Brogi informs his commanding officer that two Blackshirts, Paolo Ruggeri and Annibale Sammarani, of the Wolves Battalion, had tried to break into the house of two girls whom they were after, and got into a fight with falangists who came to the rescue. The Commanding Officer, Gran Ufficiale Enrico Francisci scribbles on the report that the penalty shall be—repatriation. I wonder if Enrico knew the dangers of the punishment.

Much more serious is the stealing of autos and holdups by armed Blackshirts giving rise to an order issued by General Ciangualtiero Arnaldi:

Malaga, 12-2-37—XV

"Within the last few days the Spanish Authorities have reported the theft of five automobiles: some of them taken by armed force. The authors of such crimes throw a sinister light upon us as representatives of a country of ancient civilization. Such crimes must cease immediately. . . ."

Incidentally, Arnaldi's Division has the motto *Dio lo vuole*—God wills it. Now whatever else God may have willed, one feels sure in reading these restrained official documents that the Fountainhead of Mercy never intended the worried and sleepless nights which the poor generals must have undergone.

For example, Ferraris, Chief of the Italian General Staff fulminates from Salamanca under date of February 20th against "the slack discipline of the sentinels who allow even peasants to circulate in the artillery parks." The significance of this is found elsewhere in a report of Commander Pittau who is in charge of the 6th Battery of the II Division. He writes from Burgos that in the course of target practice, half of his pieces proved useless due to the loss of spare parts and to defects that may or may not be due to sabotage. The report ends with a request for two extra mechanics.

But slackness is a fleabite compared to disaffection. Listen to poor General Ferdinando Mancini writing to the commands of three "bands" whose names resound like Nelson's ships-of-the-line, the *Implacable*, the *Ardent* and the *Wolves:*

Loja, 12-2-37—XV

"During the last operations, some officers have given proofs that their professional culture and their physical qualities are not in proper relation to the positions they occupy."

Professional culture indeed! Commander Pittau scorns such euphemisms, writes, grimly if laconically:

Burgos, 4-2-37—XV

"I have noticed that many officers, subalterns, non-coms and Blackshirts do not possess those minimal qualities which are indispensable for a brave and faithful volunteer, worthy of fascist Italy. Such elements must be eliminated."

Pity poor Pittau! Sabotage follows disaffection:

Loja, 12-2-37—XV

"Despite the points made with all clarity in my General Order No. 2 of the 22-1-37, in the last operations some units have abandoned knapsacks, weapons, spare parts, boxes of munitions and similar things.

"The worst of this is the fact that such action has been tolerated by officers, who in some cases have actually given orders to do so under pretext of lightening the troops.

"I have no hesitation in saying that to order or tolerate the abandonment of the materials above mentioned constitutes sabotage of future actions, that is to say, constitutes a veritable *crime in favor of the enemy."*

THE SUB-CHIEF OF GENERAL STAFF
Signed: Lt. Col. Giorgio Malpurgo.

The men, no less than the officers are a source of grey hairs. General Mancini writing from Arcos on March 16 deals with attempts at evasion of duty either by self-inflicted wounds, or by fake bandages, or by soldiers leaving the line of fire under pretext of helping wounded comrades. The General gives instructions to plug the different leaks and ends by ordering that "whosoever is clearly proven guilty of the aforesaid shall be immediately shot." He adds parenthetically, "Between yesterday and today six individuals have suffered this just punishment."

Though all the problems we have mentioned are serious enough, they aren't a patch to attempts at evading the censorship and betraying secrets. The Generals' plight can be dimly seen in guarded orders such as that of Adjutant-Major Bernardi writing to Pittau from Burgos:

"I refer you to paper No. 1263

from Salamanca under date of the 19th inst., for your knowledge and guidance, and beg you to take the necessary measures to eliminate infractions of military secrets mentioned in the above."

What these may have been we gather from a typed extract from the report of the Naples Censor of Military Mail. We read *inter alia* that:

". . . certain volunteers in order to avoid the censorship give letters to sailors returning home. These letters contain detailed information on the local political situation."

and,

"Despite official orders to the contrary, volunteers continue sending news of their positions, marches, itineraries, parade grounds, barracks, etc. Furthermore certain officers not only indicate places of residence, but also send news of troop movements, situations, positions and effectives down to the least details."

One of the censors has diplomatic heartaches. After examining 11,757 letters and 183 postcards and giving them an analysis of the contents he tells us his pet worry:

". . . in the civil letter boxes of some cities, are deposited a great quantity of letters containing the inevitable criticisms and the usual complaints. Since these letters are censored by the Spanish Authorities they may give rise to wrong ideas on the character and discipline of the Italian volunteer."

It seems from the documents we have quoted that the Italian army of intervention was not in the pink of condition, and it is hardly to be expected that the Generalissimos of the New Italy would face up to this situation by lying down. In fact, they immediately instituted a system of political espionage. General G. A. Coppi took the job in hand and issued detailed instructions to each group commander on how to run a spy system. A tone of urgency emanates from him:

"I have reason to believe that subversive cells are hidden amongst us for the purpose of making defeatist propaganda among the troops. We must be vigilant and know everything: what soldiers and peasants think."

Having taken care of the undercover work, they also started an open campaign to raise the morale of the troops. Orders are issued to officers to excite the aggressive spirit of the men by stories of red atrocities; officers must conduct political teaching by "exaltation" in order to bring about a "biting aggressivity"; everybody gets busy thinking up little gems to elevate the spiritual content of the volunteer's life. Take for example General Mancini's Permanent Circular No. 2, issued March 4. He orders everyone to give the ROMAN SALUTE (the outstretched arm) because "the ROMAN SALUTE, in this war, has an important significance from a spiritual point of view."

Chief-of-Staff Ferraris is not to be outdone by a mere divisional general as Mancini. He thinks up something. "When mounting bayonets and when breaking ranks, the men must shout together—'A NOI!' "

A noi is the fascist war cry which evolved as a piece of catechism in the early days when Mussolini would make a speech and then shout, "To whom the victory?" "To us," said the stooges and went off to burn a defenseless newspaper office.

Unfortunately, however, for all those budding Napoleons, their stringent decrees and astute tricks to raise the morale of the army were destined to fail. The Guadalajara offensive was proof of that failure. Just before that attack, General Mancini unconsciously played the clown by issuing an order marked *Moral Preparations* giving the officers detailed instructions, including the arguments and exhortations necessary to pep up the men. The arguments to be used reveal the attitude of mind amongst the troops and it's no wonder the generals were jittery. Take this:

"The Russian Tanks," says Mancini, "are not *carri fatati* (The Russian tanks are not magic tanks!). It is true they are armed with cannon, but their traction is bad. We must attack them with calm. They are anything but magic."

Or this:

"The officers, with elementary reasonings, must prove to their subordinates (and sometimes even to themselves) how absurd is this tendency to attribute to the enemy fantastic possibilities. Rumors fly about that the reds attack in the daylight, on open ground, without artillery barrage and win; or that groups penetrate our lines during the night, go in for several kilometers and surround our regiments. This is nonsense! Let us be serious!

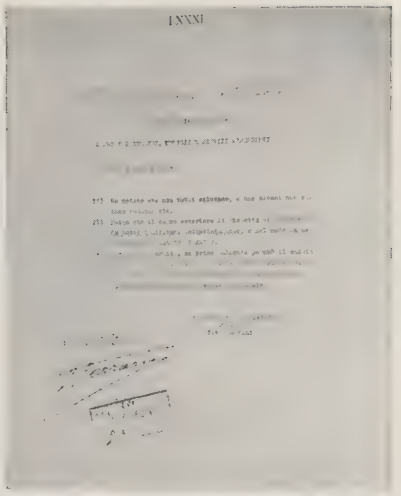
"I ask you: is there any one of you or of your subordinates, who would, under similar circumstances, do the things which are attributed to the enemy? The answer, I am sure, is no!

"Therefore reflect upon this: at the very moment that someone on our side is worrying, 'My God, what are the reds doing?', on the other side the reds are breathlessly saying, 'By Lenin! What are the whites doing?' "

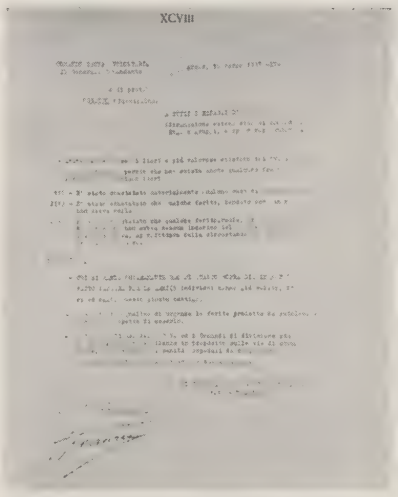
This modern Epistle to the Romans goes on like that for five solid pages until it seems that the General is trying to convince himself as well. Ironically enough, the only one who didn't know anything about the morale of the troops was Mussolini. While Mancini was issuing the *Moral Preparations* he got this telegram from Il Duce:

"I receive on board the *Pola* on the way to Libya the communiques of the great battle taking place at Guadalajara stop I follow the vicissitudes of the battle with firm heart since I am sure that the impetus and the tenacity of our legionnaires will roll back the enemy resistance stop To scatter the international forces will be a political and moral success stop Inform the legionnaires that I follow their action hour by hour until crowned with victory stop MUSSOLINI." ●

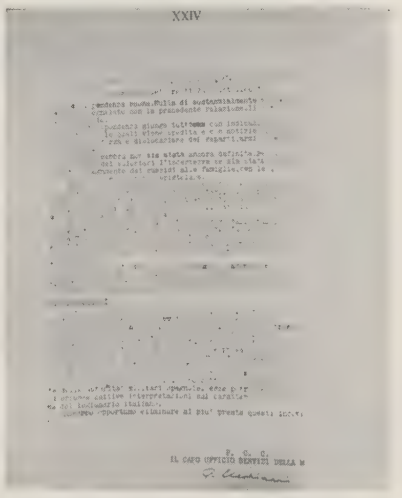
Envelopes taken from Italians captured in Spain. The initials O.M.S. stand for Military Operations in Spain. Envelopes are not supposed to have any markings as to destination, but some bear Spanish imprints.



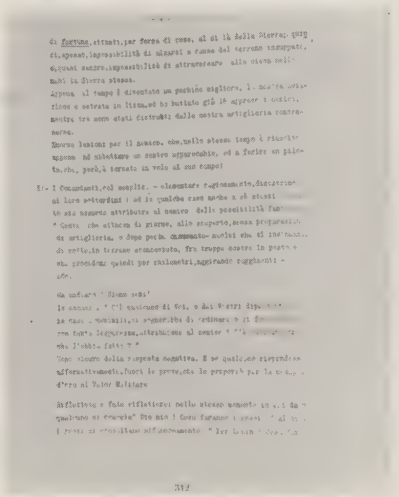
The Italian division commander orders the Roman salute to be used, for spiritual and disciplinary value.



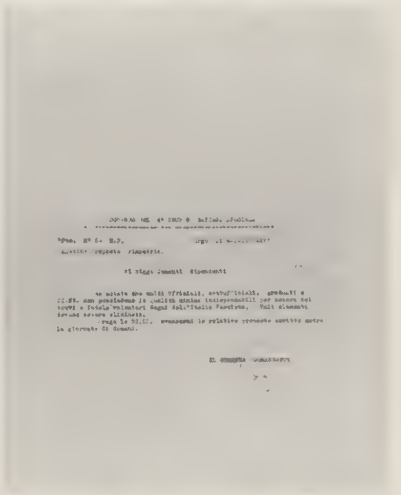
Punishment to stop self-wounding.



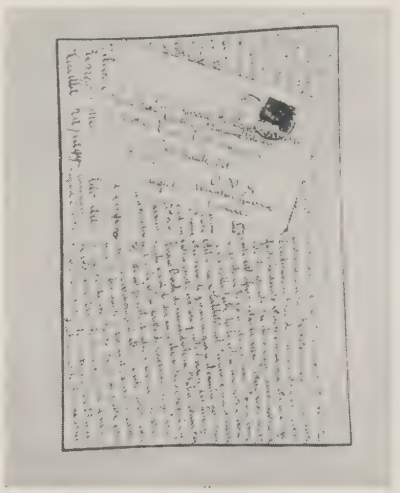
Censor's report on 11,757 letters.



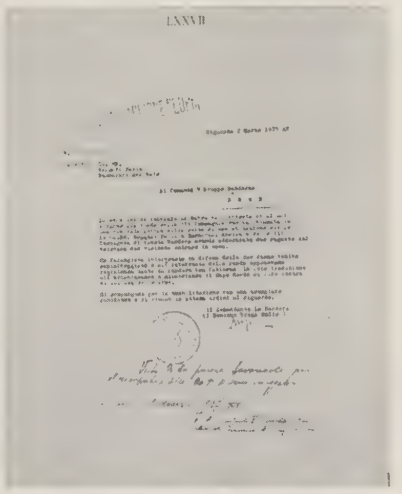
Page 4 of Mancini's advice on how to bolster the lagging morale.



Commander Pittau gives orders to make Blackshirts more brave.



Legionnaire's mail clearly designated O.M.S. and Special Mail 500.



Handwriting okays suggestion to send Blackshirt rapists home.

NATIONAL HARA-KIRI

Bullet-proof vests being made for Japanese statesmen who expect trouble

An army, said Napoleon, fights on its belly. Today entire nations must fight on their bellies, and that lets Japan out of any first-class war, because her belly is shrunken. Wages in factory and in field that barely keep body and soul together, discontent that gnaws at patriotic morale, a rickety economic setup, would turn a real war into national hara-kiri after the first month. The adventure in China, far from enriching Japan, tears down her already meager living standards.

BY MARC T. GREENE

JAPAN could carry on a war with a first-class fighting power—for about a month. After that it would merely be an exhibition of hara-kiri on a stupendous scale.

The amazing myth of Japanese power, of a great navy, of clouds of bombers, a marching army of 5,000,000 men, a highly-developed industry, is frightening only in ratio to your distance from the Sacred Isles. Touch Japan at her vital points—trade, manpower, self-sufficiency, air force—and the shell of the myth disintegrates.

Underlying any estimate of a nation's ability to wage first-class war is the sober fact that armies are still made of men—and the mass of the Japanese people is half-starved and devitalized. The burden of the Manchukuan and North Chinese victories serves to press down their meager standard of living month by month.

For the 6,000,000 industrial laborers of Japan, the daily wage averages two yen or 58 cents for men and 75 sen or 21 cents for women. The highest industrial wage, $1.14 a day, goes to the skilled steel workers in the nation's most important military preparedness industry. The lowest—66 sen or 20 cents—is for girl silk-reelers. Unskilled labor tries to live on around 40 cents a day, paid for ten hours' work.

Since 1931 wages have dropped 12% while living costs have gone up 17%. Neither hours of work nor days worked each month is limited by law, and both are marching upward. The only prohibition on working time is that which forbids women or minors to be employed between ten p.m. and five a.m.

The industrial casualty rate is frightful. At the factory of the Japanese Galvanized Zinc Company, 950 men out of 1,000 employees were at one time or another during the year on the accident list. At the works of the Nippon Seitetsu Kaisha, a semi-government steel concern, the year's casualty list was 59.16%. In 1936, 16,250 men were involved in accidents in Osaka factories, 64 dying.

Sickness has increased alarmingly. Formerly tuberculosis headed this list, but now the principal diseases are of the stomach and intestines, significant in connection with the improper nourishment of the majority of Japanese workers.

What are the causes of these heavy casualty lists? "Excessive hours of labor and lack of safety provisions," state the Osaka prefectural authorities themselves. And why the excessive hours and the absence of safety provisions? The answer is easy. Production must be increased, speeded up to the utmost regardless of the cost in human suffering, in order that Japanese trade expansion may go on and a sufficient income be derived to permit the military-backed government to carry out its menacing "preparedness" policy.

These, then, are the "inhuman" conditions acknowledged by the Japanese themselves, deplored by the industrial employers who are less responsible for them than the rulers of the country, resented ever more bitterly by the workers themselves.

The attempts of these workers to show their resentment resulted in more than 2,000 labor disputes within a twelvemonth, very little news of which has been permitted to get into the papers. Labor disputes have increased more than 20% over the previous year, yet only 400,000 of the 6,000,000 Japanese industrial workers are organized. Under repression of various kinds that number is steadily declining.

It has been said that Japan's chief economic asset is an abundant supply of skilled, docile and inexpensive labor. It is really her only industrial asset, offsetting in great measure the woeful lack of essential raw materials. But the efficiency of this asset is being steadily impaired by reductions in wages, advances in living costs, growing unrest of labor caused by the huge profits of many employers—and the censored trickle of news on the success of workers of America and other countries in obtaining better working conditions.

The only offset to Japan's backwardness in labor legislation is the retirement-on-pension system in all factories employing more than 50 workers. But the pension is very small. There is likewise free medical attendance—very much needed under present conditions—certain small bonuses, and the opportunity to procure food and housing at about actual cost prices. Even then the small wage permits of a living standard barely above the subsistence minimum.

Much of the industrial work is done in small shops employing perhaps no more than a dozen workers, and in individual homes. Here no rules or laws of any sort apply and so the hours of toil are long and hard and often under primitive conditions. The workday often extends to 16 or 17 hours. Authentic unemployment figures do not exist.

The peasantry is no better off. Half the people of Japan are dependent upon rural pursuits, yet their condition today is not a whit better than that of a generation ago. They carry, however, an altogether disproportionate share of taxation, which creates a lack of balance between agriculture and industry that is the most dangerous feature of the Japanese economic system.

The peasant's income barely averages a yen—29 cents—a day. The pay of the hired worker would be less than that, much less in the case of women. Thousands of the country people are deeply in debt, just as they are in India and China and throughout the entire East. The burden of taxation falls heavily upon them and it is ever on the increase. More than 40% of the total value of farm products is represented in rice. Intensive production during the past few years, together with modernization in agricultural methods, has brought about a large surplus. Stored in the warehouses, this surplus prevents a rise in price bitterly needed to offset the constant increase in the cost of farm living.

There has also been an over-production of silk, exports of which in 1936 were 66,586,000 pounds, valued at 393,000,000 yen. And right here we discover something of the extent to which Japanese economic stability depends upon amicable trade relations with the United States. More than 56,000,000 pounds of the silk exports cross the Pacific to America. That in itself is sufficient guarantee against any conflict with us—if the common people of Japan have anything to say about it. And it is one of the chief reasons why the very suggestion of such a conflict horrifies the Japanese peasant and worker. Another reason is that a quarter of Japan's total trade last year was with America. Besides purchasing everything from the bulk of the raw silk to 665,000 cases of canned goods, mainly crab, tuna fish, shell fish *and pineapples,* we sold Japan over 30% of all her imports.

The loss of America as a market would in itself be enough to ruin Japan. No question of that at all, and it is a surer guarantee of peace so far as we are concerned than the largest navy we could place in the Pacific.

Japan is deeply in the red on her Manchuria-China invasion. Yen by the hundreds of millions have already been poured into Manchukuo and nothing of relative consequence has yet come out or shown signs of coming out. Its acquisition was intended to improve Japan's economic position and the impoverished lot of the Japanese masses. Instead there have been increased taxation, higher import duties and totally unproductive results from the "forward" policies.

The position inside Japan, growing

steadily worse, what with the tremendous expenses of the Chinese war, now verges on the desperate. On top of the crushing military burden which has taken such a heavy toll of the vitality of the people, an economic scare has been thrown into half the purchasing world until relations with such trading countries as Russia, Egypt, the Argentine, British India and the Dutch Indies become more and more unfavorable. The loss of the China trade added to the rest may be fatal. Increasing obstructions in other markets together with the ill-feeling engendered by the ruthless prosecution of the war menace further trade expansion. Rapid rise in world commodity prices, extended trade control, increased labor costs, diversion of export productive power to military purposes, all are bound to restrict exports and thus increase the already threatening unfavorable trade balance. Yet Japan must go on purchasing large quantities of raw materials, wool, cotton, crude oil, hemp, ores, lumber, sugar, and above all steel.

The most frantic, self-sacrificing struggles to make the country self-supporting, atop the cost of the war, cannot alter this position for many years. There have, of course, been amazing achievements. Such, for example, as the extension of the food canning industry which, in three years, has brought the value of the "pack" from 85 to 115 million yen and even entered the lists with Hawaii in supplying America with tinned pineapple. Ship-building also has advanced amazingly, with a gain of 494 vessels and 171,000 tons last year, and 14 new shipping companies with a total capitalization of 14,300,000 yen. Sea-going ships of 10,000 tons and more have increased rapidly during the past few years, materially encouraged by government subsidies which amounted last year to 9,683,000 yen, 6,000,000 of it to the Nippon Yusen Kaisha alone, and 4,000,000 to the Japanese trans-Pacific routes.

But this large and really impressive fleet will be a burden that will bring the shipping companies to ruin if Japan's foreign trade is lost or even materially reduced. The ship-building expansion is intended to keep pace with an anticipated further export trade expansion. Yet even under a moderate foreign political policy, free of constant international irritations, it is far from certain that this expansion will continue. A more aggressive and consequently more irritating foreign policy is pretty sure to cripple, if not to destroy, export trade.

That is really the principal reason for the general dissatisfaction with the present policies. The Japanese people want peace. That cannot be too strongly emphasized, even as it is not sufficiently understood abroad. They want peace, and if they did not they are in no condition to choose large-scale war. The talk of a potential Japanese army of 5,000,000 men is rubbish. Where would they come from? Largely, of course, from the peasantry and industrial workers, an undernourished, devitalized mass, as we have seen, incapable for that reason if for no other of being made into an effective fighting force for years, if ever.

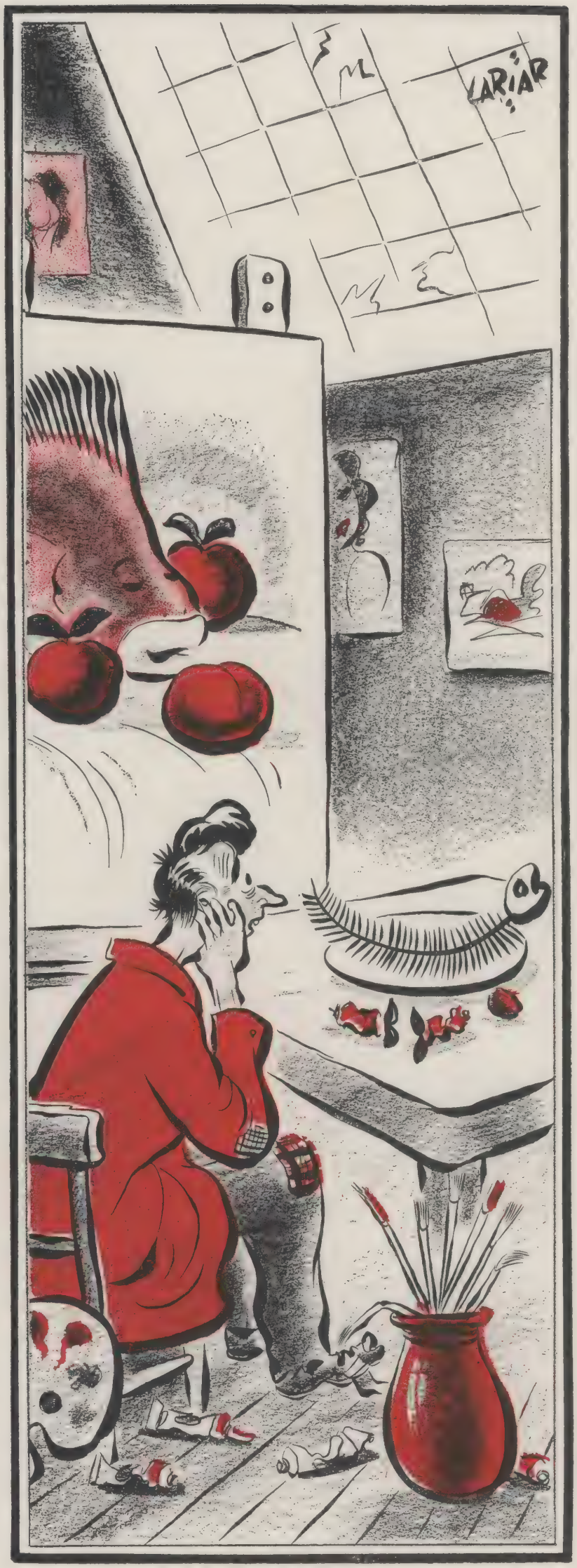
No one really acquainted with conditions inside Japan believes she could carry on a large-scale foreign war for a month. The notorious inefficiency of the air-force alone would mean annihilation if, for example, the conflict should be with Russia whose great force of more than a thousand well-manned and effective planes at Vladivostok would swoop down and across near-by Japan like eagles upon flocks of new-born lambs.

It is necessary to remember that Japan has had no war with anything resembling a first-class power. The horde of ill-nourished, badly-treated and inefficiently-led serfs constituting the Czar's army in 1903 no more represented the strength of a first-class military power than the trumpery collection of antiquated craft annihilated by Togo approximated a real navy. Nobody who knows anything about the present Japanese navy, its personnel or its leadership, believes for an instant that it would be a match for a force anywhere near equal in number of ships, tonnage or armament.

Moreover, in the present state of Japanese finances, with a national debt of 10,900,000,000 yen, Japan could not support a war with a first-class power for even a few months. As it is, the banks, which have been forced to carry loan after loan for the use of the militarists, are complaining bitterly and their opposition to the present government and its aggressive foreign policy grows in strength constantly. They know but too well what would happen if a great war resulted from that policy.

Meanwhile the "spy" mania is becoming more and more annoying to foreigners living in Japan. Use of short-wave radios is entirely forbidden and the restriction on ordinary sets is so severe that few foreigners attempt to use them any more. Many professional photographers who have been engaged in conveying some of the charm of the Japanese countryside to the rest of the world have abandoned this sort of work, so great is the danger of coming into conflict with the spy-mad authorities. For the same reason tourists coming to Japan will be well-advised to leave their cameras behind. The other day the big North German Lloyd steamer *Potsdam* came into Yokohama harbor and scarce were her anchors down at the quarantine station than a group of soldiers was aboard. They had been informed, they said, by a passing Japanese aviator that he had seen a passenger on the *Potsdam* take a picture of a Japanese destroyer at anchor in the harbor. Then followed several hours' search for the picture. Every camera was inspected and every roll of films developed. No picture of a destroyer was found and none had, in all probability, been taken.

When the British Ambassador was about to be transferred to Brussels,



Creative Artist

he spoke frankly of this sort of thing at a farewell dinner in Tokyo. Only the *Kobe Chronicle* carried this part of his speech: "Here in Japan the tendency seems to be growing to suspect every foreigner of concerning himself with things that are not his concern and of prying into matters that he should ignore. I suppose that several hundred British people come to Japan annually, but I have a feeling that many more would come if they did not have to go through such an inquisition before landing, and did not run a permanent risk of being arrested for unwittingly taking a photograph in the wrong place."

This was the first time a foreign diplomat had ever made a public statement on the intolerable attitude of suspicion regarding the movements and activities of all foreigners in Japan, whether permanent residents with business interests here or merely tourists. Even with its mild phraseology it was a surprising statement to come from a high diplomatic official, and you need hardly be reminded that it meant much more than it said.

The Japanese people themselves are temperamentally friendly today to all the world. Unless the poisonous anti-foreign propaganda of the government-inspired press succeeds, they will remain so. But the danger that it will succeed is great. The Japanese housekeeper of a highly-placed American friend of mine in Tokyo surprised him the other day by asking why it was that such a great country as America wanted to "come over and take Japan."

He asked where on earth she got that idea. Well, she had read it in a certain prominent Japanese newspaper. Something similar had also been heard over the radio.

Perhaps the greatest menace of all is this very systematic press and radio campaign of false and incredibly malicious anti-foreign propaganda. In the old days, no longer ago than the Mei-ji Restoration in fact, the foreigner in Japan was regarded with scorn and contumely. When he went abroad in the streets he might at any time meet a barrage of decayed vegetables and venerable eggs. This revealed an attitude that was the natural outgrowth of the "Kodo" spirit, and there are evidences among certain Japanese groups that, hand in hand with the revival of that spirit, the ancient attitude to foreigners is being resumed. Temperamentally inclined to friendliness and goodwill to other peoples as they are, the masses of the Japanese, docile, regimented and bullied, cannot fail little by little to be swayed by it. A significant verse was published in a Tokyo paper the other day. Here it is:

"I am a Japanese,
Yellow because I am sprung of the sun,
Yellow like parchment written long ago,
Inscribed with wisdom no man has yet undone.

"I am a Japanese,
Moved by the beauty of a small, rare flower,
Yet struck with fear for this strange perfection,
Triumphing in its splendid April hour.

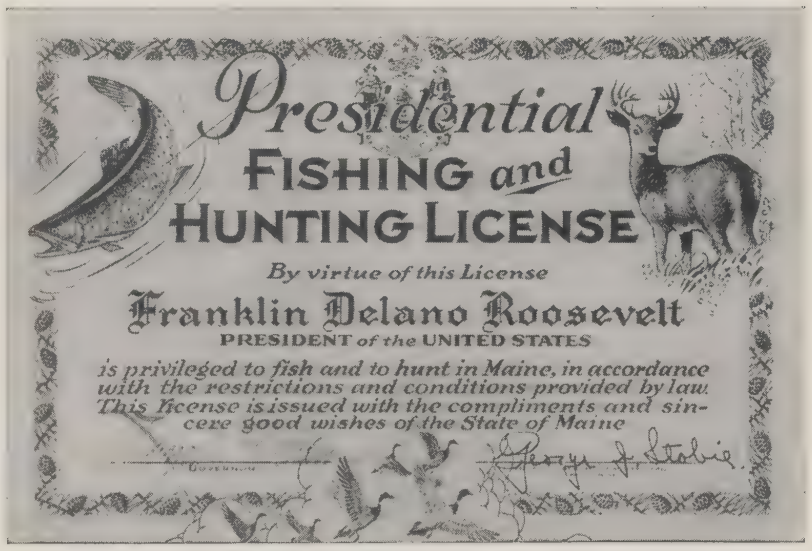
"I am a Japanese,
Singing of death-in-love because I must,
Dreaming of love-in-death that will remain
Inviolate even for unbelieving dust.

"I am a Japanese,
Yellow because I am sprung of the sun,
Yellow like parchment written long ago,
Inscribed with wisdom no man has yet undone."

This declares perfectly the state of mind of the younger element responsive to the attempt at revival of the "Kodo" spirit and the Samurai system. ●

(Pictures on Pages 36-42; 47-49)

THE PRESIDENTS GO FISHING


Presidential
FISHING and
HUNTING LICENSE
By virtue of this License
Franklin Delano Roosevelt
PRESIDENT of the UNITED STATES
is privileged to fish and to hunt in Maine, in accordance with the restrictions and conditions provided by law. This license is issued with the compliments and sincere good wishes of the State of Maine

Some presidents go fishing and like it, but all presidents go fishing

Once there was a president who said that fishing was a sport for boys and loafers; he had to eat his words, with liver-fed and liver-tasting trout for seasoning. His successor grimly waded the mountain streams for his party, only to have a Democrat come along and move the contest out into the deep sea. Republicans are looking for a whaler.

BY DONALD HOUGH

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE looked at the vest buttons of the Washington newspaper correspondents gathered before his desk, smiled his wry New England smile, and made a mistake—a mistake that was to take him into the wilds of northern New York, into the dark depths of the Wisconsin woods, into the Indian-infested Black Hills of South Dakota, on errands of political contrition.

He said (with his smile), "Fishing is a pastime for boys and loafers."

A correspondent had asked him if, by chance, he planned on going fishing that summer.

In those days, any White House statement was red-hot news, and the correspondents dashed for the wires to tell the world, in millions of neat black-face boxes on Page 1, that in the opinion of the President of the United States fishing was a sport reserved for boys—the inference being that they were not the best boys—and loafers. Neat little human-interest item the boys had run across.

The same newspapers, not long before, had carried the news of the annual convention of the Izaak Walton League of America, held in Chicago. The League was a national association of fishing, shooting and conservation clubs that was approaching the 200,000 mark in active membership and going strong. Under the evangelical leadership of Will H. Dilg it had struck a responsive public chord and was plenty hot.

One of the principal platforms adopted by the League at its convention had to do with the general proposition that fishermen and hunters were Nature's noblemen, and that it was their solemn duty to steer the youth of the nation toward that enviable estate.

The Coolidge pronunciation fell into the ranks of the League and exploded with a very sharp report. At that approximate moment many speakers, in accordance with the League plan of action, were addressing meetings of the youth of the country, urging fishing upon them, and, to make it worse, pointing out that President Cleveland had been an inveterate angler—just to show where a fisherman could get to, if he always was careful to spit upon his bait.

It is not flattering to the ego, when you are standing before a gathering of youth, posing as one of Nature's noblemen, suddenly to be called a loafer by unimpeachable authority, and on Page 1 at that.

The repercussions were immediate. The publicity department of the Izaak Walton League gleefully went into action. The trick of stunning the political mind by the weight of telegrams was not invented by the Liberty League; it is a fine old dodge. The White House began to get wires from all parts of the United States, perhaps differing slightly in wording but identical in indignation. The telegrams were delivered in bushel baskets, and reflected not only the sentiments of individuals, but the cold anger of resolutions unanimously adopted in special meetings. Copies went to all local newspapers. They made Page 1 right back at Mr. Coolidge.

The Republican Central Committee went into executive session and made the discovery that Mr. Coolidge, with one flutter of his thin lips, had manufactured 200,000 enthusiastic Democrats out of whole cloth. The remedy was obvious, even to a Republican Central Committee. Mr. Coolidge went fishing.

That was the stirring expedition to Paul Smith's fishing camp in the Adirondacks. The president carried out his sentence to the letter. The spirit, he reserved for himself. He fished, as prescribed, but he wore his second-best suit and a clean starched collar while doing it. He caught a little pickerel, and held it up for the cameraman, as per specifications, but his nose was his own, and he held it as he pleased—which was up. Thus, while there could be no doubt that the

president had fished, there was room for speculation as to whether he had caught a fish, or had found a dead one.

Next season it was the Black Hills. Mr. Coolidge wore his familiar fishing costume, with a clean collar and a fresh press in his pants, and caught Black Hills trout and held them up at arm's length and looked straight into the rotogravure lenses with an expression clearly indicating that the trout not only were large, but were very old.

On this occasion Mr. Coolidge grimly went the distance for his party. He let the local lads put a cowboy hat on him, let the red Indians make a red Indian of him, and climbed up on a horse for the horsy set. It also was on this occasion, let it be noted by historians, that the president, fresh from one of his mornings on the stream, handed out the slips of paper indicating that he did not choose to go fishing any more.

But there was a final chapter in Mr. Coolidge's career as an angler, and it was pure irony. He went up to the Brule River, in Wisconsin, hard by the rocky shores of Lake Superior, in a final gesture before turning the rod and reel over to Mr. Hoover. At this time the Coolidge personal economy was getting a big play. Mr. Coolidge, having eaten the scraps from Sunday's dinner at supper on Monday, was having his old shoes re-soled every Tuesday for the benefit of the press.

Among the announced attractions of the Brule was the prospect of eating off the country. After all, the presidency was drawing to a close, and a fellow had to get along. Mr. Coolidge went fishing, this time, with verve. His guide reported to the correspondents that the president not only cast as though he wanted a fish, but that he swore when his line got snarled. It appeared that, at long last, he had got a new angle on fishing.

The first day was a success, and Mr. Coolidge happily announced they would have fish for supper. They did. The president took one mouthful and stopped short. The fish tasted like liver, and not the best grade of liver, either.

The presidential hosts, anxious that Mr. Coolidge should surely catch a nice mess of fish, had partitioned off a section of the river with chicken wire, and into this enclosure had dumped a large number of hatchery trout. Hatchery trout are accustomed to chopped liver, and instructions were given that these rations be continued, so the fish would be good and strong when it came time to take the White House fly.

To the credit of the hosts, it must be said that the fish turned out to be even stronger than they had planned on. The caretaker of the fish, impressed by the fact that he was feeding chopped liver to real Republican trout, poured it on, and to hell with the expense. Consequently the liver flavor made short work of the native trout flavor, and Mr. Coolidge could go eat bacon.

Mr. Hoover, Republican nominee and virtually in, visited the summer White House shortly after the episode above mentioned. He and Mr. Coolidge were seen to make straight for the fishing grounds. At the press conference next day the president was asked what luck they had enjoyed. Who, one correspondent asked, had caught the most fish?

Mr. Coolidge thought that one over. He had made one mistake about fish, and he was not forgetting it. Presently he said:

"Mr. Hoover is a better fisherman than I am."

Gleefully the correspondents wanted to know if this could be quoted. Experience tapped its warning in the back of the president's head.

"No," he said. Then, to make doubly sure, "It can not."

Well, here it is. The statute of limitations must have run out by this time.

Mr. Coolidge then leaned back in his chair and sang his swan song to the great outdoors. The Izaak Walton League had carried on a campaign to have some million or so acres of the Mississippi river bottoms in Iowa, Minnesota and Wisconsin set aside as a wild life and fish refuge. They had carried the fight to congress and the president, and successfully. A bill had been introduced, and passed. On the day following the press conference above referred to, the Upper Mississippi River Wild Life and Fish Refuge was to be dedicated.

Mr. Coolidge mentioned that fact. He said:

"It will further the conservation of wild life, give greater opportunities for recreation to—ah—all. Its purpose is to provide more hunting and fishing for the youth of the country. Fishing," he added with dignity, "is important in that respect."

So the rod and reel passed to Mr. Hoover's hand.

Where, the correspondents asked, was the new president going for his vacation? Fishing, said Mr. Hoover grimly.

And Mr. Hoover went. He put on the second-best suit that was the Republican contribution to the mode for outdoor sports, fastened a collar around his neck that would have cut poor Mr. Coolidge's head off, placed his fedora hat squarely on the top of his head, and waded in up to his knees.

The first rotogravure pictures told the rest of the story: Another Republican president smelled the fish.

It was a fine struggle, but it went for nought. At the moment of writing, the Democrats are back in the fishing seat—and, as the expression goes, how. No dabbler in mud puddles is Franklin Delano Roosevelt, he with the sea salt in his hair: no wearer of second-best suits, no slave to the starched Republican collar. Mr. Roosevelt has rolled up his sleeves, unbuttoned the old flannel shirt clear down to the belt, and gone out and caught fish that could eat all of Mr. Hoover's fish and all of Mr. Coolidge's for dessert—and, with all this liver in them, still come up tasting like fish. Grover Cleveland lies easy in his grave. ●

(Pictures on Pages 50-53)

See America First!

A PROGRAM FOR U. S. REALISM

There is going to be a war. There will be plenty of pretexts to get us in

There will be war in Europe, if not this year then next. This lends peculiar timeliness to a classic catechism on the nature of war. It also furnishes a simple pattern on which we can be realists of more than mere Chamberlain expediency. The obvious thing for us to do is sell all we can to both sides, but on a strict C.O.D. basis. And that, obviously, would be the quickest way to end it, in a Europe long on hate but short of gold.

By ERNEST HEMINGWAY

QUESTION: What is War?

Answer: War is an act of violence intended to compel our opponent to fulfill our will.

Question: What is the primary aim of war?

Answer: The primary aim of war is to disarm the enemy.

Question: What are the necessary steps to achieve this?

Answer: First; the military power must be destroyed, that is, reduced to such a state that it will not be able to carry on the war. Second; the country must be conquered. For out of the country a new military force may be formed. Third; the will of the enemy must be subdued.

Question: Are there any ways of imposing our will on the enemy without fulfilling these three conditions?

Answer: Yes. There is invasion, that is the occupation of the enemy's territory, not with a view to keeping it, but in order to levy contributions on it, or to devastate it.

Question: Can a country which remains on the defensive hope to win a war?

Answer: Yes. This negative intention, which constitutes the principle of the pure defensive, is also the natural means of overcoming the enemy by the duration of the combat, that is of wearing him out. If then, the negative purpose, that is the concentration of all the means into a state of pure resistance, affords a superiority in the contest, and if this advantage is sufficient to balance whatever superiority in numbers the adversary may have, then the mere duration of the contest will suffice gradually to bring the loss of force on the part of the adversary to a point *at which the political object can no longer be an equivalent,* a point at which, therefore, he must give up the contest. We see then that this class of means, the wearing out of the enemy, includes the great number of cases in which the weaker resists the stronger.

Frederick the Great, during the Seven Years' War, was never strong enough to overthrow the Austrian monarchy. If he had tried to do so after the fashion of Charles the 12th, he would inevitably have had to succumb himself. But after his skillful application of the system of husbanding his resources had shown the powers allied against him, through a seven years' struggle, that the actual expenditure of strength far exceeded what they had at first anticipated, they made peace.

THE answers are all by Clausewitz, who knew the answers very well. They make dry, hard reading, but there is so much nonsense written, thought and spoken about war that it is necessary to go back to the old Einstein of battles to see the military precedent by which the Spanish Republic continues to fight. If you study those two paragraphs by Clausewitz on the power of the defensive, you will see why there will be war in Spain for a long time.

There has been war in Spain, now, for two years. There has been war in China for a year. War is due in Europe by next summer at the latest.

It nearly came on May 21. It is possible that it will come now, in August. Or it may be delayed until next summer. But it is coming.

Now what is war again? We say war is murder, that it is inexcusable, that it is indefensible, that no objective can justify an offensive war. But what does Clausewitz say? He calls war "a continuation of state policy by other means."

Just when will this new war come? You may be sure that every detail of the starting of it is planned now. But just when is it coming?

"If two parties have armed themselves for strife, then a feeling of animosity must have moved them to it. As long now as they continue armed, that is, do not come to terms of peace, this feeling must exist. And it can only be brought to a standstill by either side by one single motive alone, which is, *that he waits for a more favorable moment for action.*

That is Clausewitz again.

"The Statesman, who, knowing his instrument to be ready, and seeing war inevitable, hesitates to strike first, is guilty of a crime against his country."

That is by Von Der Goltz. And that is something to read over.

There is a great demand now by Mr. Neville Chamberlain and the mouthpieces of his policy in our state department, that we should be realists.

Why not be realists? Not Chamberlain realists, who are merely the exponents of a stop-gap British policy which will be scrapped as soon as the British are armed, but American realists.

There is going to be war in Europe. What are we going to do about it as realists?

First, we want to stay out of it. We have nothing to gain in a European war except the temporary prosperity it will bring.

One way to stay out is to have nothing to do with it, not sell war materials to either side. And if you do that the British and the pro-British state department boys will be pulling you into it just the same; only it will not be for sordid ends, it will be on the highest and noblest humanitarian grounds. The other side will be working on us too; but the British are the most skillful and the most plausible.

The Germans have a genius for irritating people, for offending nations and for supplying pretexts. The Hohenzollerns were bad enough, but the Nazis will be worse, and where there was one *Lusitania* the last time you can figure on half a dozen this time. You can't expect the savages that bombed Guernica and the civilian population of Barcelona to resist a crack at the *Normandie* and the *Queen Mary*. So when war comes Americans will have to try American ships for a change. Or else make up their minds to fight for the French Line and for Cunard.

No. If you are going to be a realist you have to make up your mind beforehand whether you are going to go to war or not. There will be plenty of pretexts to get us in. And there is going to be a war.

So let us make up our minds to stay out. But why stay out and go broke? If we are realists why not sell to both sides, anything they want, anything we can manufacture? But sell it all for cash. Nothing should be sold for credit, so that we will be dragged in to help one side win so they can pay us what they owe us, and then go through the whole farce of war debts again.

There is going to be a war in Europe. Why not make something out of it if we are realists? But all sales should be for cash and the cash should be gold.

Then, to ensure our not being dragged in, nothing should be shipped to any belligerent country in American ships. Nor should any American ships carry war materials. Let the belligerent countries who can buy, send their own ships, pay cash for what they buy, and then, if their ships are sunk, it is their look-out. The more that are sunk the better.

At that point we sell them ships, also for cash; good, fast-built, cheap bottoms such as we turned out during the last war. All these we sell and build for cash. Cash down with the order; the ship the property of the country that buys it from the minute that the keels are laid.

Then when the Gestapo lads sabotage and burn ship-yards we do not go to war about that either. We are insured, see. The more sabotage the better. And if their liners are sunk too, we will build them some others too; for cash.

Let the gentlemen of Europe fight and, if they pay cash, see how long it will last. Why not be realists, Mr. Chamberlain? Why not be realists? Or don't you want to play? ●

PAID IN AMERICA is the company that sold this U. S. warplane design to Japan. Secy. Hull no like. But pay in America for bombs to Franco is okay. (Ken Particles page 8)

KIDS AS PIGS Because children are more sensitive to gases than adults, German schoolrooms are used for half-hour gassing tests, with pupils as guinea pigs. (Ken Particles page 8)

PRELUDE TO MOTHERHOOD for the little German girl who holds a doll, and watches her 7-year-old classmate training for the heroic life. (Ken Particles page 8)

GROUNDED BY GROUNDMEN were the high-flying Antalek sisters, when $15-a-week roustabouts of the Ringling-Barnum-Bailey circus refused to take a 25% cut. (Folding the Big Tent page 11)

SISTERS AND BROTHERS in the American Federation of Actors were stranded with the high-wire Wallendas, the brother act of the Paroffs, the sister act of Chinese Ala and Nio Naitto. (Folding the Big Tent page 11)

COMPANY UNIONISTS were headed by Frank Buck, highly-paid performer, who circulated a petition among those willing to accept the 25% cut, but gave his giraffe full rations. (Folding the Big Tent page 11)

LOCKED OUT with the rest of the circus workers were 8 foot Jack Earle and Little Miss Jenny Reynolds when the management closed the show. (Folding the Big Tent page 11)

THE CIRCUS PAYS money back to its last audience which got no show, and last wages to its workers, who now have no jobs. (Folding the Big Tent page 11)

NO CIRCUS DAYS this year for two-thirds of the towns on the Ringling—Barnum-Bailey route: the show has gone back to winter quarters. (Folding the Big Tent page 11)

LIKE PARCHMENT written long ago, says a Japanese poet, of his race. Japan's undernourished children give his words unexpected meaning. (National Hara-Kiri page 22)

TRIFLING RESTRICTIONS on child and woman labor do not hamper the small manufacturer: potters, pole-makers, whose workday may extend to 16 hours. (National Hara-Kiri page 22)

FUNNY SCENE to the officer in the background is this execution, carried out in the traditional manner. It is easy to get executed in Japan. (National Hara-Kiri page 22)

NOT SO FUNNY is the moment afterward when even the callous young officer feels sudden fear of the system under which he lives. (National Hara-Kiri page 22)

CRAFT PRIDE is displayed by another wielder of the sword, engaged in preserving the status quo in a nation strained to the breaking point. (National Hara-Kiri page 22)

JAPANESE TEA picked by a mother with her sleeping child on her back. She earns about 2 cents an hour. The peasants are most heavily taxed. (National Hara-Kiri page 22)

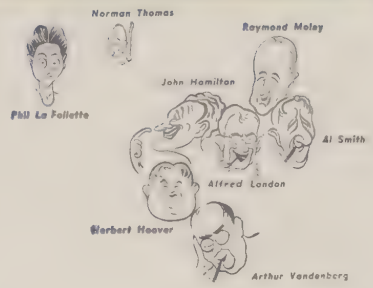
HAND-RAISED is most of Japan's rice, though modern agricultural methods are coming into use. Workers' families live on around forty cents a day. (National Hara-Kiri page 22)

CARICATURE AND VERSE BY JOHN MACKEY

ISLE OF DREAMS

Come to the isle of dreams,
Away from regimentation,
Where all business will be free
From Sec. 7A, N.L.R.B.

Where there is no S.E.C.,
Dictatorship or poverty.
Come to the isle of dreams
Safe from regimentation.



⊗ RARELY MARKS THE SPOT

GEORGE PEABODY, JR., in studies of fugitive gold, located from records and documents over 200 treasures having a total value of two billions, most of them located in the Caribbean. Promoters promise that use of modern inventions will make their recovery comparatively easy. Every year expeditions set out for recovery of gold hidden by Kidd, Morgan and Lafitte. Oftentimes they proceed upon no more basis than wild rumor, dreams or forged maps. Even when there is convincing evidence to proceed upon, the likely result is the loss of unwary capital in fruitless searches.

Best testimony to this is that none of the half-dozen commercial salvagers in the United States ever participates in such ventures. Merritt-Chapman & Scott, largest salvor in the country, consistently rejects proposals for treasure hunts. It prefers to occupy itself with less speculative jobs, such as the retrieving of the *Morro Castle* and the recovery of insured cargo for marine underwriters. Similarly, the S. A. Wald Company inclines to more prosaic jobs like the salvaging of the *Hindenburg* for whatever its tangled wreckage will bring as scrap. These concerns, with years of experience and the best equipment behind them, know that even when the location of treasure can be proved the costs of recovery are prohibitively high. Yet they are constantly approached by scatterbrained citizens with ludicrous devices for the recovery of treasure. Some of the fantastic inventions have included Zeppelins equipped with tow-cables to haul submerged ships from the water. Others would improve upon this through use of a magnet to lift gold from the ocean's bed. Recently, one man patented an idea at Washington for the construction of a concrete wall around each water-logged ship to act as a kind of tailor-made drydock.

Treasure hunters, to equip their expeditions, obtain backing from the public at large by stock issues. Millions have been spent in this way. Modern methods have improved the chances of recovering treasure, but quadrupled the expense. It is not unusual for an expedition to cost $100,000; some can run as high as $1,000,000. The fault of the promoters lies not in dishonesty but in self-delusion and excessive zeal. Not long ago, a group of 18 young Harvard graduates contributed $1,000 each to outfit an expedition to a remote island on the Caribbean. From some map they had discovered they were convinced it was the site of a great buccaneer's horde. After braving storms, they arrived on the island only to be greeted by a corps of workers occupied in reforestation and roadbuilding.

A well equipped treasure hunt today requires high-priced submarine shafts, derricks, hauling machines, explosives, underwater cutting tools and enough supplies to maintain a crew of workers for two or three months in a spot where everything, including drinking water, is usually precious. It is now possible for divers to descend 400 feet for short periods. For all practical purposes, however, it is unusual to operate under the 150-foot mark. Divers attempting great depths are the highest paid, receiving $250 a day. Working under terrific pressure, they are subject to constant hazards, notably the dreaded "bends," paralysis caused by the discharge of excessive nitrogen into the blood stream. But the newest machinery and properly equipped divers may not be effective in treasure salvage. Treasure ships, made of wood, have rotted and scattered their gold widely over the ocean floor and allowed it to sink deep into mire. Salvors who recently sought 300 barrels of whiskey from a steamer sunk in the Apalachicola River, Florida, in 1865, found the hull under six feet of water, 24 feet of mud.

Right in New York harbor, the British frigate *Hussar* lies, containing $4,000,000 in gold. Over ten attempts have been made to recover it. All failed, owing to treacherous cross-currents and tides. A few years ago, a syndicate of New York lawyers vainly spent many thousands to recover the *Merida*, a Ward liner rammed in a dense fog in 1925 and sunk off Cape Charles, Va. The boat carried $4,200,000 in gold and jewelry, including the crown jewels of Austria.

If these are the hazards in the relatively mild conditions of New York and Virginia, consider the difficulties confronted in tropical waters, where typhoons plague treasure hunters with disturbing regularity.

While the percentage of success is small, there have been a few isolated examples of profitable salvage. Outstanding is the case of the *Egypt*, sunk in 1922 near Brest after colliding with another boat. Of the $5,000,000 in gold and silver bullion on board, the Somari Company, Italian salvage firm, succeeded in recovering $3,600,000. Working at the unprecedented depth of 426 feet, the company spent $800,000 to retrieve the cargo. This is a large sum for what was, after all, wild speculation. All told, it took ten years to salvage the *Egypt*. The yield was divided between the salvor and the original marine underwriter.

But this was an exception, and conspicuously rare. Efforts at recovery are the best way to throw good money after bad. Remember that when you are asked to buy stock in an expedition, and don't get excited about any buried treasure maps you find. ●

LAVACA BAY
Lafitte and two of his men buried a chest containing over a million dollars worth of GOLD, SILVER and JEWELS here
RIO GRANDE
MISSISSIPPI RIVER
GALVESTON ISLAND
Lafitte's TEXAS HEADQUARTERS
He is said to have buried tons of treasure here
BARATARIA BAY
A favorite haunt of Gulf PIRATES
PADRE ISLAND
Spanish galleon lost here by LAFITTE
MEXICO
Gulf of Mexico
Gulf of Campeche
CHANNEL OF YUCATAN
CENTRAL AMERICA
OCCIDENS
PACIFIC OCEAN
To ECUADOR 15 Miles
ISLE LA PLATA
{PLATE ISLAND}
The CREW of SIR FRANCIS DRAKE'S ship the "GOLDEN HIND" threw hundreds of pounds of BAR SILVER overboard here in order to LIGHTEN SHIP
These Central American jungles hide vast stores of GOLD, buried with the richest and most honored men of the early PRE-COLUMBIAN civilizations. The chiefs were laid away with a blanket of beaten gold about them.
COCOS ISLAND
LAT. 5° 32' 5" NORTH
LONG. 88° 02' 10" WEST
Pacific Ocean
Chatham Bay
WAFER BAY
DENSE JUNGLE
To COSTA RICA 450 miles
To GALAPAGOS ISLANDS, 450 mi.
Capt. ED DAVIS of the ship "BACHELOR'S DELIGHT" buried TONS of GOLD and SILVER on COCOS ISLAND in 1684 TREASURE amounting to $60,000,000, stolen from the CATHEDRAL at LIMA was hidden here in 1820 by CAPT. THOMPSON

SEPTENTRIO

BUCCANEERS were originally the
mitive MEAT-PACKERS of TORTUGA
ay were later loosely organised into
E BROTHERS of the COAST," probably
greatest CONFEDERATION of thieves
in the HISTORY of the WORLD

BLACKBEARD

JEAN LAFITTE

CAPT. KIDD

SIR HENRY MORGAN

A TREASURE HUNTER'S MAP of the WEST INDIES and the Spanish Main

STRAITS of FLORIDA

SAN SALVADOR (WATLING ISLAND) Columbus landed here, Oct. 12, 1492

A fleet of 16 Spanish GALLEONS sunk here in 1637 ~ One salvaged by Sir Wm. Phipps in 1680 ~ £2,000,000 recovered

Position of the WRECK of the GALLEON Don Carlos III, sunk in 1812 ~ At least a million in gold still here

CUBA

TORTUGA ~ Headquarters of the first BUCCANEERS

HAITI

JAMAICA

The city of PORT ROYAL, a pirate stronghold, sunk by an EARTHQUAKE in 1692, with MILLIONS in treasure

The "GOLDEN PIG", a nugget weighing 3370 pounds, lies here in the wreck of GOV. BOBADILLA'S GALLEON, sunk in a hurricane, 1796

Puerto Rico

Millions in GOLD, SILVER and JEWELS lie here in the SUNKEN CITY of JAMESTOWN, submerged by an EARTHQUAKE, 1680

Flagship of the FRENCH FLEET, containing over 100,000 in gold, sunk here by ADMIRAL RODNEY on April 12, 1782

The CARIBBEAN SEA

The GALLEON "Santisima Concepcion" with TONS of gold and silver aboard, sunk here by the DUTCH pirate, "WOODEN LEG" 1670

SANTA MARTA

CHAGRES

PORTO BELLO

PANAMA

Spanish GALLEON containing $5,000,000 in gold, ~ Sunk here in 1610

CARTAGENA

Untold MILLIONS in GOLD and SILVER lie buried in the JUNGLE near these COASTAL cities ~ This TREASURE was hidden at the time of the raids by MORGAN and other BUCCANEERS

LAKE MARACAIBO

A fleet of six Spanish GALLEONS sunk here by the BUCCANEER Sir HENRY MORGAN. They carried millions in treasure

Unidentified GALLEON, GUNS, COINS, JEWELS, ETC., brought up here while dredging for a DRYDOCK

South America

0 100 200 300 400
Scale of Miles

ORIENS

MERIDIES

CARTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE ANNAND

CARICATURE AND VERSE BY JOHN MACKEY

ROCKWELL KENT

We must down to the seas again
Where the nights are cut in half,
Where everything's beautifully brittle
Where the people never laugh.

TOP SCALE of $20 a month goes to the foreign language educated city worker, who goes native at home. School teachers get less. Room and board costs $12. (National Hara-Kiri page 22)

HOMEWORK is widespread in Japan. Drying-boards of paper-makers stand outside every house in the town of Jui. Home-factories have no minimum standards. (National Hara-Kiri page 22)

CHEAPER than an ox, easier to manage than a machine, is the Japanese laborer. Sickness is way up. Mostly from undernourishment. (National Hara-Kiri page 22)

BEFORE PUBLICITY was a science, Presidents Theodore Roosevelt and Taft fished for photographers. Roosevelt caught a manta, whose skin they said would make 100 pairs of shoes. (The Presidents Go Fishing page 24)

NO PRECEDENT was contemplated by President Grover Cleveland, who liked to catch fish. But no president could afford to dislike the sport, by President Harding's time. (The Presidents Go Fishing page 24)

BOYS AND LOAFERS said President Coolidge, alone enjoyed fishing. But fishermen, he learned, enjoyed the vote. He might have said he did not choose to fish again, when Hoover took over. (The Presidents Go Fishing page 24)

INTO DEEPER WATERS than the trout streams provided for his predecessors, goes President Roosevelt, who would go fishing even if fishermen had no vote. He likes it. (The Presidents Go Fishing page 24)

HUNGARIAN HINDENBURG 70-year Nicholas Horthy, regent-governor-dictator, is the only obstacle to complete Hitlerization of Hungary. He still keeps a parliament. (The Admiral on Horseback page 60)

HAPSBURG FOREVER hanging over Horthy's desk, living in Horthy's heart, is the image of Emperor Francis Joseph, who liked his mustache story, made him aide-de-camp. (The Admiral on Horseback page 60)

NO MORE HAPSBURGS but Regent Horthy and wife sit in the royal box, live in the royal palace. Hapsburg King Charles twice tried to come back. (The Admiral on Horseback page 60)

HITLER IS HUNGRY for "Hungarian gold," as the peasants call their country's chief agricultural product, wheat. He may feast at Horthy's death. (The Admiral on Horseback page 60)

STEEL FINGERS supplant humans in the Rust cotton picker, only one of the many machines putting a million southerners out of work. (Cotton Explodes in Dixie page 80)

LOVELINESS LOST When America's Alice Marble and Britain's Kay Stammers walked onto the court at Wimbledon, they looked like Greta Garbo and Gloria Swanson. Coming off—. (The Ken Stop-Watch page 84)

THE ADMIRAL ON HORSEBACK

To be a Fuehrer, a man must have a car, said Horthy

Horthy of Hungary, given his start toward dictatorship by Jews, afterwards a Jew-baiter, now appears to the Nazis as the friend and protector of Hungary's 444,567 Jews, of whom 25,000 recently lost their jobs over night. Yet the rest must pray for long life to Horthy, for the alternative is Hitler. Meanwhile, Horthy's role is that of a Hindenburg to the watchful waiting Hungarian Nazis.

" . . . I remind the Nazis within the country that I am able to deal with rebels as they deserve, and I warn outside forces not to interfere."

It is Nicholas Horthy de Nagybánya, Regent-Governor of Hungary, talking to his people by radio for the first time in his life. His millions of subjects try to take comfort from the seventy-year-old soldier's defiant speech. But Vienna—Nazi Vienna—is only an hour's flying distance from the Regent's palace.

Europe was astounded by the broadcast. Horthy, first post-war apostle of mass-murder, concentration camps and Jew-baiting, siding with the Liberals and protecting the Jews! Hungary, with an army of no more than 200,000 men, defying the mechanized millions of Nazi Germany!

Horthy is tricky, but on the other hand it is impossible to question his courage. Those of his followers who remember back to 1917 can attest to that.

It was at Cattaro that Admiral Horthy, practically singlehanded, quelled the mutiny on his flagship, the *Novarra.* Three deputies of the rebellious sailors appeared on the Admiral's bridge and demanded that he surrender. Horthy sprang at the men, licked them all, and threw them off the bridge. The other mutineers were cowed, until a giant sailor named Busch stepped up to the admiral, and dared him to step ashore. Without hesitation Horthy got into a small boat, and with one officer to back him, had himself rowed to the dock. There 7,000 red sailors, armed to the teeth, confronted him with howls of "Hang him to the masthead!"

But Horthy shouted louder.

"Sailors, surrender! Strong forces of Hungarian cavalry are on their way to deal with you! No one will be harmed if you lay down your guns! I promise you safe-conduct! . . ."

After a lengthy and noisy conference among the leaders, the 7,000 capitulated; they believed the admiral's story about the cavalry. As soon as order was restored and the men were at his mercy, Horthy treacherously gave orders for their decimation. One in every ten was shot.

Today the ex-admiral faces an immeasurably greater crisis. The Nazis are not as naïve as the simple sailors of Cattaro. In fact, the Hungarian Nazi leader, Major Szálasi, is a fanatic, an idealist, and — amazingly enough—an intelligent, well-educated man besides. And while Horthy makes his brave speeches, German artillery officers instruct Hungarian soldiers how to fire the latest type Krupp guns, and Nazi agents cover the country with pamphlets declaring that the grandmother of the Regent-Governor's wife was a Jewess.

Not even the Nazis can impugn Nicholas Horthy's own ancestry, however. He was born in 1868, the son of a Hungarian landowner. His family although not wealthy, were extremely proud of their pure lineage dating back several hundred years. When Nicholas reached the age of 14, he was sent to the Naval Academy of Pola, the Annapolis of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

Soon after his graduation he was named military attaché to the Court of the Sultan of Turkey. In Constantinople young Horthy proudly sported an enormous black waxed mustache. Curiously enough, it was this selfsame mustache which was in a way responsible for his future career.

At a benefit bazaar in the capital, each member of the diplomatic corps volunteered some prized possession for sale at auction; the proceeds to go to charity. Horthy, flat-broke as any midshipman, proferred his mustaches to the highest bidder—and the buyer ordered it shaved off immediately. The mustache story spread, and finally reached the ears of King-Emperor Francis Joseph. He laughed himself sick over it, and promptly made the lad his aide-de-camp. Horthy's recent growlings at the Nazis suggested that he is still a creation of the Hapsburgs.

When the World War broke out, Horthy secured permission to leave the Emperor's personal service and get into the fight. He was put in command of the *Novarra,* but for three years did nothing much besides routine patrolling of the Adriatic. Finally his chance came at Otranto. With only three ships, the *Novarra, Saida,* and *Heligoland* at his command, Horthy engaged the entire Italian fleet of 27 ships facing him. Luck, skill and courage brought him through successfully. During the battle he was severely wounded, and having himself tied to the mast of the *Novarra,* he imitated Nelson, the ideal of all naval officers, in the most perfect manner.

Horthy received for his accomplishment the prized Order of Maria Theresa, and was made Commander of the Fleet, to the great annoyance of older officers, higher in rank. The Emperor, himself, named him "The Lion of Otranto."

Today The Lion of Otranto likes to sit in a tub of lukewarm water, while his wife, the alleged granddaughter of a Jewess, reads aloud the daily papers. It is a long and complicated channel that brings the ex-admiral to this peaceful bathroom scene. Regent Horthy's recent radio speech sounded like music of angels to the majority of Hungarians. It was a far cry from Admiral Horthy's cold-blooded brutality to his own countrymen in 1919. He has changed and mellowed a great deal since then.

At the end of the war Horthy had to surrender his fleet to the Jugoslavs. He was willing to turn over every vessel save his own flagship, the *Novarra.* He told the Jugoslav naval officers that he wanted to buy the *Novarra*; that he was willing to sell his small family estate in Hungary to pay for it. They laughed at him.

The Lion of Otranto went home to Kenderes, the family "castle," and tried to think of a way to make an honest living. In March, 1919, the thoughts of the ex-admiral were rudely interrupted. Béla Kun established his communistic government in Budapest, and Horthy had to flee to the south of Hungary, to a town called Szeged, which was occupied by French soldiers attempting to check the spread of bolshevism.

And as his waxed mustache once gave him his start, so an ancient automobile and a knowledge of French carried him to the top. Horthy arrived at Szeged with only one change of linen in his small valise. Being the only one among the exiled Hungarians who could speak really good French, he was welcomed exuberantly by the homesick officers. Due to the resulting comradeship, the French influenced the exiled Hungarians to choose Horthy as their leader against Béla Kun.

One day the organizer of the Hungarian exiles, a captain by the name of Julius Gombos (who had only recently Magyarized his name from Knoepfler because he thought it sounded too Jewish) met the ex-admiral on the streets of Szeged.

"Your Excellency, we want you to be our Fuehrer," said the captain.

A sad smile appeared on Horthy's face. He gestured at his worn civilian suit:

"A Fuehrer has to have uniforms, my dear Captain." And wistfully, "He should have a car, too . . ."

Shaking his head regretfully, Horthy resumed his walk. An automobile! There were only about ten cars in all Szeged.

But there were also two wealthy gentlemen of the Jewish faith living in town, Messrs. Bernât Back and Fulop Wimmer. When they were approached for a "loan" for the ex-admiral and future Fuehrer, they opened their purses and contributed generously to the uniform fund for Horthy and his men. They also made it possible for him to get the auto he longed for. He was soon riding around in a second-hand Graef and Stift touring car. With a car and a uniform, what was to stop his becoming a Fuehrer?

Now the Hungarian Nazis are saying that Horthy is a friend of the Jews. If he is, it is but small compensation for the wrong he has done them.

At the end of the summer of 1919, the back-country peasants along the

road from Szeged to Budapest, were confronted by a strange sight: an admiral on horseback, at the head of a small army. They had heard of him only vaguely. But he rode a white horse—symbol of leadership in Hungary for a thousand years. This naval officer on horseback seemed to be an interesting and romantic person, and he sat his animal well, which facts were sufficient for almost any Hungarian. News about him spread rapidly, and even before he reached the Magyar capital, the population knew all about his exciting life, and colored it in addition, with Hungarian fantasy. When the Commander-in-Chief —as he was called then—arrived in Budapest, he rode to the Hotel St. Gellert and established headquarters there.

The "White Terror" swept through Hungary like a tornado—with the Jews as chief victims. The writer was then a young officer on the staff of Baron Lehár (brother of the composer of *The Merry Widow*). However, the young officer's stomach was too delicate. He could not stand the sight of daily executions of hundreds of innocent people by such sadists as Captain Ivan Héjjas, the two Counts Salm, Baron Prónay, etc. Héjjas it was, who deliberately buried alive 13 people in the town of Kecskemét. The concentration camps at Zalaegerszeg and Hajmáskér were jammed. Sickened by such horror, the young officer doffed his tunic, retired to the sidelines, and tried to keep his mouth shut.

Some defenders of Horthy say that he did not know about these atrocities, and others that he was under the influence of the rabid anti-Semite, Gombos. But the actions of Horthy's followers toward the brothers-in-faith of Bernát Back and Fulop Wimmer, as well as toward other innocent people, cannot be defended.

Not long ago Horthy made his will and last testament. In it we have reason to believe he tries to explain away the "White Terror" and wash himself clean of guilt. It is also believed Horthy insisted on naming his eldest son to carry on the Regency after his death, and abandoned this idea only when former Premier Darányi impressed on him that the governorship must not be hereditary. The Regent-Governor finally named one of his best friends, Count Julius Károlyi, as his preferred successor.

Horthy has now been Regent of Hungary for 18 years. His election was achieved in much the same manner as Hitler's *ja* plebiscites today.

It was March 1, 1920. Both houses of parliament were in joint session over the question of whether Horthy or the brilliant Count Albert Apponyi should be chosen Regent. Suddenly Major Baron von Prónay strode into the chamber. With his saber in one hand and a hand grenade in the other, he quietly announced that if Horthy were not elected his cannon in the square would shell the building. Horthy was elected. "In the absence of King Charles of Hapsburg," the decree asserted.

But King Charles did not wish to remain absent. He was awaiting the call of the ex-commander of the Fleet in a Swiss retreat. The call did not come and Charles, who was egged on by his wife, the ambitious Zita, took matters into his own hands. On a summer evening in 1921 he appeared at his Budapest palace, and facing the Regent, he addressed him in a firm tone in Hungarian: "Prince Horthy, we have come back. Please surrender the keys to the palace . . ."

Horthy was taken unaware by the king's presence, and in his embarrassment started to stammer in German. He soon regained his composure, however, and even the spontaneously bestowed title of Prince could not get him to weaken. He advised His Majesty to return to Switzerland; that the time to resume the throne was not ripe yet; that he would call him back to Hungary when it was safe.

Poor King Charles went back into exile, and waited patiently for the call of the "Regent in absence of the King." When it did not come, six months after the first try, the king threw his hat into the ring again. At the head of 500 faithful officers, he appeared once more. Horthy's troops were ready. A few shots were exchanged, and when there were 18 dead, King Charles knelt down. He said a short prayer, told his loyal officers to stop firing, and boarded a British destroyer, the *Glow-worm*, that was patrolling the Danube, which took him to Funchal. He was a rather naïve man and could not understand why a former "servant" of the Hapsburgs was so adamant.

Horthy continued to rule Hungary, but now permitted parliament to take over a great deal of the actual running of the country. He was influenced to do this by the British system of government, since he is an Anglophile, and greatly admires all things British.

The ultra-liberal Count and Countess Bethlen have also helped to soften the formerly ruthless Horthy. Incidentally, it was on Count Bethlen's advice, that Horthy put both of his sons in business. This was something new in Hungary where it was thought to be outrageous if young men of fashion worked. The elder son, Stephen, became an engineer; he spent a year at the Ford plant in Detroit, and he is an able inventor. Among his inventions are a new kind of sewing machine, a fire engine, and a—pair of suspenders. The other boy, who used to be a playboy, became the aid of the shrewdest banker in Hungary, a Mr. Fleissig. Under his guidance and tutorship the wild Nicholas, Junior changed into a meek spring lamb and an excellent businessman. The Regent remarks gratefully that "A Jew made a man of my son."

The 444,567 Jews of Hungary are ready to forget the "White Terror," and their ill-treatment by Horthy in the past. It is not solely on account of the recent radio speech that they are in so forgiving a mood. The "Nu-

Dictator

But It's Still Standing

merus Clausus," or "Jew Law," an organized and State-sanctioned "mild" form of anti-Semitism has but recently gone into effect. This act regulates the percentage of Jews in business, but it is due to Horthy's intercession that the figure was fixed at 20% instead of the suggested 5%. Even at that 25,000 Jews lost their jobs overnight! And yet, perforce, they *must* pray for long life to Horthy—if he dies, or surrenders, they are doomed. The country would then be governed from Berlin, and to the starving peasants the Jews would be given as scapegoats. Their lot would be even worse than in Germany or Austria. The Austrian putsch by the Nazis was much more drastic than that in Germany, and the taking over of Hungary will be even more complete. Outrages are a matter of degrees.

Meanwhile, Hungary's semi-dictator tries his best to be friends with real dictators. Mussolini has great respect for the Lion of Otranto and Merciless Soldier of Cattaro. A year ago he invited the ex-admiral to witness the naval maneuvers in Naples. Horthy was escorted to the bridge of a man-o'-war, and his entourage witnessed a strange change in the hard face of the old salt; his expression softened, his eyes shone, he nearly wept. His usually harsh and rasping voice became warm as he spoke: "For 18 years I was locked up. For 18 years I was deprived of inhaling the salt air, of seeing the waves of this beautiful sea. How can anyone want to be anything but a navy officer?"

Hitler also invited Horthy for a visit. The encounter was not happy. They met at Berchtesgaden, and the German Fuehrer puffed up by his just completed conquest of the Rhineland, was rather condescending to his Hungarian guest. It was a wonder that Horthy did not lose his temper. When he got home he remarked to his intimates: "He (Hitler) seems to be affected by the high air of that mountain retreat. Why, the man was a corporal when I was commanding the fleet, and even before he was born I had the privilege of going into His Majesty's study without previous announcement."

"He" heard that Horthy felt put out. Wishing to keep the Regent's friendship, Hitler promptly sent him a Mercedes-Benz car as a peace offering. Probably he had heard of the Szeged car incident, and figured that an automobile was Horthy's standard bribe.

Horthy is not a vegetarian as Hitler and Mussolini are supposed to be, but it is doubtful whether either of them will live as long or remain as healthy as Hungary's Regent. Horthy is, and always has been an ardent sportsman; his body is like that of a 40-year-old athlete rather than a 70-year-old statesman. In 1896 he won the world fencing championship, and he still fences with heavy cavalry sabers twice a week. He is also an excellent horseman and a very good tennis player with an unbelievably strong service. Even today he is one of the best shots in Hungary, and shooting at Godollo, the hunting lodge of the late Empress Elizabeth is one of his favorite sports. He has a strong handshake, but is not a frequent handshaker. The ex-admiral still acts as if he were on a quarterdeck; an officer of high rank in the Austro-Hungarian navy, forbidden to shake hands with inferiors, and compelled to eat by himself, in order to preserve discipline. His often repeated motto is "Service and Order."

The Regent still has an eye for the fair sex, and when Mrs. Horthy several times caught him admiring the pretty shapes of the Hungarian peasant maids as they cleaned the windows of the palace, she had the girls replaced by manservants.

Although the manservants have gorgeous livery, Horthy, himself, is modest in dress. When he does not have to leave the palace in the morning, he lounges around in an old dressing gown and a pair of slippers. Mrs. Horthy carries thrift to the extreme and has her dresses made by Budapest back-street dressmakers for 30 or 40 pengoes. The old couple love to go to the movies, and do so almost every other day. But only in the afternoon; in the evening they play bridge with Count Bethlen, Count Károlyi, Premier Imrédy, and their wives. The players call him "Governor" instead of the otherwise customary "Serene Highness." Horthy does not have a lot to lose, because although he is paid about 600,000 pengoes a year (a pengo is worth around 20c) the cost of keeping up his position leaves very little surplus.

He never attempted to become King of Hungary because he knew that that would have been impossible; the crown of St. Stephen may not be placed on a Protestant's head, nor on that of anyone who has changed his religion. Horthy is a Protestant—which partly explains his tolerance toward the persecuted Jews. For in Catholic Hungary, Protestants as well as Jews have known religious discrimination.

Horthy is at the ebb of life, and everything seems to work for Hitler—even time. If he wishes, Hitler can afford to wait even as he did for the death of Hindenburg. But Hindenburg did not control the fertile wheat fields and the other agricultural resources for which Hungary is famous and for which Hitler yearns. Furthermore, Hungary is the gateway to Rumania and Ukraina. The old salt is a die-hard as far as Hitler is concerned, and he makes foolhardy speeches. If he bluffs too much, if he shows too much resistance, if age finally softens him, he may yet permit himself to be forced into retirement at Kenderes, the old family seat, to tend his beloved horses and dogs and to play bridge and politics in the country instead of in the Budapest palace. And for a man who revered discipline, the impossible will have been accomplished: a corporal and a major will issue orders to an admiral. For Major

Ferenc Szálasi, the Magyar Nazi, will rule Hungary under Corporal Hitler, (unless Russian fliers spoil the fun) and Horthy will be convinced that the world has come to an end.

And he will curse the late Julius Gombos in his grave for infecting his army with Nazi ideas, even though it was Gombos that got him the uniforms and the second-hand car necessary for a ruler, at a time when he owned only one civilian suit.

The recent radio speech may have been a bluff, like the one at Cattaro. But if the bluff is called, the old warrior may go down fighting. A man of 70 may prefer a place in history to a place in the country.

Perhaps Horthy does not disagree with Hitler, and does not question him politically.

But everything, all the grievance of an old soldier is condensed in this one sentence: "Why, the man was a corporal when I was commanding the fleet!" ●

(Pictures on Pages 54-57)

PH.D. CARRIES YOUR BAGS

Among Red Caps, one of three has had college training

Toting luggage isn't much of a job for a white man, but a Negro Red Cap moves in upper middle class colored society. One out of three Red Caps is college trained. He didn't go to college to learn how to rustle luggage; racial discrimination pushes him down. Most Red Caps belong to the Brotherhood and are asking to be recognized as employees of the railroads in whose stations they work for tips alone.

BY ANN FORD

THE Twentieth Century Limited glides to a stop in the vaults of Grand Central Station. Bags and people pour out.

"That black one and the set of golf clubs."

"The three at this end, please."

Red Caps pounce on the luggage and are off. Their clients follow, eager for the strange and interesting sights of New York, or glad to be "home at last," or worrying about that contract. And if the crowd comes between them and their porters, seldom do they remember whether he was a tall fellow or a short one. He was—a Red Cap.

Who are these bag carriers? To you —just porters. But among them are doctors, dentists, lawyers, preachers, social service workers, musicians, artists, chemists.

EVERY THIRD MAN WHO CARRIES YOUR BAG HAS HAD COLLEGE TRAINING.

M.A.'s are common; men studying for doctors' degrees are no rarity.

When a foreigner innocent of English arrives at the North Western Station in Chicago, officials call frantically for Red Cap Frank Tignor. He guides the bewildered traveler through the intricacies of the ticket office, and the time table, and may even plan for him a short sight-seeing tour between trains. In every station of any size in the country there are Red Caps who speak two or three languages.

Forty per cent of the porters at the North Western Station are college men. Peter Jordan, Red Cap who meets the cabs at the front door, has received his M.A. in physics from the University of Chicago. Willard Townsend is a graduate of the Royal College of Science in Toronto. His job as a laboratory technician in Chicago vanished with the 1929 crash. George Nesbitt practices law at night and works nine hours a day at the Illinois Central Station in Chicago. Wilbur Winchester graduated from Lincoln University in Pennsylvania, then studied bacteriology at the University of Chicago. Now he takes time off to wrestle with labor problems under Paul H. Douglas at the University.

At the Pennsylvania Station in New York City Sylvester Corrothers, a Dartmouth man, asks, "Carry your bags, sir?" John A. Bowers works there, too, now that he has been forced to close his music studio for lack of money. Sidney Porter in Portland, Oregon, is a part-time chiropodist and a part-time Red Cap. A few years ago a Red Cap who was a graduate of a medical school delivered a baby for a passenger in a New York City terminal.

EVERY THIRD RED CAP WHO CARRIES YOUR BAG HAS HAD COLLEGE TRAINING.

Red Caps did not go to college to learn how to become Red Caps. Their problem is a racial one. To the white, a job toting luggage is a poor way to eke out an existence. To the black, red capping is one of the "big" fields open. The white man who works as porter can do nothing else, as a rule; the Negro almost invariably can do something else but can't get it to do.

Negro society recognizes that though the economic level of the Red Cap may not be high, his intellectual level is. He moves in the high middle class colored circles.

The vast majority of Red Caps work for tips only. The railroads hire and fire them, dictate duties, but do not consider them employees. Tips average between $2.00 and $2.50 a day which makes $14.00 to $17.50 a week, providing, of course, that the Red Cap works seven days. For the last ten years there have been sporadic attempts at unionism, but all failed until the International Brotherhood of Red Caps entered the field late last year.

On January 14 delegates representing porters from 24 of the nation's largest cities convened in Chicago to see what could be done about getting salaries and recognition as employees of the roads. This conference gave birth to the Brotherhood. The union's growth has been phenomenal. The Brotherhood claims that 70-75 per cent of the 12,000 Red Caps in the United States have been organized. Today before the Interstate Commerce Commission is their petition for legal recognition as employees of the railroads. The National Mediation Board has ruled three times in their favor in the last few years, and each time the companies have refused to abide by the decisions. The Interstate Commerce Commission decides in June.

The union publishes monthly a tabloid-size, eight page paper called *Bags and Baggage* — devoted to the "economic and social security of the Red Cap craft."

Before Labor Day, 1892, the Red Cap did not exist. Negro porters who worked in the station often laid aside their brooms to rush to the aid of some bustled grande-dame. But on that Labor Day New York's Grand Central Terminal was thronged. Porters were unable to find those needing help; those needing help were unable to find the porters. James Williams hunted up a red flannel rag and tied it around his cap. It worked—he had a big day—and the Red Cap came into being.

Today both the passenger and the railroad take the Red Cap for granted. Too much for granted, says the Red Cap. He has grievances. He believes that he exists to carry bags. He doesn't like being valet, maid, clown or stooge.

Often he's in a tough spot between station rules and passengers' whims. The chief usher orders that no luggage goes into a certain train before 9:45 p.m. At 9:30 a woman insists in dictatorial tones that she sees no reason why her bags may not be placed in her compartment. She does not intend to check them for 15 minutes. If the lady is a nobody and the Red Cap does as she wishes things go hard with him. If the lady is the wife of one of the officials and he has not complied, it's even worse.

A Red Cap rushes through the train, peering frantically under seats, up in the steel racks. It can mean only one thing—a lost bag. For proof, look at the man's face. A lost bag means a lost job—or, at any rate, a lengthy suspension if it is found later. It does not matter whose fault it was. Perhaps the passenger was careless. The blame rests with the Red Cap. Results of hasty accusations are not easily rectified. The bag was misplaced; the Red Cap is suspended.

"Thank you, suh. I'll put your bags right here."

The Twentieth Century Limited gains speed as it moves out away from the station—away from New York City. At the other end, there will be more Red Caps waiting to serve—they will serve, the traveller will not notice, and if he loses sight of his Red Cap in the crowd, he will not remember whether the fellow was short or tall. ●

DR. FORD'S STRANGE PALIMPSEST

When parchment became rare, monks erased and wrote again on old scrolls

The savant was sure he saw erased writing under the richly illuminated medieval missal. The earliest known Testament in Greek lay under monkish Latin—or did Dr. Ford only imagine that? Other savants were called in to confirm his discovery but they saw nothing. Dr. Ford was quickly dismissed from his chair in disgrace, died in a drunken stupor—and then ultraviolet rays saw what he had seen.

BY IRA WOLFERT

THE last time I was in Schenectady, a good many years ago, I saw Dr. Emmett Ford sitting by himself in the back room of a saloon out in the works district. He had a book on the table before him, a bottle of cheap whiskey and a glass which he replenished with lingering gestures.

His name was on the bottle—E. J. Ford—lettered in ink on a strip of adhesive tape. He had not changed much, a large, blond fellow with blue eyes and wet lips, red-faced, soft-looking.

I sat watching him. He sipped his dollar whiskey as if it were wine, cozening it in his mouth. As he bent over his book between sips, he would roll a furtive look at me and then another and longer one. I nodded to him and walked over. "How do you do, professor?" I said. He rose awkwardly, looking at me out of his placid blue eyes. There were cracker crumbs clinging to the wrinkles of his vest and trousers. He held out his hand.

I explained I had been a student of his; not a very good one, but interested. I told him my name and he said, ah yes, he remembered my face well. Was I the one who . . . back in '08 . . . I wasn't, but I said I was.

Dr. Ford poured me a drink firmly. "To old days," he said.

I watched his small pink hands. They poured the liquor without a quiver. "Yes," I said, "the good old days," and saw him lift a jolting slug of rye cheerfully to his pursed lips.

That was the moment I remembered the old scandal, how he had quit school suddenly one day, a little mysteriously and apparently on command. Nobody knew quite why, but there were theories, mostly uncharitable, and everybody was sure the old boy had been up to something, something in a bank or something in a boudoir. I felt a little hesitant. It was evident he had not yet pulled himself together. I dropped my eyes and saw the book he had been reading—*The Cobra Strikes.*

Back at school, Dr. Ford had been one of the great Biblical scholars with a rare ability on palimpsests. We were impressed by the fact that he did own a palimpsest and that the writing on it which some monk had erased laboriously some five or six centuries before, softening the ink with milk and meal and grinding it out with pumice, was clear to his eyes. It wasn't even discernible, much less legible, to ours. He held it one day, in slanting rays by the window, but all we could see was what the monk had written on the parchment and not what he had erased from it. He said it was a matter of training, like reading print in a form, but we were afraid it was Dr. Ford's eyes. The doctor could see a Latin pony through boards and 150 printed pages, or at least that was the tradition.

I began to talk hastily about those we had known and what they were doing, while he sat watching me with his quiet, pleasant blue eyes. I became conscious after a while that there was nothing pleasant in the way he was watching me. He seemed to be waiting warily, as if he suspected I was going to do something to him. Behind the blue eyes and the polite manner, something crouched rooted in fear.

The dinner we had together was a long bore. Unfortunately I had let slip the fact that I was simply waiting out the hours to a 1:30 train. He was a sensitive, fastidious man and, no doubt, he felt the reluctance in my manner. It would have been simple for him to break loose. Yet he hung on, clinging, waiting in extraordinary intensity for me to say what I did not know to say.

It was he who suggested I wait out train time in his apartment, a small arrangement of slant-ceilinged rooms on the third floor of a frame house away out from town. A smell of cold storage foods crept up the gloomy, orange-lit stairs with us.

Once Dr. Ford had imported sassafras roots from Louisiana for gumbos and sent to Chesapeake Bay for his oysters. His Chateau Margaux was of the year '99. He had the only Cuban papaya in town and served game fowl with wild rice spiced with Belgian grapes. His way of living had curled like a fur around the dignity of his profession.

But in his rooms here trunks were stacked high against the wall, more than 20 of them, some old and bound with rope. In the closet a used shirt stretched across a hanger. I wondered why he had brought me. He seemed to be aware of the shock the view of how he now lived had given me. At last he got around to saying, abruptly, what he had been wanting me to say all evening.

"What explanation," he asked me, "was offered when I resigned?"

"Well," I said, "Let me see, let me see. That was a long time ago. None. None at all that I can remember."

"Now, now, now," he said. He was smiling with painfully strained benevolence.

"Well, none at all that was reasonable. None that anybody accepted. We guessed."

"Yes, I know. But what did you guess?"

"Something about a breakdown," I said. "Of course, we all knew you were well."

He dropped his eyes to my chest. "Did they say," he asked nervously, "that I was mad?"

"Mad? Angry?"

"No." He circled a finger along the side of his large head and pursed his wet lips roguishly under his long, soft nose, but his eyes did not look at me and he himself was trembling. "No, a madman," he said, "out of my head, a lunatic."

"My God, no!" I nearly jumped.

"No? No? Not a bit? Not a hint? Not the slightest . . . vaguest . . . not the most gentlemanly . . . not the kindest . . . hint? Please . . . I have a reason . . . please tell me the truth."

"Of course I'm telling you the truth," I said. There was a good deal too much boom to my voice, but I felt so relieved. So this is what he had been waiting and watching for. This is what he had been searching my words and my face for all evening. This is what he had been crouched against. "Some of the boys suggested you had been frolicsome around a few matronly bedrooms . . . the dean's wife, I think, was suspect No. 1."

His pink face reddened.

"The explanation," I continued a little more calmly, "that gained most support and finally ended all discussion among the students was that you had wanted to leave and had made up your mind and left, that's all."

He remained watching me until I felt uneasy, until I began wondering if I were not actually in some sort of danger. Then he said, "Yes, that's all. Well, I didn't want to leave. I didn't make up my mind. I was asked for my resignation. I was threatened out of my job. Why? Why? Well, I'll show you why."

Dr. Ford put into my lap a loose-leaf leather folder labeled: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew." It was a typed New Testament, beginning in the orthodox manner: "The book of the generation of Jesus Christ, the son of David, the son of Abraham."

He poured himself a drink from a bottle on the window sill, finding a yellowed glass stained with toothpaste, and offered me one. I shook my head and read on, skipping briefly through the pages, driven at first by a sense that I was really in the presence of a lunatic who had sat down and copied out the Bible for some obscure, shattered reason.

I am no student of the Bible, but the words that roll from the printed page like bells in a vault must call up rhythms in any man and a sense of what should come next. It began to occur to me slowly that there were gaps in this Bible, something lacking here, then something added there. When the thought had unfolded at its creeping pace, I sat stunned, thinking that this poor man had had the sheer smashing brass to sit down and write a Bible as he thought it should be, edit it, reform it, purge it. I wondered desperately what to say.

But it wasn't quite like that. It was someone else who had done it, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen hundred years be-

fore him. The source of this Bible, said Dr. Ford, is a missal of the 12th or 13th century owned by a library in Rosemont which was founded by a man named Stephen Bosarge. The doctor was sitting with one leg over the arm of the chair, placid now and reserved, the glass snug in his small, pink hands.

Mr. Bosarge was proud of his missal. It was not really special, but it was a beautiful example of illumination.

Bosarge was a man of pretensions, [said Dr. Ford] he had built of stones quarried in Greece a library from $1,000,000 of his own money and some $500,000 of Rosemont's, thus providing himself with a respectable purpose for junkets around the world. Bosarge had his delicious moments as a collector and some of the things he collected were very good because he could afford very good advisers, but some were frauds. He had paid a substantial sum for his missal against the best, soundest advice, and perhaps because it was thus his own baby, he loved it so much. When anyone of any importance came to the library, he was trotted down to the manuscript division to look at the missal and to praise it. Everybody, of course, agreed it was beautiful, but no one spent much time over it and Mr. Bosarge always came away a little disappointed, a little hungry.

No one spent much time over it, that is, until Dr. Ford arrived. It happened, he said, that it was in the afternoon and they stood where the light was exactly right, a slanting light that tipped up flat surfaces. Under the surface of the text, he saw clearly what he had not expected to see—the indentation of a previous writing.

He searched a long time, page by page, perhaps an hour, holding the heavy volume high to the light, peering at the print from an angle, while Mr. Bosarge fretted around him, pecking every now and then at the air with cries of, "What is it? What is it? Let me see."

At last Dr. Ford turned to him and said, "I am not sure yet, but I think you have a palimpsest here."

"A palimpsest?" His voice was like a shiver. "You mean there's something been erased under there? Let me see."

Mr. Bosarge looked for a few moments. "I can't see a thing," he said. "You really think there was something written under here? That makes it very valuable, doesn't it? That makes it extraordinary."

"Yes," said Dr. Ford. "That makes it extraordinary."

He did not like this rich little man whose face glistened, who asked, "Well, what does it say? What's written under there?"

"I'd like to find out myself," replied Dr. Ford, "if you will allow me to do the deciphering."

Then the Doctor had an afterthought. He had had experience with men hungry for scholastic renown. "You are not to give this to the newspapers," he said, "until it is ready."

Mr. Bosarge then became very quiet.

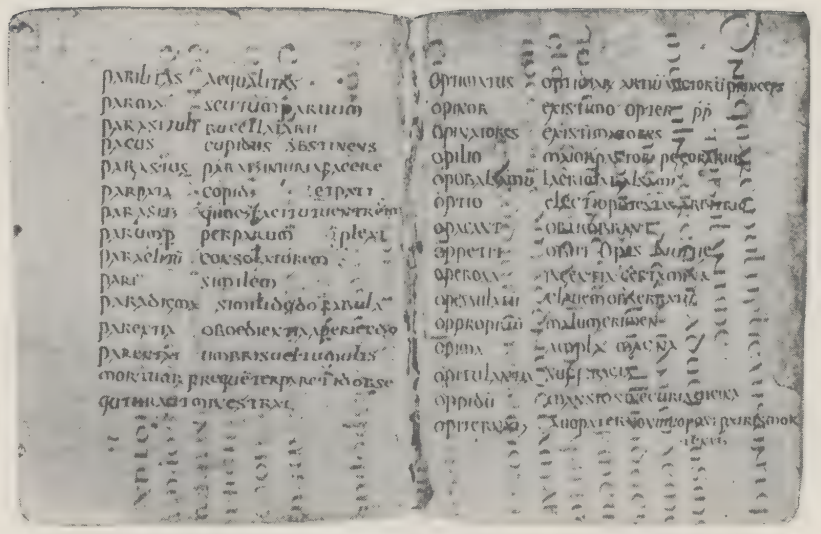
"I suppose," Dr. Ford told me, "I shouldn't have said it. It hurt him. I suppose I let a little edge of contempt into my voice. I suppose, really now, come to think of it, that was the first step I took getting off on the wrong foot with him."

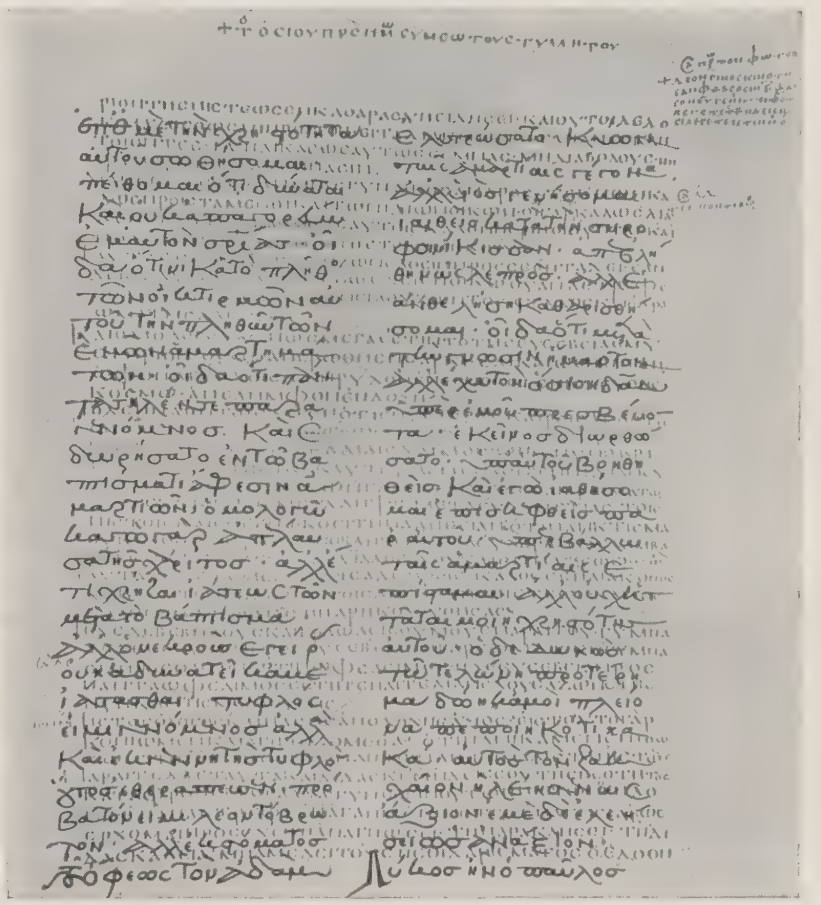
Dr. Ford leaned forward earnestly and, with a great effort, stared squarely at me. "I want to impress on you," he said, "that what I have told you is exactly accurate. That was exactly, precisely, completely, how it happened. I had no thought of palimpsests. I came to see a missal on the urging of Mr. Bosarge whose lunch guest I happened to be. I held it in my hands. The light was right. And, quite casually, quite casually, I say, most casually, the light raised the indented surface of the skin and I knew that what I held was a palimpsest. I did not wish it to be a palimpsest. I did not wish this or urge this upon myself. It happened to me. I wasn't looking for it. There the fact lay, plain before my eyes."

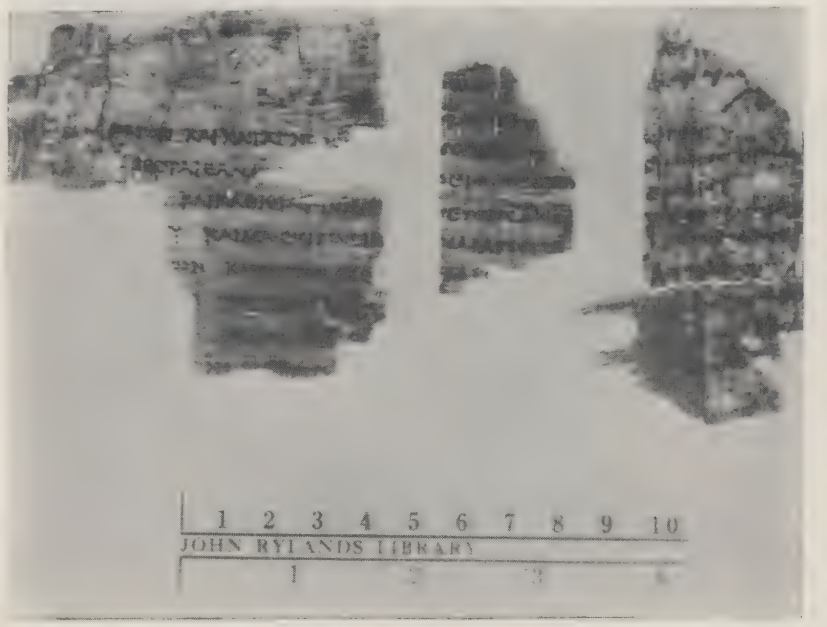
In the beginning, in fact to the end, Mr. Bosarge was very helpful. There was a tremendous excitement in him. After all, this was his baby. He had bought it against the advice of those who knew better. He had paid this sum for it and had seen plainly, in the faces of his advisers, that they thought the money wasted and he had been trotting it out for the benefit of distinguished visitors and getting only a polite interest from them. Well, now they were all wrong. His baby was valuable. He had a desk put on the roof for Dr. Ford so that he might work in the best light and a man set in attendance to move the desk with the light, to carry the book up and down from the library, to serve him generally. And in the early morning and late afternoon, when the slant of the light was right, Dr. Ford sat working on a rooftop overlooking Richmond amid the sounds of a city rising and the sounds of a city uncoiling from its labors to galvanize itself into night while he pieced together the letters and words of which the pumice had left colorless trace.

It was exhausting work, so tedious for the eyes, and the hours so peculiar for a man of Dr. Ford's habits. Too, in many ways, Mr. Bosarge was less than helpful. He wanted to know at once and page by page what was in the palimpsest. One day, he came tossing up with the idea that there were other palimpsest readers and they could take sections of the missal and speed up the deciphering. There were only half a dozen qualified men in the world. Well, he would get them. He would pay them what they asked and have the job done in a jiffy. It was no good telling him it couldn't be done that way, that, in deciphering a palimpsest, a man must know what came before and what comes after to piece together what was there. Dr. Ford had to put it on the basis that this was his discovery and he wanted it for himself. The little man understood that.

The work went ahead, more or less,







TOP: Page of famous 6th century palimpsest psalter now in St. Gallen, Switzerland. CENTER: Brought to France by Catherine de' Medici: the 5th century Codex Ephraimi palimpsest. BOTTOM: In Manchester, England, is the oldest known bible fragment, 2nd century B. C., found in a mummy wrapping

"Next!"

in Dr. Ford's own way. He had found that photographing the pages did not help, that he could read better from the manuscript itself. He found also that it was in an extraordinary state of preservation. The Italian scribe of the middle ages, finding it necessary to use an ancient Greek manuscript of skin because the introduction of paper had made parchment scarce, had not done too well with his grain and milk in softening the ink. None of it, as sometimes happens in the chemistry of time, had blackened again, but the original scribe had written deep. And there was more luck, too. Most palimpsests in codex form, which is to say in book form, are a hodgepodge of old manuscripts, a page from this, a page from that, but in this one, a lot more than half was obviously from a single manuscript.

There are a hundred ways in which a palimpsest can be dated: the system of writing and of capitalization, the system of breaking words at the end of a line, the flecks of ink that remain in indentations, the system of punctuation, of abbreviation, of quotation. Dr. Ford expounded them to me at great length. The point was, they all fit. They persisted in placing the original manuscript as somewhere between the first and fourth centuries.

I felt the hair prickling along my scalp and felt a dampness there, too.

"Yes," said Dr. Ford, "the oldest known manuscript of the New Testament. The most valuable single piece of writing on earth, in the history of man, lying in my hands there on that rooftop in Rosemont. And known only to me. I the only living man who knew about it. Fantastic, isn't it?" He giggled.

"Fantastic," I said.

But he had not yet told the whole of this utterly incredible thing. He found, as he worked, that this was a Bible which differed from the authorized version and differed, too, from the earlier versions. Little differences, said Dr. Ford, an interpretation now and then, but mostly a shifting of blame, a recasting of villains. Little, stubborn, beautiful changes, the whole adding up to a new complexion of events.

"I mean this," said Dr. Ford. "There was no basis for hate in this Bible. Do you know what I have said? There was no basis for hate in this Bible. There was no basis for separate sects. There was no room for misinterpretation."

But, a most difficult problem was how to launch this thing. How would the churches react? Uproar. There might conceivably be such a ruddy welter of confusion as led King James to call the High Church and Low Church together to settle once and for all on an authorized version. People would be embroiled. Would they be shocked into disbelief? Would they feel they had been living their lives under a fraud? Certainly not, said Dr. Ford.

"This manuscript," said Dr. Ford, "was the oldest, the first known, the one written closest to the actual time of Christ. It contained that which the mind of man would find more nourishing than the Bible of his present church. If it didn't, it would be only an academic curiosity, something to be revered, yes, but no lightning bolt splitting the heart of mankind. But it did. It was something to which the spirit would respond."

Eventually, Dr. Ford decided it would be best to announce the existence of the palimpsest with the publication of a portion of it under the imprimatur of the museum. Mr. Bosarge would be only too thrilled. There would be no trouble about getting him to publish it as a product of the library. And, with that authority plus the authority of his own name, it had a chance for acceptance. At least, it would be thought about.

There was a scene when Dr. Ford broke the news to Mr. Bosarge. It sank in slowly and the little man's first remark was characteristic. "Why," he said in a voice strained beyond humanness, "that book is worth millions." Then later he said, "They will be coming from all over the world to see it. How will we display it? Something simple. In a room all by itself. A marble room and the book itself on a stand under glass. The only thing in the room. The simple stand, the simple book, in a simple room, under plain glass." His mind was staggered. He fastened on a detail and worried it. It made him feel better to get something settled, to feel something solid in the midst of this vast explosion.

Dr. Ford went back to his work of completing a section for publication. Twenty pages, he thought, would be enough for a start and Mr. Bosarge began sharing his sweated nights.

And now it was impossible for Mr. Bosarge to keep silent. I think what led him to call in another palimpsest reader was his dislike for Dr. Ford. The idea had not occurred to the doctor. "He did not dislike me then," he said. "That came later." But, of course, Mr. Bosarge did. Had not Dr. Ford monopolized his baby? Hadn't he shut him out, arrogantly, from the whole entrancing work of unfolding it?

At any rate, Mr. Bosarge heard that Dr. Stetney of Oxford was in the United States. He had had some correspondence with him, trying to induce him to include Rosemont on his itinerary, but Dr. Stetney had begged off. But now Mr. Bosarge reopened the subject with a description of the palimpsest and Dr. Stetney came flying.

A large man, very jolly, engulfing his listeners in the booming tide of his voice. He was a little suspicious of Dr. Ford. They had been in disagreement before. Dr. Ford was not the one to hesitate about calling his opponent names and they were no longer on speaking terms. At any rate, he made a comparatively brief examination in Dr. Ford's absence. Yes, he must insist on a private view. And at the end of it, he announced that this was not a palimpsest at all, sim-

ply a beautiful 12th or 13th or 14th century missal on fresh parchment with no under-writing apparent on it. "There is offset," he said. He pointed to smudges between the lines left because the inked pages had lain together so long a time. "Dr. Ford must have mistaken the offset for under-writing." And off he went to the next stop on his busy itinerary, a little larger, a little jollier, plowing along in the wake of his voice like some hearty whale.

Dr. Ford did not take the news quietly. "I am afraid," he said, "I screamed at Mr. Bosarge. He seemed inclined to believe Dr. Stetney entirely and let that man's air blow the whole thing away. The voice of the anointed, no less. I counted for nothing. My word was nothing. But when the anointed one from Oxford blew his air into Mr. Bosarge's ear . . . that was the trumpet of an angel."

However, Mr. Bosarge was reasonable. In fact, he was generous in his own somewhat devious way. He soothed Dr. Ford down and returned him, still smoking, still wrathful, but a shade uneasy now himself, to his work and then got from him the names of three best-known palimpsest readers—one from the Vatican, one from Toledo, one from Paris. He would pay their expenses to Rosemont. He urged them to come. They needed little urging.

They were a little more careful than Dr. Stetney. They spent, in all, two days at it, but in the end their verdict was the same: this was not a palimpsest. There was no under-writing. In some unaccountable way, Dr. Ford had made a mistake. For some reason of his own . . . well, at any rate . . . he had managed to see what was not there.

Dr. Ford raged, of course. "By God, man," he shouted to little Mr. Bosarge, "there it is, right in front of your eyes. Can't you see it yourself? I don't care what they say. Reason of my own! Well, they have reasons of their own, too. This book is chaos. They don't want it out. They don't want it published. But you can see for yourself. You have eyes. You're not a root. You have eyes. Look for yourself."

Mr. Bosarge looked. He could not see anything.

"Do you think I'm crazy?" screamed Dr. Ford. "Are you going to try and make me out as crazy?"

Mr. Bosarge must have had a frightening time. He offered to let Dr. Ford pick out any authority he wanted and said he would accept that man's decision. There was a man at Yale whom Dr. Ford had trained himself. So Dr. Bloom came down from New Haven and Dr. Ford waited in Mr. Bosarge's office for more than a week. No, he would not try to influence the man. Everything open and above board. Dr. Bloom was a good, sound man. Let him go it alone so that the world should know his verdict as entirely unprejudiced.

For more than a week he waited and then Dr. Bloom came in and said humbly that he had been over every page of the manuscript. His face was flustered and he looked at the floor. "Perhaps," he said, "my eyes are failing me." He went back to New Haven as quickly as he could.

Nor did Dr. Ford have any suitable explanation. "A plot," he told me, "at first I thought it was a plot with these men in league against me. But, of course, that was ridiculous. Some might have decided the book was better suppressed, but not all, not Dr. Bloom."

Mr. Bosarge, of course, had promptly barred Dr. Ford from any further work on the volume. He was afraid for his missal, Dr. Ford explained to me bitterly. He was afraid I would become unmanageable and begin to tear things. But I fixed that. I threatened him. I said I'd give the whole story to the newspapers and call it all a plot to suppress this book. So he let me come back to work. Not on the roof anymore where the light was better, but in the library.

The little man was accountably venomous. Dr. Ford had held out to him the mantle of immortality, had led him to believe that his name would go down eternally in scholastic history as the owner of the Codex Bosargianus. Now, it was all false. His immortality had been snatched from him. He was mortal again, little Mr. Bosarge of the little Bosarge library. He wrote the whole thing down for the university and they decided Dr. Ford must need a rest. He circularized all the university presidents in the world. "There isn't," said Dr. Ford, "anyone among scholars who doesn't know that I am insane. I am a world-wide scandal."

Bosarge did an even crueler thing than that. He put a man in the library so that Miss Fitch, the librarian, wouldn't be alone there. Dr. Ford believed he was a male nurse, hired because Miss Fitch was nervous at being in the same room with him. "I thought it funny at first. He used to sit up by Miss Fitch and read detective story magazines. He was always there before I came. He never looked at me. It was really funny."

So the three sat every afternoon in that serene library room lined with stones quarried in Greece, Miss Fitch, nervous, the male nurse absorbed in his detective stories and Dr. Ford working at the codex, wondering what he was seeing. What was it really that lay before his eyes? What were these ghost words that seemed to be private to him? Was he really mad? Was he really having visions? But no, he had seen the hysterical, disjointed writings of madmen. He was sane, cold, firm. Then, was it automatic writing that he was doing? Were all the Bibles he had ever read and all the thoughts on them he had ever had crowding out of him now, distilling now into what he secretly, unconsciously thought a Bible should be? But that, too, was hysterical and he was not a hysterical man. This was not automatic writing.

What he was writing did not come from him. It came from the book. It had the style, the majesty, the ancient, simple, gloriously unmistakable, manner. They could not spring from his mind. They were words on the page before him.

"I thought I ought to finish the deciphering for my own sake," said Dr. Ford, "but I could not stick it. I gave it up in a few months. That man sitting by Miss Fitch reading detective stories . . . well, it was impossible. He made me question myself. After a very short while, he did not seem funny to me."

"But what were the words? What were the words I saw?" That was nearly the last thing Dr. Ford ever said to me. He never found out.

There is only a little note that I can add to what must remain actually a mystery forever. Dr. Ford died about a year after he told me this story and the news of his death was followed shortly by an announcement that an ultraviolet process invented by Thé Svedberg had revealed a valuable palimpsest in the possession of the Bosarge library in Rosemont. The palimpsest was an early manuscript of the New Testament, labeled by the clergy as one of the pious forgeries that sprang up so thickly in the third, fourth and fifth centuries.

But how explain those other palimpsest readers? How explain that they had not been able to see what Dr. Ford had seen? I don't know. I just don't know. I have often thought that if Dr. Ford's eyes had been submitted on death to examination, they might have revealed a sensitivity to ultraviolet rays. The scientists smile at me. But after all, there was a tradition he could see a Latin pony through boards and 150 pages. ●

DEATH OF DEMOCRACY (1803)

Jefferson bought Louisiana, to keep off a dictator

Twenty years after the war, an American reflected on the triumph of upstart dictatorship, setting back the clock of progress and apparently sealing the doom of democracy. Men had fought for liberty, which seemed to be going out of the world forever. Realists were trying to "buy off" the autocrats.

February 12, 1803

My dear friend Samuel:

Received your gloomy letter, and regret to say that we in Philadelphia are as despairing of the outlook for democracy and for the future of a free United States as are you in Boston. I do not know where now dwells the spirit that made you and me, as youths, go out to follow General Washington, in '76.

Your observations are all too true. How can our Nation, even though it has grown to a population of more than 5,000,000, and numbers 18 States, hope to stand alone, a union of freemen, and a symbol of Liberty, when the so-called civilized

nations of the world, one by one, are passing into a darkness from which they may never emerge.

The news from France is particularly disheartening. Consider the blood that was spilled there in the name of Liberty, only to find the land newly enslaved by the upstart dictator and autocrat, Bonaparte—this year First Consul for life—next year —who knows?—probably King of France. Already, according to the dispatches from Paris, the right of free election has been denied to the French people. Magistrates and judges are once more appointed by the sovereign. The taxes under which that nation groaned before the Revolution are reimposed, and all the bitter warfare that commenced in '93 has come to naught, as far as result goes. We, who hailed the destruction of the *Ancien Régime* now see a new state erected on more harsh principles than the old. Where now are the republics of freemen, set up by the Revolution, in Central Europe? Those Frenchmen who spread Liberty in the petty German principalities have remained to erect autocratic states no better, if no worse, than those which existed before their coming.

'Tis rumored that President Jefferson is negotiating with Bonaparte to buy the Louisiana territory from him, and would pay as high as $15,000,000 for it. A vast price to pay for a wilderness, but perhaps worth it, to keep one more enemy from our borders. Tragic it is to have to purchase the friendship of an autocrat, but perhaps wise, in these days of the decline of republics. The partition of Poland points all too grisly a moral. I shudder to think of *our* fate, if Bonaparte, George III and the Spaniards ever come to terms.

True, young Alexander, Czar of the Russians, is reported to be a just and temperate monarch, who has surrounded himself with a liberal court. He is said to be making experiments in democratic government in Russia, the very citadel of absolutism. This is the only bright side of the picture. But how much faith are we to place in anything Russian? That barbaric and oriental land is always going to extremes, and this same Czar, when he finds obstacles in his path, may become more of a despot than was even his bloody predecessor.

Yes, my friend, I fear that the democratic expressions of President Jefferson are the last gasp of Liberty —of republicanism—of democracy— in the world. This very month we celebrate the birthday of the Father of our Country. Will this dying democracy ever produce another worthy of similar honor? I venture to doubt it. 'Tis common gossip here that even the Vice-President, Mr. Burr, leans toward the establishment of a despotism on these shores, and does not neglect to dream himself the autocrat. And there are many more among us who look abroad and feel that it is inevitable that what has failed in Europe must fail here.

I groan, when I think of the world our children will find. You and I, friend Samuel, are of an age, if I mistake not. We are both now 45 years old. When you and I were born, in '58, we came into a land ruled by a tyranny irksome enough to our fathers, but there was hope. *Our* childhood was spent among men who were willing to dare everything for life's most precious possession — Liberty. Our children's childhood is spent in a world in which the star of Liberty seems to be in swift decline. Who now, with the forces of freedom routed everywhere on the earth, would dare to fight and die for that principle? I shudder to think of the world our children will live in, 45 years from now, or what they will have to hand on to their children. Yes, my friend, in that far-off time —that would be in the year 1848, would it not? — by 1848 I fear the blackness of tyranny and of autocracy will have permanently mastered the world.

Civilization will have been destroyed, and Liberty forever lost.

Lydia and my family join me in greetings to Mary and yours. We hope to see you all in Philadelphia again next July, to celebrate with us the Glorious Fourth—if the world does not collapse about our heads ere then.

Yr. old Friend and obd't s'v't,

JOSHUA. ●

FAD AND FRAUD IN HEALTH

Bathing with soap every day is not a necessary aid to beauty

Your auto goes to an expert for repair, but your body is fair prey for tinkerers in psychics and physics, to cranks on sweating, sunning, alkalizing, irrigation, diets. 8 glasses of water, 3 meals, 8 hours of sleep, a bath every day may or may not help you.

BY DR. JOSEPH HEINE

WATCH out for draughts! Flush out the kidneys! Have a daily evacuation! These examples of health advice are heard so often that they are accepted as self-evident truths. Their source, the amateur health expert, is a mine of misinformation. Have you a cough, he suggests some remedy that cured someone else, but should this cough be due to tuberculosis, what would be the consequence of such advice? To suggest a physic for a stomach-ache is a common occurrence, but if this time it happens to be caused by an acute appendicitis, does he blame himself when such treatment results in a ruptured appendix?

Patent medicine manufacturers would have you believe that they are the poor man's doctor, but nothing is farther from the truth. Witness the recent unrestricted sale of dinitrophenol as a reducing remedy or elixir sulphanilamid for infections which resulted in so many fatalities. Before the Drug Act was passed, soothing syrups for infants contained morphine, catarrh cures contained cocaine, and alcohol disguised by bitters was sold as a tonic for the aged. Usually, however, it is not the remedy that is at fault but its fitness for the particular case. Patent medicine vendors will sell anything to anybody with utter disregard of its danger. Religion, physical culture and every possible modality is dragged in, sometimes with honest intent, often as a merciless, mercenary racket. Whether honest or not, these powerful psychic (religious) and physical methods may work the greatest harm if unwisely applied. Imagine giving religious comfort instead of surgical aid to a person with cancer. Think of the danger to a person with heart disease undertaking ungraded gymnastics or water treatments.

Recently we have been bombarded with misinformation on vitamins. While adequate amounts are necessary to maintain health, more than this is useless and may even result in an unpleasant hypervitaminosis. Note the changing fashions in recent years such as the yeast craze, the acidophilus fad and the grapefruit mania.

Minerals have also come in for special attention. Everybody is now sold on calcium, particularly where bad teeth are concerned, although it has been known for some time that adult teeth are not affected by calcium one way or another. Alkalizing is another piece of pure fantasy as ridiculous as the old notion about fish being a brain food, celery and sarsaparilla tonics, and molasses and sulphur blood purifiers, whatever that means. As a matter of fact, one need fear no nutritional deficiency by taking the usual mixed diet. Deficiencies are most apt to occur when freak diets are taken such as those affected by food faddists, vegetarians, fruit fanatics and nuts.

A popular theory is that of autointoxication—a poisoning of the system by substances in the intestines. This has little basis in fact for no toxic substances have been found in the blood in such cases. Besides the system is protected from poisons by the liver which receives all the products from the digestive organs first and modifies them for body use. Also the undigested residue is stored in the lower bowel from which very little absorption takes place. Moreover, foods remaining in the intestinal tract for days are not harmful, for X-ray of normal intestines shows that it always takes several days, even up to five, to complete their passage. Finally, were the symptoms complained of due to autointoxication, immediate relief could not follow as it does when constipation is relieved, for the poison and its effect could not disappear so suddenly. It is evident, then, that autointoxication is so rare that it could be termed a negligible factor.

A daily evacuation is commonly considered necessary. This depends rather on the type of individual, the food he eats, his habits and physical activities. When indicated, and there are few such indications in the healthy person, physics are useful but if taken as a routine to clear out the system or to get rid of poisons, they are absolutely useless for the system needs no

cleaning out and there are no poisons present. Frequent physicking may result in chronic constipation and excessive roughage may cause colitis.

Acidophilus milk has been used to prevent intestinal putrefaction and is said to prolong life. There is no evidence to support either of these theories, and besides it is almost impossible to implant these organisms for any length of time.

Colonic irrigations are often used to clean out the intestines but since only a few feet of intestines are irrigated and about 20 feet are left untouched, one can readily see the futility of such practice. Besides, the colon bacilli and their fermentation products are always normally present in the colon and, in any event, absorption from this part is very slight.

We often hear of remedies to stimulate a sluggish liver to which many indefinite symptoms are attributed. This is based on a complete fallacy for there is no such condition and so-called liver spots have nothing whatever to do with the liver.

Acid in the blood is another phrase commonly heard and all sorts of diets are advised but since acids are always being transported by the blood and excess does not exist in the normal individual, dietary restrictions are useless. Some consider meats, eggs and other proteins harmful in kidney conditions and high blood pressure. These foodstuffs are essential in any diet for body tissue replacement purposes and can only be excluded for a short time without causing damage. Dark meats are often discriminated against in favor of white meat but they differ only in the pigment present; therefore, if you can eat one, you can eat the other.

The notion that sweets give a quick pick-up is untrue for it takes hours for them to be digested before they are available for energy purposes. Besides the usual sugar reserves present in the liver and muscles are adequate for any emergency.

Hot water with or without lemon is often taken in the morning to "clean out the stomach." This practice is entirely futile because the stomach is always clean and when not engaged in digestion, only contains the digestive juices and mucous normally found in all healthy stomachs. In fact, anything introduced into the stomach only stimulates a further outpouring of these juices.

We are often advised to drink eight glasses of water a day. This is not at all necessary for the requirement varies with the work done, sweating, temperature and food. The intake of fluid should balance the output from the kidneys, skin and lungs and for this the thirst can be trusted as a better indicator than a rule. Nor does water flush out the kidneys for they are always normally flushed out. Excessive water intake is a real strain on the circulation and emunctories; therefore, moderation in water drinking is just as essential as in other things.

The advantages of free sweating are greatly overestimated. It is one of the mechanisms for maintaining constant body temperature and the amount depends largely on work performed, climatic conditions and fluid intake, but that it gets rid of poisons is true only to a slight degree. Certainly in health, there is no occasion for increasing sweating. Free sweating is no evidence of good health nor is slight sweating evidence of ill health.

The daily bath is not a necessity, particularly daily soaping for it tends to remove the horny layer of the skin which protects the underlying more sensitive part. The matter that is rolled off when skin is rubbed is not dirt but this horny layer. In the beauty preparations racket, the manufacturers and their handmaids, the beauty parlors, make much of this fact. The hot bath is exhausting if prolonged, particularly to the aged, the obese, and those with high or low blood pressure. The cold shower in suitable cases is a valuable tonic but only if taken for a few seconds. Ocean or cold water bathing should not be continued for more than a few minutes except by swimmers who, due to the exertion, prevent the otherwise rapid loss of body heat. The lukewarm bath is suitable in all cases, particularly in nervous and physical exhaustion where it is of real value.

Exercise is not the universal panacea it is generally believed to be. It has possibility for great harm if not adjusted to age, sex, and general make-up. Big muscles, great strength, rosy cheeks, and outdoor color are no evidence of health whatever. Sun-worshiping is a dangerous fad for while short exposures are tonic, excess is extremely enervating, especially in persons with low blood pressure.

Many fads in dress exist such as dressing for season rather than for comfort. This is particularly stupid for the only real purpose of clothes is to maintain body heat. Nudism is based on the insignificant fact that cold air on the bare body causes a fleeting exhilaration but it cannot for this reason be considered a cure-all.

Sleep eight hours a day is another false slogan for there are no rules for sleep. It depends on physical make-up, the kind of work done, age and habit. Nor is the person requiring more sleep lazier than the one who needs less.

Regular habits give a monotonous note to living and staleness often results. The mind resents monotony whether of work, play or food. Taking regular meals is another one of the die-hard theories although no one has shown that it is of any help except to the housewife. Three meals a day are not essential and in many countries five meals are customary with no impairment of health noted. The excuse that infrequent meals rest the stomach is not true, for even thinking about food will result in activity.

I have attempted to give a few examples of the kind of health propaganda the reader is subjected to. When your watch is out of order, you take it to an expert for repair. Your body, unlike your watch, irreplaceable, should get at least as much consideration. ●

Radio Hit

OIL FOR THE LINE OF FIRE

Harpoons awaiting unequal battle against the whale

Today nothing but death-drawn whale oil will do to anoint the high precision instruments of war. And whaling is no longer a fierce, long quest. Three men go out in a fast boat, panic a school of whales, chase them ashore, cut a few dollars' worth of oil out of the head of each, and pocket their checks before morning.

BY WILLIAM G. SCHOFIELD

In China, a bomber floats like a black pinhead 6000 feet above the airdrome; two tons of death plunge earthward . . .

A submarine wallows unseen in the gray trough of the Mediterranean; suddenly it slips under the waves and trails a compass needle southwest . . .

Mechanized destruction rolls eastward from Berlin toward the Czech border, its modern gadgets depending for their worth on the delicate tuning of precision instruments . . .

And Captain Joe Nickerson of Cape Cod stands in his kitchen and sharpens a whale-knife that hasn't been used in 20 years.

Joe Nickerson is any one of the half-dozen Cape Cod whaling skippers still alive and spinning yarns.

Joe put in 30 years before the mast, he tossed his iron at an 80-foot bull whale off Patagonia, clung helpless to the shrouds while a screaming gale drove his craft south to the Antarctic, dozed on deck under the copper heat of an East Indian sun.

Then the land-oil barons discovered the China market and killed an industry that had poured gold into Cape Cod for 200 years.

Twenty years ago Joe retired to his cottage with a sea chest full of souvenirs and a bank book full of entries. It was his last voyage, he said.

But Joe wasn't counting on the development of words like "Nazi" and "Fascist" and "Sino-Japanese." And he wasn't counting on the evolution of warfare from a hand-to-hand and hoof-to-hoof brawl to a highly tuned organism dependent upon instruments as delicate as a strand of baby's hair.

For such, the demand is for whale oil as the only lubricating element insuring perfection. Oil companies in Boston, New Bedford, Providence and New York have been told to get the product and name their price. So Joe Nickerson has been coaxed out of retirement and sent after the whales.

It's not like it was in the old days, when the captain had his own 300-ton bark rolling under his sea legs. Today he snaps his orders from behind the wheel of a 30-foot catboat with auxiliary engine.

And instead of weighing anchor for a three-year voyage around the world, he now goes out across Massachusetts Bay at 8 o'clock in the evening and is back in his own kitchen by 3 o'clock the next morning, with the voyage ended and the amazing cash profits already in his pocket.

Today's quarry may look like dull sport compared to the 80-foot sperm he once cut to pieces in the South Pacific. The blackfish whale he hunts today travels in schools of 50 or more, some weighing three tons and running 35 feet from nose to fluke.

Joe Nickerson isn't interested in the ethics of modern warfare. He only knows that the oil companies are paying upward from three dollars and five dollars a gallon for the fluid and that the average black is swimming around with three gallons stowed away in his head. The money is counted out on the Cape shores, while the sleek bodies of ex-whales are still quivering on the sands.

Knowing these basic facts, Joe Nickerson joins his three-man crew just after sunset and heads the bow of his catboat toward the open sea off Provincetown.

Sometime after dark, the lookout sights big game. No lusty bellow of "Thar she blows!" comes hurtling down from the crow's nest. Instead, the lookout turns in his perch and passes a quiet word to the captain.

"About 150 off to starboard, Cap—headin' north."

Joe Nickerson nods, veers his boat on a port tack and steps up the auxiliary motor. The situation calls for quiet maneuvering in a wide, sweeping circle that will bring the boat ahead of the blacks. Heading north, the whales are on their way out to sea. They're already better than two miles off shore, and the job is to get between them and the horizon before they start churning the water in full flight.

Once there, Joe Nickerson swings his boat around and beats a straight course back toward the oncoming herd. It's a battle of man's wits against a whale's hysteria.

At first gently, tactfully—later with increasing speed—Joe Nickerson must ride herd on the quarry. He flanks and reflanks the edges of the school, cruising back and forth in front of the bull leaders in an attempt to swing their seaward course back toward shore.

At length they're turned, and now Joe Nickerson finds himself cruising along on the tail end of a shoreward migration. It's time for fun to begin.

Despite their savage build, the black whales by some freak of nature break into hysterical stampede when frightened. Playing on this weakness, it's now up to the fishermen to create as much noise and confusion as possible and turn the leisurely rolling of the herd into a wild panic.

Shotguns and tin horns come into play, flares are lighted and swung in flaming arcs over the beasts' heads, the roar of the boat's engine and the wild shouts of the whalers are tossed into the din.

The herd breaks its discipline and heads shoreward in a frightened, finny hysteria. It's a blind race to escape the howling, flaming demons behind them, and the whales go streaking through the waves to churn a path straight for shore—to crash clear through the line of breakers and drive themselves stranded on the beach.

Joe and his crew are close on their tails all the way in. And as the quarry flings itself on the sand, the whalers are already leaping over the gunwales of their boat with knives in their hands.

Swift work is necessary, for a rising tide may cast up one huge wave that will refloat the trapped monsters and send them racing to the open sea.

And it's here that Joe Nickerson's 30 years of whaling shows its value. He and his schooled mates know precisely how to slice off the head with its "oil melon," reaping the profits in one stroke and passing immediately to the next quivering hulk. In a matter of minutes, 150 black carcasses look as though a gigantic cleaver had sliced through the entire herd with one sweep, so closely do the cuttings resemble each other.

With the "melons" sliced out intact, the oil is loaded upon a waiting truck.

Joe checks up: 153 blacks driven ashore, 153 "melons" cut open for oil. Suppose the average to be three gallons a head; the trucks then hold 459 gallons. Suppose the market price to be well below normal, at three dollars a gallon; Joe pockets a check or cash in the amount of $1377.

If it's an average market, at five dollars a gallon, he pockets $2295. He will split with his crew in the morning.

There remains the disposal of the bodies. Sometimes there are 50, tonight there are 153. And on one sad night there might have been 500, for there were at least that many gasping on the sands when Joe and his mates leaped overboard with their knives—only to see a high wave beat them to the spot and to see 499 of the blacks churn the waters and race seaward on the ebb. The lone remainder was given a pat on the fluke and sent along to join his playmates.

The biggest haul in the history of the shore took place more than 20 years ago. That time, more than 3000 blacks stampeded themselves for some unknown reason and drove their bodies high upon the sands.

If that happened today, it would mean the beaching of about $45,000 in clear profit.

In the disposal of the bodies, the oil companies have an agreement with the whalers to share the cost of removal. It's up to the fishermen to notify the town selectmen of the size and location of the catch. The selectmen in turn ask for immediate bids; somebody gets the job, brings a tractor and heavy chains, scoops a mammoth grave in the sand and tows the bodies, one by one, to their final resting place.

Back in his cottage by three a.m., Joe Nickerson chalks up another voyage on his log. The profit, considering the effort, is so far ahead of anything produced in the old whaling days. It makes Joe Nickerson wonder why he left his Cape Cod home originally.

If there'd been scientific warfare, based on thin-gauge findings, he wouldn't have had to. ●

EXPOSING THE BUND'S HOME TIES

From documents which it is making available to the Dies Committee investigating un-American activities, Ken can show that there is real fire behind the smoke of suspicion around the Bunds.

A STACK of highly-explosive subversive American-Nazi propaganda is lying in the lap of the largest German-American Bund post in the nation. Should the Dies congressional committee on un-American activities like to tinker with Swastika fireworks, here is a supply powerful enough to blow up the front pages of newspapers from coast to coast.

If the fair-haired, militant Texan who leads the congressional probers follows through with his characteristic two-fisted manner, he will unearth the long-suspected "missing link" between the German-American Bund and the official Nazi party.

Some of the startling documentary evidence he could obtain for his committee hearings to open this month in Washington would reveal:

1. Bundesfuehrer Fritz Kuhn has ordered the destruction by post leaders throughout the country of all correspondence between the Bund and Germany, but that not all of it has been burned or hidden.

2. The German-American Bund is still sheltering many German citizens in its membership ranks, despite public denials of this fact by Kuhn and orders from Germany to purge the organization of Reichsmen.

3. The Deutscher Volksbund of Chicago, only post of its kind in the country, is made up entirely of German citizens, all of whom are registered members of the Nazi party.

4. National headquarters of the Bund, located in New York, has under the direction of Kuhn sent sizeable sums of American dollars to Germany to further Nazi party aims.

5. High officials of the Bund have been slipping back and forth between the United States and Germany on free passage as faked boat helpers in violation of shipping conference rules.

6. The actual strength of the German-American Bund is several times larger than the total of some 8,500 reported by G-men following their recent investigations of the organization.

7. The Bund and its German connections have been using the Nazi consular service in the United States and Foreign Institute abroad for shipping propaganda and exchanging information. This has been carried out under the supervision of Kuhn.

8. The Bund, contrary to its repeated public denials, is a politically active organization and is maneuvering its ambitions through silently allied German-American societies.

9. The exchange student movement between the United States and Germany is being directed quietly through the Bund and Nazi party officials as a potent propaganda weapon.

10. German Government officials sponsor and guide Bund groups on special-rate tours to the Fatherland, where the pick of the members are then given Nazi propaganda training courses, free of charge, before being returned to the United States to spread national socialism ideals.

11. The Bund has established in the United States a hidden German school system to train the sons and daughters of members in Hitler ideals. These schools are being conducted within the various posts of the organization located throughout the country. The entire Nazi educational system is under the supervision and direction of propaganda agents sent to the United States for this specific purpose. The cost of these schools, teachers, books and materials, is defrayed by parents, contributions and foreign assistance. Some of these Nazi schools have upwards of two hundred pupils. They are growing rapidly.

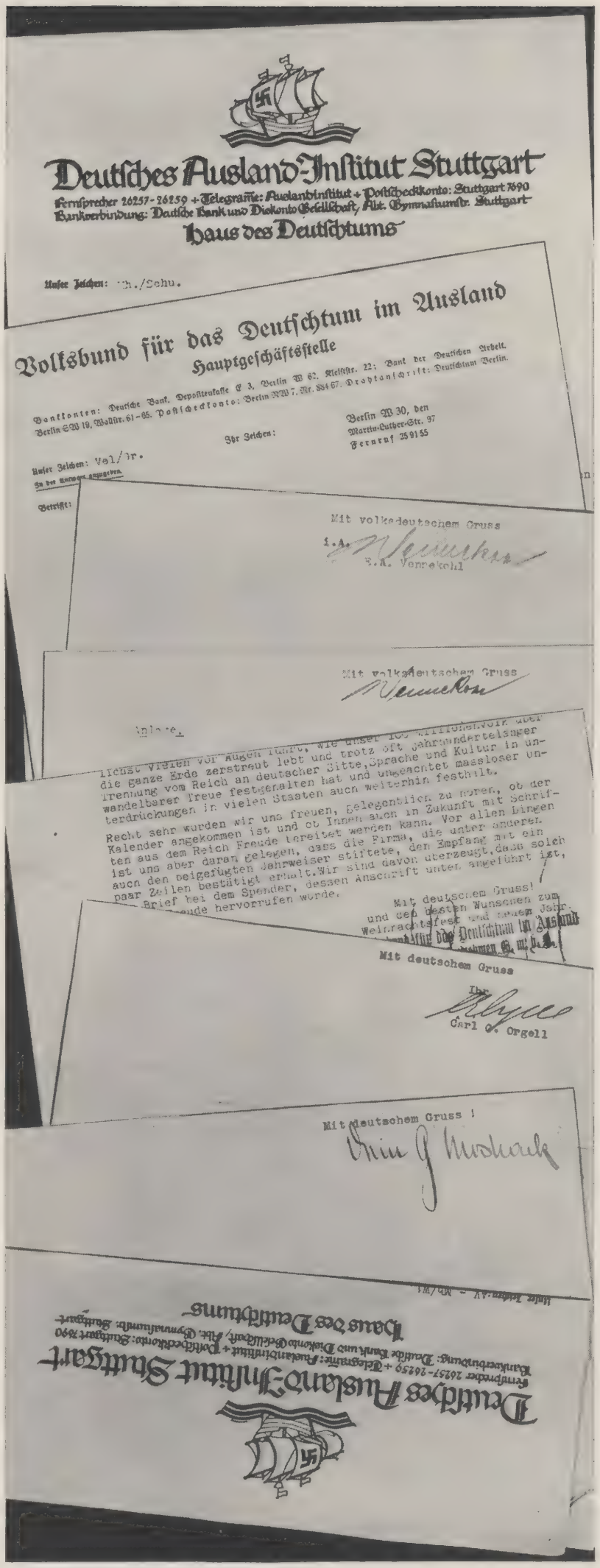
12. German Government officials while consistently denying any connections whatsoever with the Bund are actually working feverishly in it to bolster the American-Nazi movement.

13. Publications printed and distributed in Germany only to members of the Nazi party are being distributed to Bund members in the United States.

Despite desperate and costly efforts of German officials to stimulate the growth and widen the scope of influence of the German-American Bund, there is again today a widening rift within the ranks. Some five years ago the organization, then known as the Friends of New Germany, nearly collapsed through internal differences. The revitalized organization under Kuhn is again, however, facing similar difficulties due to personal jealousies and policies matters.

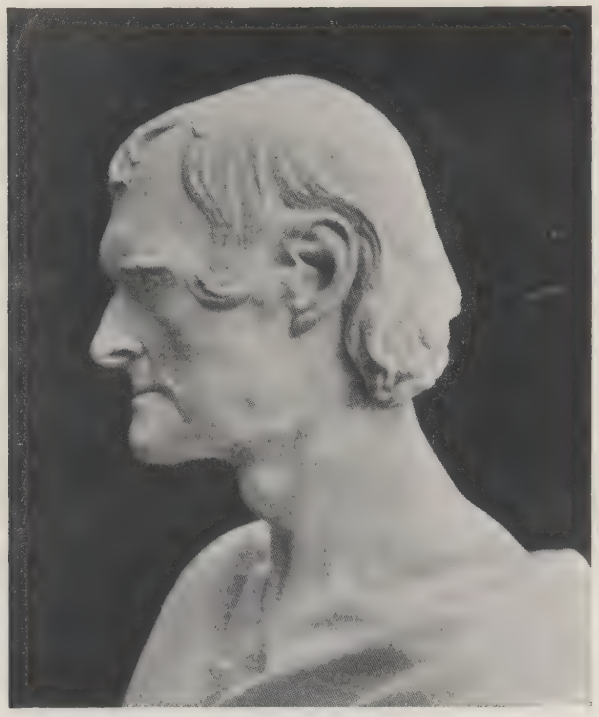
In the face of these troubles and an approaching congressional investigation, smaller Bund fuehrers are dropping out of the American-Nazi movement, one by one. Some are heading for the more serene nooks of other German-American societies, while others are slipping away from American shores.

Still others will be joining them if the Dies Congressional Committee digs deep enough to pull up the American-Nazi movement by the roots and plants a bit of Americanism in the empty Bund holes. ●



The American public is in for a belated Fourth of July celebration if the Dies Congressional Committee on un-American Activities explodes this hidden supply of Nazi propaganda fireworks, in the German-American Bund.

THE THIRD TERM MYTHOLOGY



Jefferson created the myth of the Washington precedent

Washington was not against a third term except for his tired self; Jefferson said he was following Washington's precedent, while actually he was weighing his chances of re-election. Congress and Senate have often considered resolutions against a third term but no such law has ever passed both houses. The power to elect a President to a third term has expressly been reserved to the people. But a twice-elected President is loth to risk defeat.

THE right to elect a President for a third term belongs to the people of the United States. It is not abridged in the Constitution, so it could only be abridged by the people themselves. During a century and a half the question of abridging it has been almost continuously discussed, but the people have never decided to limit their right. They have not even cared to vote on abridging it.

Nor is there an "unwritten" law against a third term. The Constitution has been amended by common consent in some particulars, as in the case of the electoral college which chooses the President. In that case it would violate the unwritten law if an elector, chosen on the list of a particular candidate, disregarded the implied pledge that he would vote for him. But there is no common consent which has made it a breach of established custom to elect a President for the third time. Nor is there a binding precedent which comes out of the past and forbids present and future presidents to accept a third term. There are the makings of a precedent, in that no President has yet been elected a third time. This is amplified by the fact, too, that presidents in the past have declined to run for a third term. But there also are precedents in which weighty consideration was given to a third term by presidents. Theodore Roosevelt actively sought a third term and President Grant's name led in 33 ballots in the Republican national convention of 1880 which finally chose Garfield. Had Theodore Roosevelt not died he would have been the unopposed Republican candidate in 1920, and would have been elected, according to good judges of that time. So far as precedents go, they support both sides of the controversy.

The problem of finding a Democratic candidate to succeed Franklin D. Roosevelt already presents difficulties. Before the people of the United States can decide for themselves whether they choose to give him a third term, some of the mythology in the third term taboo needs to be swept aside.

Greatest of the myths is that George Washington started the sound practice of refusing a third term, and so set a precedent. The conclusion is that his course being good enough for the Father of his Country, became good enough for all his successors. George Washington favored the eligibility of presidents for re-election without restriction, and said so. It happens that for personal reasons, when he finished his first term he did not wish a second. He was dog-tired of public life and wanted to retire. He expected to step down, and Madison ghostwrote for him a farewell address which he did not deliver (although Hamilton fans claim that Hamilton was the ghost). Madison, who was against re-eligibility, wrote into the draft the suggestion that it would be a good thing for the Republic if its high offices were rotated. Washington was prevailed upon to accept a second term, and regretted it throughout his second four years. For he was the victim of a combined press and whispering campaign which attributed Caesarian ambitions to him. This frequently drove him to distraction. When his second term expired he was again importuned to serve again, but he did not make the same mistake twice. When it came to delivering his farewell address, he had the ghostwritten manuscript and used parts of it. But he did not use the passage which spoke about rotating the high offices. He believed that so far as the country was concerned, it should have the right to the services of a good President as long as it wanted them. There is no reference in his farewell address to the dangers of a third term, nor did he intend that address or retirement to establish a precedent.

If Washington's beliefs are to be heeded today they can be found in his letter to La Fayette, in 1788:

"I can see no propriety in precluding ourselves from the services of any man who in some emergency shall be deemed universally capable of serving the public." This sentence is preceded by the observation that: "When a people have become incapable of governing themselves and fit for a master, it is of little consequence from what quarter he comes."

The nearest thing to an established precedent against a third term was set by Jefferson. He belonged in the opposite camp to Washington. Though not a member of the Constitutional Convention he supported the Virginia Plan, which proposed that presidents serve for seven years and be ineligible for re-election. In his autobiography written after his retirement, he admits that he had come around to the view that two four-year terms were still better, for then it was possible to drop a President after his first term, and so in a sense he was put on probation.

He himself served two terms and was explicitly and repeatedly invited to serve a third. Resolutions to this effect were passed by the legislatures of Vermont, Georgia, Maryland, Rhode Island, New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey. He wrote identical refusals to three of these states, and the reply is the best document against the third term in the pages of American history. It reads:

"If some termination to the services of the Chief Magistrate be not fixed by the Constitution, or supplied by practice, his office, nominally for years, will in fact become for life; and history shows how easily that degenerates into an inheritance. Believing that a representative government responsible at short periods of election is that which produces the greatest sum of happiness to mankind, I feel it a duty to do no act which shall essentially impair that principle; and I should unwillingly be the person who, disregarding the sound precedent set by an illustrious predecessor, should furnish the first example of prolongation beyond the second term of office."

As far as written words can be clear these are clear. But behind even their clarity lie certain modifying considerations. Jefferson knew when he wrote that Washington did not share his antipathy to a third term. Washington had written to La Fayette, April 28, 1788, "I confess I differ widely myself from Mr. Jefferson and you as to the necessity or expediency of rotation in that department (the presidency). The matter was freely discussed at the convention, and to my conviction." So Jefferson, in pointing to the "precedent" established by Washington, was scoring a neat debating point, not recording an incontrovertible fact.

Jefferson's refusal of a third term also deserves recognition as a piece of political strategy. The first resolution asking him to run again was passed by the Vermont legislature two years before his second term expired. Jefferson, a faithful correspondent, did not reply. The Jefferson-for-third-term boom having been launched, he waited, perhaps to see what would come of it. In 13 months the legislatures of seven states had fallen in line by asking him to run again, and he knew that an eighth would soon follow. But six more states, particularly Virginia, had to join up if nomination and election were to be certain. Madison, if nominated, would have a solid party behind him. Jefferson might not. So in declining a third

term Jefferson was using good party strategy. And in waiting 13 months before squashing the boom he showed that he was more interested in the strategy than the precedent he is credited with establishing. Nor did Jefferson decline solely because the term would have been his third. His letter to the Vermont legislature contains this paragraph: "Truth also requires me to add that I am sensible of that decline which advancing years bring on, and, feeling their physical, I ought not to doubt their mental effect, happy if I am the first to perceive and to obey this admonition of nature, and to solicit the retreat from cares too great for the wearied faculties of age."

So the best "precedent" against a third term is not as strong as it looks. How Jefferson might have felt if reelection had been certain and he had been a younger man, one can only guess.

There is no constitutional case whatever against a third term, and the actions of the Constitutional Convention leave no doubt that the Founding Fathers, after wavering a good deal in the matter, finally decided to let the people keep the power of bestowing it. This was in a time when the issue of Republic versus Monarchy was the counterpart of today's Democracy versus Fascism. The young Republic was frightened of two dangers, conferring too much power on a single person, and giving too much to the majority. It drafted an elaborate system of checks and balances to guard against both dangers.

At first the Constitutional Convention voted for the Virginia Plan's seven-year term for the presidency without re-election. This was carried, seven states to two, on June 2, 1787. On June 19, the seven-year term was affirmed, but re-eligibility was granted by six votes to four. On July 26, the seven-year term with ineligibility was part of a draft adopted, seven to three. But on September 4, another committee decided to change the term of the President, and proposed the four-year term without reference to re-eligibility. This was debated on September 5, and with the provision of the electoral college, was adopted September 15. That settled it.

In Congress, however, there has been continued agitation for changing the terms of the President's service. Not all of this has been against a third term, and quite as much of it has been against a second. A review of these efforts, as given in the *Congressional Digest*, (Washington, May, 1938) shows that scores of resolutions have been introduced. But it also shows that only five have passed in either House, and none has ever passed both Houses. The Senate in 1824 passed a joint resolution, 36 to 3, providing that no man should be chosen President for more than two terms. Again in 1826 the Senate passed a similar resolution 32 to 7, but the House took no action. No resolution of the sort passed in Congress again until 1875 when one introduced by Representative William Springer of Illinois (Democrat) went through the House without debate, 234 to 18. This time the Senate did not vote on it. This resolution ended with the words: "Any departure from this time-honored custom would be unwise, unpatriotic, and fraught with peril to our free institutions." There followed a long hiatus. In 1912, the Democratic Platform contained a single-term plank, and in 1913 the Works resolution calling for an amendment providing a single, six-year term, went through the Senate 47 to 23. President Wilson went on record as opposed to this resolution, but agreed to accept "the judgment of his party and the people" as to whether he would be a candidate in 1916. In 1928 the La Follette resolution, with the same concluding words as the Springer resolution of 1875, passed the Senate by 56 to 26. Before the Congress of 1938 were resolutions on this subject introduced by Senators Burke and Copeland, and by Representatives McLean, Tinkham, and Fish, but none came to a vote.

A resolution expressing the opinion of either House of Congress does not create unwritten law, nor does it limit the right of the people as left to them by the Constitution. The legal and moral status of the third term is where it was left by the Constitutional Convention of 1787. There are those who wanted to see it restricted, now as then. Strong words against a third term have been expressed in every Congress as well as in the Constitutional Convention. But these words have never prevailed.

This has not been set forth as an argument that Franklin D. Roosevelt should be given a third term. Nor is public opinion, according to various polls, friendly to the idea. Only 30% favored it in a recent Gallup poll. If 70% of those who voted for Roosevelt in 1936 are unmovably against a third term, the President, if he ran, would lose to any candidate the Republicans might name in 1940. It is doubtful if the number actually would be as high, if Mr. Roosevelt were drafted by the Democratic Convention. But Mr. Roosevelt no doubt would make a careful count of his chances before accepting such a nomination. He would be as good a strategist as Mr. Jefferson, and make sure what it was he was rejecting before he decided what to do. But there is little reason to believe that Mr. Roosevelt would refuse a third nomination if he thought he was sure to win the election. If he should run, the people ought to be free to choose or reject him on his own merits, without regard to alleged precedents. They should be able to decide whether his re-election tended too much to one-man rule, which is a modern problem, if one ever was. But if they concluded that it did not, they would be exercising their inalienable right under the Constitution. It would be simon-pure Americanism as defined by the Founding Fathers. ●

"Let's you and him fight"

THE VOICE FROM THE TOMB

Chicagoans heeded the voice on when to buy and sell, got rich in wheat

Ed Driver told his friend he was leaving him a fortune in his safe-deposit box. All the box contained was a small white card. On the card were Ed's buying and selling dates for the wheat market. They're no secret any more. Yet most speculators persist in ignoring the dates set by the Voice from the Tomb, while those who follow it, thereby following natural supply and demand, usually make fortunes.

BY ROBERT LATHROP BACON

JIM, my friend," the dying man spoke feebly, "they're calling me for margin, up above. I'm leaving you now and I want you to have the *most valuable thing I own.* Here is the *key* to my riches."

So saying, the man on the bed placed a safe-deposit box key in the hand of his friend. He pressed the hand for a moment—and then expired.

Jim had struggled all his life to eke out a precarious living by trading in grain on the Chicago Board. It had been chicken one day and feathers the next. He was a poor man compared to his friend. Somehow, Ed always had seemed to buy or sell wheat at just the right time ahead of a good move. After a decent interval Jim went to the safe-deposit box.

The box seemed very light. Maybe it held a deed to a big office building, or a collection of fine rubies. Jim lifted the cover back.

On the bottom of the box lay a small white card. Nothing else.

Jim was stunned. He picked up the card and read in Ed's neat script these six lines: "Buy wheat about February 22nd. Sell about May 1st. Buy about June 10. Sell about August 20. Buy about November 28. Sell about January 10."

Jim died some years later—a very wealthy trader who always seemed to buy or sell wheat at just the right time ahead of a good move.

So goes one of the legends about Ed Driver and his calendar dates for trading in wheat futures. There are many forms of these legends but the above is probably just as far from the truth as the others. Ed Driver died in 1904; his name is almost forgotten by modern grain men, but his calendar dates for trading continue to make money for speculators as they have done since the day he first wrote them out for his friend John F. Barrett, a big operator of the time, probably the "Jim" of the legend.

Some 4000 years before Driver's time a smart young fellow named Joseph interpreted a dream that an Egyptian politician named Pharaoh had about wheat. During all the 4000 years since Joseph called the turn so neatly, speculators the world over have been looking for dreams, hunches, spirit advices—or anything—that would give them the key to grain trading riches. They had scant success in their search until the legendary spirit of the dying Ed Driver gave to the world his dates for buying and selling wheat. Dates that have become known as "The Voice from the Tomb."

This spirit guidance from the tomb of Ed Driver is greatly appreciated by canny grain operators and it is hoped that the wraiths will not become offended if the fundamental conditions that make the dates successful are brought to light. The cold fact is that annual events most always put wheat into an over-sold or over-bought state just before Ed Driver's dates for buying or selling.

Wheat is being harvested and marketed continuously every day of the year, in some country. Importing nations must take in an average of 10,000,000 bushels every week to feed their populations. The British Isles alone, raising but ten weeks' supply at home each year, require more than 4,000,000 bushels to be shipped in to them every week.

World marketing is made possible by a system of inter-communicating grain exchanges such as those at Chicago, Liverpool, Winnipeg and Buenos Aires. To the margin speculator, grain trading is merely the buying and selling of pieces of paper he never sees—like stock speculation. All he knows is that when the price of grain goes up one cent a bushel he makes $100 on his $1000 margin if he has bought "long," or makes a like amount selling "short" if the price goes down one cent a bushel. He soon finds out that losses work the same way.

Ed Driver was famous in his time for selling short to break "corners" and he invariably made money at it—even bucking such giants as Cudahy and Leiter. But as a rule he really favored the buying side of the market. The June 10 "buy" date was his favorite. To this day it is the most interesting of all the Voice from the Tomb trades because it provides the most spectacular action and the biggest chances for profits—or losses.

More interesting still is the way this June 10 buying date makes petrified liars out of all those farmers and politicians who yell their heads off in Congress year after year that conscienceless city speculators sell the grain market short at harvest time and beat the poor farmers' prices down to nothing. According to this same squawk, the city speculators merely rest on their oars and wait for the market to go up—after the grower has been "skun" out of his life-giving grain at ruinous prices.

The Voice from the Tomb proves that in Ed Driver's day, as in modern times, the "poor" farmer neatly handed the city slicker his wheat at fancy prices and the latter then spent the rest of the year trying to get even.

What actually happens most seasons is shown by the market action of wheat for the past five summers. Importers and flour mills hold off from buying wheat in April and May to wait for the new crop to be harvested in mid-June, just as Ed Driver divined way back in 1890. At the same time, the off-grade leavings from the previous year's crop are liquidated. Prices go down of their own weight.

Wicked city speculators see prices declining in May and proceed to kick Hell out of wheat—sell short. By June 10, the market is sold to a standstill and speculators are all waiting for it to go down when the bulk of the crop hits it in a few days—entirely forgetting that consumers are fairly drooling for wheat.

About June 15, the main rush of wheat from farm to market begins and those flour mills and importers and consumers who held off buying until they were scraping the empty bins, rush into the market all at once and bid prices up against each other to get the choice new grain. After a couple of days of rising prices the short sellers see the light and scramble to cover, trying to buy wheat at any price to close out their disastrous trades. Wheat shoots up five cents a day—and the annual buyers' panic is on.

The first few up days make newspaper headlines and city speculators then jump in to buy wheat—as they always do after the move is half over. The higher it goes, the more they buy—and that applies to consumers and speculators alike. In the summer of 1936 they bought wheat up 27c, from 85c a bushel on June 10, to $1.12 on August 20—the spirit trading dates.

The force of this buyers' panic that so often follows the Voice from the Tomb "buy" date in June was proved again last year by the sensational run-up of 25c a bushel from $1.05 low in June to $1.30 high in July. And that was right in the face of a whacking big crop and world deflation.

It was just too bad the way the heartless speculators "took" the poor farmers last season, wasn't it? The growers merely sold their bumper crop at the extremely profitable price of $1.20. Then after buying new cars, took their families on trips for the rest of the summer, leaving the wicked city speculators with the wheat.

When marketing was at its height in late July and "Wild Bill" Jackson was yelling through the wheat trading pit, "Dollar-fifty is just a whistling-post for this move," the mills, importers and speculators suddenly realized they were loaded to the guards with wheat. The bull market was over.

Consumers and foreign interests found they had bought ahead for six months — typical of a buyers' panic. Speculators all commenced to look for other "smart" city slickers to take the wheat off their hands. All the way down from the July highs of $1.30, to the lows of April 1938 at 80c, the wicked speculators who are accused

of killing the wheat farmer's market were taking losses selling and reselling their profitless wheat to each other as prices sagged.

Ed Driver's favorite long-pull trades were on the bull side, but toward the end of August when world yields were known, crop scares over, short sellers out of the market hunting new bankrolls and bull speculators had impaired margins, he would go short, after taking profits on the long side. His trades were continuous every day, in many markets.

He figured rightly that around August 20, short sales of wheat could be made with a minimum of theoretical risk if prices had been strong in July. Wheat most often sells off from August 20 until the Voice from the Tomb buying date November 28. Short sale trades last year between those dates yielded a neat 22c a bushel profit.

Once or twice a decade when unusual conditions occur, the old market adage, "He who sells what isn't his'n, buys it back or goes to prison," catches up with the August-November short speculators. In fact, the Voice from the Tomb, like all mechanical "systems" for getting rich quick will take your shirt, pants and vest in jig-time when it goes wrong.

Driver always figured that the fall month trades were the safest and best for heavy plunges because wheat has been thoroughly liquidated all over the world by that time. Surest and safest of all the Voice from the Tomb trades, if prices are low in October is the buy November 28—sell January 10. It does not have the fireworks of the summer trades but seldom has more than nominal losses in the few bad years. In 1936 this trade made 18c a bushel profit, with never a day in the red.

It is said that this November 28 "buy" was the trade that started Ed Driver on the road to fortune about 1870. He had worked for a corn exporting firm until he saved the $600 required to buy a Board of Trade membership and borrowed $500 more as working capital. In the very first trade he lost over half of it, some $262—which he says in a letter to a friend, taught him "not to carry more than he could lift." But, the remaining stake of $238 was lucky and he seldom made a wrong move after that.

Driver's skill in running this meager capital into a great fortune and an immense grain commission business is not half so remarkable as his uncanny insight into world conditions that set the trends in grain markets to this very day despite such upsetting modern factors as war, crop control and currency juggling.

His original summer dates have been moved ahead a little to allow for earlier harvests with modern combine machinery but except for that minor adjustment the same factors of supply and demand still continue at the same times each year to put the wheat market into an over-sold condition just before The Voice buying dates and get it over-bought when the dates say to sell. ●

CINEMA'S NEWEST SIN

After U.S.A. sponsored The River, *U.S. Steel made an "educational" ad-film*

Sponsored films dismay Hollywood, enhearten hard-pressed theatre owners who need to recoup somehow from bank night, screeno, double features, trite plots and overrated stars with the example of radio before them, commercial film makers try to disguise their advertising pill under the sugar-coat of entertainment. $20,000,000 goes into this new movie-making field. But can the sponsor keep away from overt propaganda and will the movie patron pay to look at disguised ads?

BY KENT WARWICK

An army with banners of strange devices is storming the battlements of a great industry; it has indeed caused dignified figures to yelp in an unintelligible frenzy and has caused others to prepare for an Anschluss without bloodshed. The curious army: the sponsored industrial film; the strange devices: tooth paste, refrigerators, bananas, steel, motor cars, etc., etc.

Like an unwelcome visitation of a plague from a diabolically inclined fate, the sponsored advertising film comes to add to the woes of an industry already beset by bank night, screeno, double features, trite plots, unsubstantiated ballyhoo and overrated stars. Only through noting the tone and volume of the screams from the industry do we know that the sponsored film is a menace, an unwelcome guest, an army whose conquest is only a matter of time, with Hollywood's only defense an effort to dictate terms of its own surrender.

Ingenious entrepreneurs have long used the movie screen for merchandising their wares, but these efforts in the main have been confined to small towns and what *Variety* calls the "nabes." Audiences in these third and fourth run houses have accepted localized advertising tieups as a necessary evil partly compensated by the low tariff at the turnstiles. More recently, however, the advertising film has shown significantly new and alarming manifestations.

From the original "minute movie" with a quickie shot in behalf of the local meat emporium or beauty shoppe, the industrial film has come of age in the form of feature length productions, special musical scores, animation and technicolor. This evolution accelerated by decline in box office grosses presents new problems to the industry—to the producer and exhibitor as well as to the public which has a rich stake in movie making.

More than 6,000 of America's 15,000 theatres now use sponsored films and the number seems destined to grow under the guiding genius of such enterprising persuasion as that of Stanley Neal, resourceful Britisher. Mr. Neal heads Caraval Distributing Corporation, a leader in the field of advertising films.

Forecasters claim that between $20,000,000 and $30,000,000 will be spent for the sponsored industrial films in the next three years. More than 150 commercial producers make this type motion picture while less than two dozen are said to be in the upper bracket in volume and quality.

All of the sponsored films of the next few years will not be shown in regular theatres; many will still be exhibited in conventional avenues of non-theatrical distribution. These outlets include clubs, civic groups, special meetings, conventions, conferences, schools, camps, trade associations, etc. Improvement in quality and portability of the 16mm projector makes the extended use of films on the "Sunday School circuit" both possible and profitable. But, the real menace of the sponsored film comes from its use as an instrument of merchandising persuasion on the entertainment screen.

Our highly competitive and acquisitive society demands that every avenue of sales exploitation be tapped. The radio is doing its utmost for Proctor & Gamble, Chase & Sanborn, Kraft Cheese and a hundred other famous commodities. The newspapers and magazines, regarded as more legitimate and effective outlets of merchandising expression, are still carrying the burden of sales appeal. But the harried business men, aided and abetted by enterprising agency experts, look for new horizons and lo! they see the motion picture screen! Eighty million customers a week! Boy! What an audience.

The problem of projecting a sales message to these 80,000,000 cash customers is not quite as easy as that of hooking a blurb onto the end of Beethoven's *Fifth, Rhapsody in Blue* or writing a piece of unadorned ad copy for the printed medium. When you pay three cents for your daily newspaper, you are paying for only a frac-

This Little Pig Goes to Europe,
This Little Pig Stays Home!

tion of its actual publication cost. Without the constant subsidy of advertising revenue your average three-cent paper would cost 15 or 20c and in some cases more. When you hear a Sunday night symphony or a variety hour, you know that without the merchandising plugs for motor cars or desserts you might have no program.

With the movie screen, the situation is quite different. When the customer pays 25c to see a feature, a short and a newsreel in his neighborhood picture house, he and millions of others like him support the programs projected on the screen. The movie industry has received its support, and handsome support it has been, from the dimes, quarters, and half-dollars of the movie public. That public has paid for everything the industry has produced. The public has paid the movies' way, for the industry has not recklessly subsidized the American public with entertainment through some quirk of misguided philanthropy.

Thus the commercial advertiser finds himself somewhat in difficulty when he tries to place his product on the screen dedicated to absence of commercial propaganda. This absence, while re-enforced by customer resistance, is rapidly weakening. A complex number of causes has contributed to the decline in box-office attendance, not the least of which has been the release of too many inferior pictures. When attendance falls off, the exhibitor loses money and must compensate for his losses some way. He resorts to double billing, bank night and a variety of other stunts.

From the institution of bank night to the use of the sponsored film is not a long step. He makes this step when a commercial film distributing corporation offers virtually to rent his screen for merchandising purposes. The exhibitor is paid a fee for showing sponsored films. What does this mean to the exhibitor? It means that he is receiving a rental fee which is strictly velvet—all of which goes to help meet the payroll and the electric bills. It means that for the space varying from one minute to three reels he has on his screen program material for which he does not have to pay out money; he has reversed the direction of cash flow. Money comes in from the sponsor and the patron. As long as he can use this type of material without offense to his clientele, he can do very well for himself. He must gauge the extent to which he can go.

The sponsored film has become such a threat that the industry is now making overtures toward the creation of what might well amount to an "honesty in screen advertising" control board. Through such a board, films would receive a seal of approval saying that these sponsored films have been examined and are within the bounds of decency and honesty and do not contravene the public interest. So keen are the exhibitors for extra revenue and so diligent are the promoters that a phalanx has been formed against wishes of the movie-going patron, filmdom's ultimate consumer.

If the exhibitor can withstand a rising chorus of objection to the sponsored film through the proposed streamlined control board gadget, he can safely claim that screen advertising like radio advertising is resented, but so what? However, the producer and the public have interests also which might be considered, and these interests may not necessarily coincide with those of the exhibitor.

What is the producer's alternative? He can, of course, devote a part of his organization to the making of industrial films. If he does and can secure handsome revenues therefrom, he has a community of interest with the sponsored film exhibitor. But if the producer says fie on the commercial film, his interest lies with the objecting consumer. For the sponsored film means a curtailment of screen time for program films and short subjects which are his sources of revenue. As program time is curtailed, competition increases and the market is materially contracted. The effect is obvious.

But of all parties—producer, exhibitor and consumer, the last has the greatest stake in the fate of the movie screen. The consumer pays the film bill. He supports the Joan Crawfords, the Greta Garbos in queenly luxury, and builds regal palaces for the Crosbys, the Powells and the Gables. He keeps an army of stars, directors, writers, technicians, craftsmen, publicity men, copy writers and stenographers in jobs. He can make or break stars. His word is law in the movies —at least eventually.

When the consumer pays his admission he is entitled to see what he pays for without having the screen cluttered up with advertising. He has only one certain recourse if the exhibitor shows programs which displease or offend him—he can stay away from the theatre. That he can and will do this is shown by declining receipts, chargeable, say theatre experts, to poor productions. If the ultimate consumer stays away from the screen in enough numbers he will eradicate the sponsored industrial film evil and some of the third-rate features as well. Moreover, it is not inconceivable that he will unite with his fellows and form pressure groups. It is, furthermore, also conceivable that the daily newspaper, seeing some of its lineage slip from its own pages to the neighborhood theatre, will support pressure groups in a boycott against industrial films. We may be on the verge of a literal battle of titans—the newspapers against the movies—but it seems doubtful.

The consumer has a stake in the industrial film which many commercial producers seem to have overlooked. The average family has youngsters who find their chief diversion in the flickers. While the harassed mother has enough difficulty in determining the propriety of screen fare for her children, the task is greatly increased

with the addition of industrial films. For many of these films, consciously or unconsciously, introduce elements of objectionable economic, social and political philosophy. Before subjecting his children to the additional hazards of unexamined and unrated and unappraised industrial films, the consumer might curtail his patronage of the theatres with the sponsored film.

But the sponsored industrial film need not be an unmixed menace. Certain elements in this new cinema development offer an opportunity for direction and guidance which may actually add to the value of films in general. The consumer has really two alternatives: he can avoid the industrial film by not attending the theatre; or he can exercise his influence by giving some direction and control to the production and use of the industrial film. What he does may depend on the manner in which the industrialist uses the screen.

The weakness and nausea caused by inferior shorts offers the enlightened industrialist a new domain in which he can be of real public service. An exciting short on the making of the world's largest telescope lens at Corning could certainly prove more edifying than a quickie featuring a synthetic quartet of hillbillies from Brooklyn. An industrial film by the American Association of Railroads on the evolution of the streamliner is certainly more entertaining than second-rate vaudeville fare or "name" radio stars in a short which is ground out in a couple of odd afternoons on Long Island or in Hollywood.

As long as the industrialist makes his film factually accurate, photographically excellent, while offering a measure of entertainment, it is quite possible that he will avoid consumers' ire. He must keep away from economic propaganda. The industrialist's film fate is in his own hands. If he tries to prostitute the screen for balance sheet purposes or to grind a political axe, he is likely to run into stormy weather. If he is willing to consult with consumer and educational groups, as he has indicated he might, he has a real opportunity.

The army of industrial films is at the postern gate and some of the advance guard are filtering through the outposts of defense. It is arguable as to whether or not the consumer will actually exert pressure through intelligent direction since the question of morals is not involved. The responsibility, therefore, becomes one squarely on the producer and the industrialist—he can tap the audience of 80,000,000 a week only through the exercise of self-discipline and ordinary intelligence. Whether or not he can exercise that self-control can be answered only by the quality of the product. In the meantime leaders in Hollywood continue screaming, smooth young advertising men continue writing scripts, producers grind out subjects in the hope of ringing the financial bell and the consumer waits with a skeptical eye the results of this new and frantic activity. ●

STREAMLINED CATTLE RUSTLING

Brands are hard to find after a stolen steer has been sold as meat

Sleek vans roaring toward El Paso at 60 mph; bootleg beef markets; cattlemen on the war-path—here's raw stuff for Wild West romancers, and true. More cattle are being stolen off the ranches than ever before in cattle-rustling history. Sheriffs cannot cope with mechanized thieving. Yet the rustler meets his reward—but it's a rifle bullet instead of a noose.

BY DON ROGERS

THE truck appeared to be a furniture van, enclosed, fast; it could have held several pianos, for instance. But it stopped at no residence or warehouse. It pulled up beside a mesquite tree in West Texas, at least 30 miles from any human habitation.

An endgate was let down, and a mounted horseman rode out! The other men left the cab seat. The rider lassoed a fat steer that dozed near-by, and in two minutes the men had hazed it right into the truck. The process was repeated, without much flurry or fanfare, until four more steers were so captured. The horseman rode back in and the truck rolled on. A sign on the endgate said "Acme Storage and Transfer Co.—We Move Anything."

Not painted by the same people, but closely related to that one, was the significant sign which at the same moment was carefully nailed to a tree in New Mexico, and which blared forth in unusually large red letters:

$500 RE-WARD
For Cattle Theives
Just Help Us Catch Them
We Won't Have No Trial.
Wills Ranch.

Quite a few statistics exist to prove that this is 1938 and that the American west is no longer wild. The black-bearded desperado, who stole herds of cattle at night by driving them off through Phantom Canyon, is just a memory for such romanticists as Zane Grey. Very well, let the statisticians, the calendar, and Mr. Grey explain the fact that *more American cattle are being rustled in 1938 than ever before!* And that the corrective process is pretty doggoned wild.

Efficiency experts have come in and streamlined the whole business of cattle thievery. The cows looked great (they still do in the movies) pouring over the ridge into Phantom Canyon in 1880. We knew, of course, that the dawn riders from the home rancho would recover the steers and hang the rustler in the end. We do not have that satisfaction today, for not even a motorcycle cop chased the "furniture van."

The van moved on at 60 miles an hour to, say, El Paso. A fence there received the steers without question, had them butchered, frozen, placed on sale and partially consumed within 24 hours.

If it wasn't West Texas, it was New Mexico. Or Arizona. Or California or Utah or Nebraska or Wyoming. Cattle rustling as of 1938 is not a local problem; it is regional, even national. If you think it can have no effect on the pent-house and tenement pocketbook in New York City, remember that beef is still the protein mainstay of America, and anything that increases the cost of producing food is a burden sooner or later on the consumer.

Cattlemen's associations in the West list rustling today as a problem second only to the national recession. There are cures now for blackleg, for hoof and mouth disease, for range abortions, for screw worms, and other unromantic banes of cattle raising. But for the picturesque business of stealing cows, neither the veterinarian nor the sheriff has a prescription.

The furniture van of course left tracks. But then, the owner of the cattle might not have missed his property for several days. On special count, or at roundup, he would simply discover that not five but maybe 500 of his fat animals were missing since the count three months ago. A steer can be worth up to $100 or more.

The rancher can't afford to fence his land along the highway. But suppose he did—steers would still loiter near-by, and any furniture van can carry wire snippers.

Of course range cattle are branded. But hides can be removed quickly at night, and only the frozen carcass shown at dawn. Plenty of meat retailers are anxious to buy good quality beef at reduced prices. It tastes like any other meat, sometimes even better than legitimate meat.

Of course, also, there are laws about ownership of cattle and of beef. Suppose some butcher was skeptical, and honest. Suppose he demanded to know where the beef originated.

All right, the furniture van people have connections. In fact they even own or lease a bit of land, and keep several cows on it under their own brand, maybe. Apparently just small operators, trying to get a start in the trade by cutting prices under the big packers and slaughter houses; anxious to please—note the good firm quality of this meat. References? Sure!

With blood on his hands, and with time pressing him—and mayhap without his customary breakfast coffee yet,—the butcher makes his purchase and takes the beef away, conscience clear.

A sheriff, though, would not be as

hasty as would be a small butcher.

Near Phoenix, Arizona, the sheriff once did some special work in the matter of cattle thieving. He "laid out" at night to try to catch some of the rustlers' trucks, and sure enough he found one with half a dozen steers on it.

The sheriff pulled his gun—but he needn't have. The two men on the truck were just good old honest-looking boys, with nary a pistol nor a rifle anywhere.

"Whose cows?" demanded the officer.

"Them is Mr. Lawson's," the driver said. "We're taking them to him over in Mohave County."

"Got any proof?"

"Why, yais sir, sheriff. Here's th' bill of sale, sir."

The officer read the paper. It was exactly in form. It described the six cows; their brands checked; their ear slits checked. Everything seemed legal. Mr. Lawson had bought the cows from Grimes and Wilson, near Lordsburg, New Mexico, it seems.

"Come with me," the sheriff, still skeptical commanded. "I want to hold you while I do some telephoning."

You couldn't fool this officer. He had heard of the Lawson ranch, so he put in a call for Mr. Tom Lawson at Kingman who, routed out of bed, said yessir he had sent for six cows. The sheriff apologized to the truckers and let them go.

He told his deputies about it next day, and one deputy had lived in Mohave County.

"Tom Lawson's ranch ain't got no phone," the deputy stated.

The sheriff looked blank, and called Kingman again. Correct, the Lawson ranch had no phone. "Tom Lawson," who received the call lived in an automobile camp cabin on the outskirts of town. Tom was arrested, but there was no proof of anything against him, and he had to be turned loose.

Grimes and Wilson near Lordsburg turned out to be a real ranch, and really had owned the cows—which really had been stolen by the two truckers who really must have enjoyed their joke immensely.

The governor of one state created a special police of his highway patrol officers, directed them to run down cattle rustlers. But the legislature neglected to appropriate even one-tenth the cost involved. The city tax payers, already burdened, would have howled anyway; did howl in fact because they don't suffer direct losses from rustling.

A western sheriff may have six deputies to cover all crime in a county bigger than Massachusetts. He cannot patrol highways night and day. If he does happen to catch a rustler, there must be abundant proof, and the actual owner of a cow cannot prove his ownership if the hide is removed. Many cows are butchered in the wilds, put in refrigerator trucks and delivered openly.

Exactly what to do about it has the official bodies stumped. The cattlemen in convention at Fort Worth or Phoenix or Prescott or Santa Fe or Denver can get up and deliver orations. A "committee" can wait on the governor, and the sheriff. But nothing happens. The matter has not been publicized enough to arouse the mass of voters; the cattlemen usually are too poorly organized and too few in number to have political strength.

The cattlemen have, however, some traditions of their own, and in this contingency of streamlined rustling they are falling back on those traditions. They are, for instance, erecting a few signs like the one posted on the tree in New Mexico. Another one, similarly crude but meaning precisely what it said, declared that ranchers Sam Cox and F. J. Binn "are out after cattle rustlers and will pay for same dead or on the hoof." They added: "This offer is genuine."

No doubt it was. There is no record—nor will be—of the results. But on the sheriff's records in that typical cow state (Arizona) are several unexplained killings. Bodies have been found out on the desert, with bullet holes in them. Other men have just disappeared.

In each case there is a little newspaper stir about it, a day or two of conjecture around Phoenix or Tucson, the two principal Arizona cities. Then other matters demand public interest.

Yavapai County is said to have decreased its cattle rustling by 50% during 1937. This is significant when the general cattle industry suffered the worst losses in history from thieves. Yavapai is a wild old region; some of the nearly-grown boys up in those hills never saw a railroad train, never heard of Alf Landon or Wally Simpson or Shirley Temple. Darn near every one, though, could shoot a tick off a calf's rump at 20 paces.

Infer whatever you want to, but the honest truth is that those old rusticuss ranchers are taking matters into their own and their sons' hands, just as their pappies did in 1880. Then, a cattle rustler knew he'd probably be run down, caught, cussed out and hanged. As a result there wasn't very much cattle rustling, not nearly as much as modern fictioneers imply, or not nearly as much as modern ranchers suffer.

These modern cattle guards are likely to develop a "romance" or picturesque quality of their own, when Zane Grey and his henchmen discover them. They are standing guard in 48-hour shifts in some sections, each man with a bag of grub, a canteen, a pistol, a rifle and a flashlight on his saddle. Each man perches on a hillock or maybe a tree, where he can command as long a stretch of highway as possible. Sometimes he "plants" a bunch of steers as temptation for thieves.

Of course there is no record of success. No court record. No report to the authorities or newspapers. But if you hear of quite a few more "mystery murders" out West this year and next, and less of howling from the cattlemen about rustling, you'll know the reason why. ●

BUTTERFLY, WIN FOR ME!

They used to come free with every admission to an animal show in Brazil

Senhor Freitas' zoo was about to fold up. Then he had a dream. Each of his bichos trooped past him, carrying numbers. That started the numbers racket in Brazil and in practically no time Harlem and then all the United States became numbers-minded.

BY BOB BROWN

It looked as if Senhor Freitas' All-Brazilian traveling zoo would have to fold its tents for good. In Rio, only a few stragglers came to the outskirts of town to pay their dimes to see the giraffe gargle tubs of water, the boa constrictor devour a dozen rats. But one night, after too much Polonia beer, Senhor Freitas had a bad dream in which every member of his zoo trooped by, like a procession out of a modern Ark, each carrying a big placard on which four numbers were printed, like this:

Hyena 1-2-3-4
Tiger 5-6-7-8
Snake 9-10-11-12
Bear 13-14-15-16

Oddly enough, toward the end of the procession there was a butterfly winging along with the 24th group of numbers, 93-94-95-96, printed on its gauzy blue wings. In his sleep Senhor Freitas counted his odd flock like sheep; there were exactly 25, the last was a kangaroo carrying the numbers 97-98-99-00. Each had four numbers, no more, no less, and when the zoo keeper awoke he knew he had something. Since everybody played the daily government and state lotteries in which the last two numbers of the big winning one always paid off, he got the bright idea of handing a ticket to each customer with the name of an animal on it, each of the 25 beasts carrying a chance on a group of four numbers, and those that matched the daily lottery winner were good for free admission next day.

Senhor Freitas bought a little space in the papers with his last hundred milreis to name his *bichos*—since everything that flies, crawls or walks, from a bed bug to an elephant, is called a *bicho* in Brazil—and their corresponding numbers. Then he sat back to wait and sure enough, the childlike interest of Brazilians in all *bichos,* combined with the daily habit of looking anyway at the last two numbers of the winning lottery, brought them flocking in to try their luck.

"I dreamt of a hippopotamus last night, Senhor, give me a ticket with his numbers on."

"I woke up thinkin' I was a flyin' fish—got anything like that in your numbers game?" Senhor Freitas compromised on "the bat" carrying the numbers 89-90-91-92 and sure enough when it won that afternoon all the grinning holders of bat tickets flocked in next day with their sisters and their cousins and their aunts. The

game took on and soon the procession of customers came in as steady a stream as those beasts that had trooped by in Senhor Freitas' original dream.

Amateur ticket scalpers suddenly appeared at the door of the zoo offering to buy the free tickets on every sort of *bicho* they had a hunch would win that day. They even bought up blocks of them at a big discount from Senhor Freitas himself for resale next day if their numbers won. There was, indeed, a bigger demand for the free number slips than for the admission tickets they were given away with.

Then Senhor Freitas had another rush of numbers to the head. If people wanted to buy just "numbers" instead of seeing the animals themselves, why not offer a cash prize to the winner of each day's "group." A little calculation showed that he could clear 40% by offering to pay 15 milreis in cash for the one winner in 25 different groups of numbers sold at a milreis a piece. So he got a couple of helpers out in the streets with tickets and they were a sell-out. But since a whole milreis (then worth about 25c) was too much of a stake for many, he did as the lotteries always had done, divided each ticket up into ten parts so that poorly paid servants and kids could risk two or three cents.

This new form of low cost gambling attracted thousands who had never been able to afford such excitement before. So in exactly no time at all Senhor Freitas' numbers game was the rage and he expanded his business tenfold by printing 250 groups of four numbers, all the way up to 1,000 and paid off the lucky winners at 150 milreis, which was a good month's wages for any worker or servant who happened to pick a winning three-number combination, such as 369-370-371-372. Having a chance on four numbers, instead of just one, as in the lottery, was a big drawing card. The fact that the government lottery ticket numbers ran into the hundreds of thousands and sometimes were fixed besides, made the chances of winning pretty slim, so the animal game suddenly simplified everything and actually paid out the prize money right after the drawing. If you won anything in the big lottery you might have to wait several days to cash in.

Soon there was a demand from plungers for bigger sweepstakes in numbers and Freitas accommodated them by issuing chances on one number alone, all the way up to 9999. Then he let the customers write their own tickets, so if you dreamed of lucky 7117 or something like that you could put it down on a slip of paper, give it to the corner collector with any stake you liked, from two cents to $200 and get paid off at the exciting rate of 8,000 to one, if you won, which still left Senhor Freitas a profit of 2,000 milreis on each 10,000 played, a small fortune in Brazil.

The population is mixed Portuguese, Indian and Negro, the majority of them so poor they can't afford shoes and have to go barefoot or wear wooden sandals. They are left largely in ignorance, especially the Negroes, and hence are very superstitious. For millions working for mere sustenance, this new penny sweeps seemed like a big break. It gave them their first chance to transmute dreams into gold, and since they could seldom scrape together enough cash to buy even a part of a ticket in the big federal and state lotteries they put their pennies happily on what came to be called *O jogo do bicho*—the animal game.

People carried the good news from town to town and set themselves up as bankers. It was as simple as fantan. It furnished its own capital, as does every sweepstakes, and paid the people who ran it anywhere from 20% to 40% sure profit on other people's coin. Senhor Freitas waxed so rich he sold his zoo and devoted himself to organizing *bicho* banks from Manaos all the way to Porto Allegre. Even publishers profited by getting out dream books in big editions, some of them in pictures for people who couldn't read, showing animal combinations and parlays, with the proper way to interpret them into numbers and cash.

The game quickly became bigger than the lotteries and was a factor in reducing the prices of lottery tickets, chiefly because of the dreamy zoo angle. All sorts of politicians and easy-money boys made their own books, organized syndicates and worked out the simple system used all over America today in our own billion-dollar "numbers racket" that got its start down in Brazil. All the customers had to do was write their dream or hunch number with the amount of their bets on a slip of paper which the "pick-up" initialed and dated for identification, turned over to a "drop" who handed it on to a runner who, in turn delivered it to the banker.

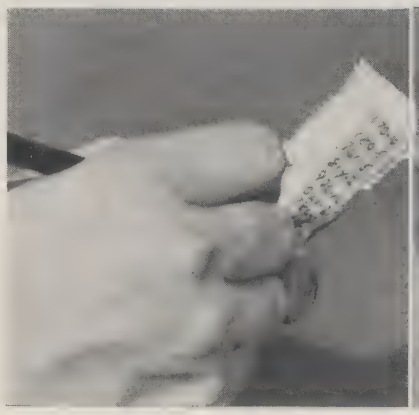
For a while *O jogo do bicho* had such good political protection that large open banks flourished right on the main streets of Rio, Sao Paulo, Bahia, Pernambuco, all big Brazilian cities. I happened to be living there at the time, and I became such a *bicho* addict that getting to the bank with my numbers before the twelve o'clock closing was as important as getting home in time for supper. And the funny part of it was that I won. Nothing big, naturally, but enough to get a kick out of it. Some banks were run on the level, satisfied with a 40% take which was sure and might even be doubled on a lucky day, while others were run by rats who never paid off if the customers' numbers came up. Worse than that, it was rumored that big *bicho* winners who insisted on being paid off were bumped off instead.

It was perfectly safe, however, to play with the well-known big bankers whether their shops were legally open or run undercover, which depended on alternating clean-up waves resulting from the opposition set up by the

When heat is on in the numbers racket, girl numbers writers—and there are plenty of them—roll up their tissue-paper records, pin them under their hair

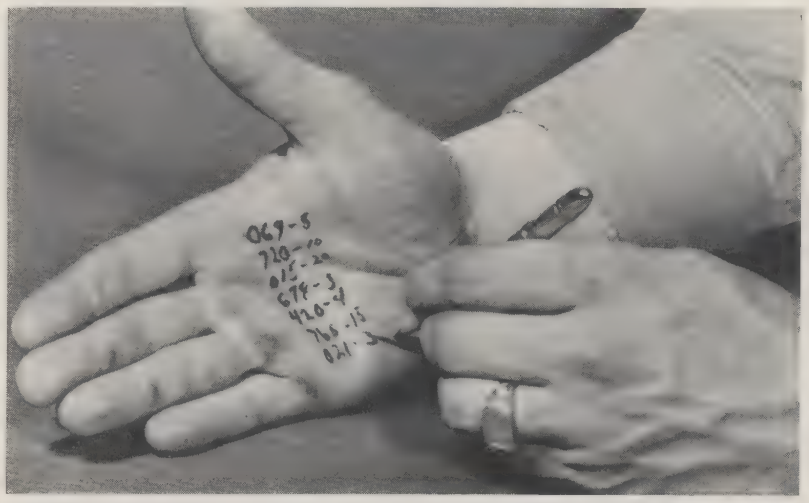
A dozen numbers can be written on a candy wafer, quickly downed

Refill chamber of the pencil holds a numbers tissue in place of leads



Two sides of a stick of chewing gum hold about fifty numbers

Under tinfoil. A numbers writer remembers who gave him which



Another trick of the numbers writer is to inscribe the list with soft lead pencil on his palms. Rubbing the palms together removes all the evidence

national lotteries. A couple of Scotch friends of mine in Rio went into the business of beating the game so scientifically that they opened a little private partnership office with a bookkeeper and ledgers to keep track of their steady play. Their cold-blooded winning amounted to $50.000 clear profit in the year 1928. They didn't go by dreams or hunch, of course, but by cold figures and some law of crooked averages which proved to them that most of the state lotteries on which the winning *bicho* numbers are based in Brazil, are fixed. Indeed, there were scandals, especially in the State of Minas Geraes, about politicians who paid off favors handsomely by mailing the winning state lottery ticket which was under their own control, to a pal a week or so before the lottery was drawn. They say it was done with magnets and electrical gadgets instead of mirrors—but however they pulled it off, it's been proved time and again that privileged politicos won. In spite of such crookedness, the chances on the *bicho* were fair, with odds on a three-number win often 800 to one instead of the 400 to one now paid on certain numbers by the crooked policy kings of Harlem.

Senhor Freitas' *bicho* game, that appealed on sight to the poverty-stricken blacks of Brazil, exerted just the same pull in New York's Harlem the minute it was imported. Now millions who can least afford it are supporting our most far-reaching and vicious racket. Though the game's illegal, the winning number is announced publicly in cryptic pictures in a New York yellow sheet. "Numbers" took the whole of New York City, the same as it had Rio, in spite of Prosecuting Attorney Dewey's valiant attempt to put it out of business last year. And paralleling its start in Brazil, it has swept from state to state to become a national racket of super-Al Capone proportions. Little did Senhor Freitas dream that in saving his tiny zoo he was loosing a new gambling scourge on the masses all the way from the Argentine to Canada. But probably he would have gone right on if he had, for it made him a millionaire.

Of course, when the *bicho* came to Harlem the racketeers took away from it the last redeeming gleam of Brazilian local color, still typified down there by smiling winners of, say, 93-94-95-96 group, strolling around Rio or Bahia, beaming ecstatically as they break the news to pleased friends: "The old butterfly won for me again today! I dreamt I was flying to China between the wings of a great big blue one, just like on an airplane."

The gangsters in Harlem made numbers a cold-blooded business at once, cut out the picturesque animals, lowered the odds, put terror into it as had never been done in Brazil—dragged Senhor Freitas' butterfly wings in the mud and blood, to make sure of nicking the last penny from the needy at crucifying odds. ●

COTTON EXPLODES IN DIXIE

Will mechanizing cotton production bring revolution?

Man's blessed inventiveness will be the curse to a million day laborers, jobless this year because of machine-farming in cotton fields. An explosion is practically certain, whether via fascism or violent race and class war.

BY FRANK SMITH

STREAMLINED unemployment is going to run wild this year in the cotton country of the South. Planters have found that tractor power is cheaper than tenant and mule power.

So, two-thirds of the urban Negroes and a good part of the whites in the cotton belt who are almost solely dependent on day labor on cotton farms to make a living, this year will find few such jobs available. Not until this winter will the already anxious South be able to find whether the result will be just double the usual share of human misery or the spark that will light the dynamite of discontent that always attends the one-crop agricultural system.

When the Rust Brothers demonstrated their cotton picker in 1936, attention was focused for the first time on the problem of what the plantation laborer will do when the machine takes over the job. It was the general opinion then that the change would be so gradual that the problem would solve itself. Already it is plain that there is no solution.

The cotton picker is only one development in mechanized cotton farming. Just as important is planting, chopping, and cultivation with tractor-pulled tools. The chief labor-saving device among these is the cotton chopper, which was not put on the market in any quantities until last year. Today there is no part of the cotton raising job that cannot be done by machine.

The change to mechanized farming might have come more gradually if the new government cotton reduction program had not provided the added impetus. The new act will probably get the price high enough for the planters and those croppers still left to make a living out of raising cotton this year, but it does nothing for the day laborers of the cotton empire.

The new act provides for a drastic reduction in acreage, so fewer sharecroppers will be needed and more day laborers will be on the job market. Because the smaller acreage and a more or less stabilized price will destroy the premium for speed, even those farms which rely on little mechanization will leave all the chopping and picking to the tenants on the place. The day laborer will be simply left out in the cold by the odd economics of the planning for scarcity in a one-crop system.

Typical of the planters who will turn to mechanization this year is J. B. A. Johnson, of Pine Bluff, Arkansas. Machines will do every part of the job of raising cotton on his four hundred acres. One mechanical picker will take care of his entire crop, and he will only need two cotton choppers. The mechanical choppers are 40 times faster than an expert with a hoe.

"Never again shall I depend on unreliable and expensive hand labor," says Johnson. "In the past I have found it necessary to hire between 75 and 100 Negroes, haul them 80 miles a day by truck and pay them 85c to one dollar per hundred pounds to get the cotton picked. With last year's crop, I would have saved $4,500 by using a mechanical picker."

When cotton prices hit rock bottom last year the South felt the depression before the rest of the country. The day laborer, however, was enjoying his best year since his class came into existence. The record crop first gave him a busy season of chopping, and then it provided plenty of cotton to pick from late summer until the first of the year. Because of the low price they were getting for their product, planters and tenants succeeded in keeping the price paid the laborers down low in comparison with the unequaled demand for labor, but the length of the picking season more than made up for this.

The fierce fight for labor last year will be comparable with the struggle for jobs on the part of the laborers this year. It was nothing for a truck to make a daily round trip of a hundred miles just to transport no more than 12 pickers. Hours before dawn the colored section of every town would be filled with trucks, many of which would have to go home empty-handed. Planters, bound by agreement not to pay more than a specified amount, tried to attract pickers with special inducements like a daily drink of corn liquor and a constant supply of ice water.

Because of the long working season, the towns of the cotton country were able to go through the winter with comparatively little suffering from the greatly reduced relief allotments. The new administration spending program is dizzy with big numbers, but little increase is planned in relief expenditures. Even rapid-fire emergence from the new depression into a record-breaking boom would offer no relief to the million or more farm laborers who will be unemployed, for there is no other kind of industry or commerce in their section to absorb them. The only way in which these workers can be saved from starvation is by relief. Without it there will be suffering to an extent never before experienced.

In what way the dynamite fired by farm machinery will explode cannot be foretold, but some kind of explosion is certain. It might be the emergence of a fascist movement which has long been regarded as incipient in the South, or it might mean the intensification of the race and class struggle to the point where violence is the only answer.

The whole cotton empire is rushing headlong into a crisis from which it will never emerge without a drastic reformation. ●

(Pictures on Page 58)

STRATOSPHERE BOMBER

Donald Douglas, with secrets in head and hangar

As guns shoot higher, bombers fly higher; the range-race has landed in the stratosphere. Building in the Douglas plant, in a secret shop, is a U.S. Army plane that makes the Flying Fortress look like a flea. Its 450-miles-per-hour will outspeed any pursuit plane, it will fly above their range, and above range of anti-aircraft, it will drop 2,000-pound bombs with radio-beam accuracy.

BY WILLIAM L. HOPSON

EVER since the day 14 years ago when blunt spoken Billy Mitchell took his lumbering, groaning 70-miles per hour bombers up to 12,000 feet and blew the hell out of a couple of obsolete battleships, arguments have raged to and fro as to the relative merits of bomber vs. battle wagon.

Army men have stated that a 2,000 pounder making a direct hit on even the biggest battleship will do all the damage they want to the ship and its crew of 1,200 men. And the new 9,000-horsepower Douglas flying wing has been designed to carry not one, but several such death-dealing eggs at a cruising speed of more than 400 miles per hour; and with enough fuel to jump the Atlantic in seven hours in the stratosphere.

A few months ago Mr. Donald Douglas, aircraft builder of Santa Monica, Calif., told an interviewer:

"I prophesy the 'flying wing' when the need for the really large land transport arrives.

"We will call for a V-shaped wing housing the engines, too, and capable of carrying more than 100 persons."

No doubt Mr. Douglas was smiling slyly up his sleeve when he made the statement, for at the very moment he was talking to the reporter he already had under construction a slightly smaller version of just such a machine. The "flying wing" was designed more than three years ago to carry, not human cargo but something to destroy human lives—bombs—2,000 pounders.

And to carry them up into the stratosphere far higher than any other bomber ever designed, including the famed "Flying Fortresses"; far out of reach of even the most up-to-date anti-aircraft guns.

For three years now the work on the six-engined giant (though some whispers say it has only four engines) has gone on in secret, in a room to which only five trusted employees have keys. Every employee of the few working on the huge wing is the oldest in point of service with the company, and the most trusted. He has been sworn to secrecy. Yet each day, upon entering the room where the all-metal giant is in the process of construc-

Running Full Time!

tion, he must sign his name on a register—and then sign it again upon leaving at the end of the shift. Army officers, high and low, regardless of who they might be, must be identified before being allowed inside. Any employee working on regular production who so much as mentions the room and its 9,000-horsepower machine immediately is discharged.

Within a very short time, however, the stratosphere bomber no longer will be such a closely guarded secret. Already they're wheeling from the monster hangar at the end of the big factory a 42-passenger job known as the DC4. A huge four-motored, low-wing plane with a tricycle landing gear, that completely dwarfs the famed "Mainliners" in size. The four air cooled motors develop 1,400 horsepower each on the takeoff, and will haul it through the air, fully loaded with passengers, mail, and express, at 250 miles per hour. A ship whose jigs will be left intact, at the suggestion of high Army officers, in case of a sudden need for more of them, Army style.

Once the DC4 is out of the way, a portion of the monster hangar will be boarded off. The doors to the long secret room will be opened some morning in the small hours. The stratosphere giant will be wheeled into this space, and more trusted employees hurried to work on her. Years ahead of its time, the flying wing will be test hopped within a few months. Her six 1,500-horsepower motors, equipped with the new "full feathering" propellers that automatically will change pitch to take a deeper "bite" into the thin air encountered at 35,000 feet, will pull her along at an estimated speed of 400-450 miles per hour.

Such speeds are not unheard of even now. The new Curtiss P-37 pursuit ship, equipped with four 50-caliber machine guns and a 37-millimeter cannon gun, and known as the "flying cannon," tootles along at a 370-mile clip, the fastest pursuit fighter in the world. This despite reports that Hitler's new low winged Messerschmidt does 380. Actually, the German job does only 333 miles per hour, the 380 miles being obtained only after the 1,000-horsepower Mercedes-Benz was souped up from its normal 1,000 horsepower to 1,900 horsepower. The P-37 is equipped with a 1,100-horsepower Allison liquid cooled motor.

These same Allison liquid cooled motors are the ones which power the sensational Bell "Aircuda," built to combat the menace of such machines as the Flying Fortresses.

When the twin-engined fighter with its two 37-millimeter cannon first was tested, Army men modestly admitted that it would do 300 miles per hour. Actually the ship did 350 in its tests. Now comes definite word that the 13 new ones being built for the Army, refined versions of the first model, will romp along at a clean 400 miles per hour.

They can out-fly anything on wings today. Their 37-millimeter cannon can knock an enemy plane down long before its machine guns can get within one-half their range of effective fire. To pit such a machine against any bomber in the world, even the 270 miles per hour Flying Fortresses, would put it at a decided advantage in speed and armament.

Yet, despite the fact that the Bell Aircuda is the deadliest piece of fighting machinery that has ever been put on wings, it will be utterly helpless to cope with a monster flying wing that can climb far beyond the Aircuda's top ceiling and go serenely on its way.

Such a wing is the one Douglas and his engineers have built, and will test hop early next year. Strange and complex problems had to be met and overcome. Most of these problems were posed by Army men, after watching with long faces as their own gunners and those of the Navy blasted towed targets from the air at 18,000 feet . . . and with comparative ease. Had the gunners on the ill-fated *Panay* been equipped with the new four-barrelled anti-aircraft machine gun developed by the Army . . . a weapon that makes it a matter of plain suicide for any aviator flying under 10,000 feet . . . those Japanese light bombers would have been shot into ribbons before they loosed their second group of bombs.

Thus came the need for test flights by a bomber into the stratosphere far above the 18,000-foot range of the guns, and the Lockheed Electra, its powerful twin engines supercharged, was the answer. These tests proved that the glass in the windows bulged from the internal pressure in the sealed cabin; that the cabin itself leaked; that men became badly exhausted from moving around in the thin air far, far above the earth's surface. These and many other such problems had to be solved by the men designing the monster flying wing to cruise above 30,000 feet.

The matter of hitting a comparatively small target, such as a $70,000,000 battleship, from a position six or seven miles above the earth, no longer is a source of great worry. It's an open secret that Uncle Sam's Army men have developed a bomb sight that enables them to hit just such targets with a fair amount of accuracy . . . a bomb sight that any foreign nation in the world would give half its air force to possess.

Every armed nation in the world is striving desperately to perfect one on the radio beam principle. Airliners follow a radio beam along their regular route, a blinking light warning when the plane gets either to the right or left of its course, off the beam. The crew of a stratosphere bomber carrying a radio beam apparatus locate their objective seven miles below through a telescope, sight their beam at it, and have their 2,000 pounders released by radio controlled trips at the exact moment that the beam came into perpendicular position above it. That's what the wing is for. ●

INSIDE NEW YORK

An old woman has for 11 years been building a receiving set on instructions from scientist-spirits who, next month, will broadcast on the universal high tide.

BY SIDNEY CARROLL

IF I TELL you the story you must make one promise. You must not mention my name or address. Too many people would bother me if they knew where I live."

She was firm on that point, and it sounded fair enough. Agreed. We would not mention her name or address. After all, the facts in the case are the important ingredients. Besides, she promises to give her name and address to the world when the right moment arrives. It is not violating any confidences, however, to say that her name is Miss M——— and that she lives in a tiny room on the west side of town. The room is perhaps 12 feet long and one-half as wide—one of those cubby-holes that the large apartment hotels carve out of their roof floors and rent out for a pittance. There is a bed in this one, a few pictures pinned on the wall (one of the United States Supreme Court, clipped out of the rotogravure section), and a colored calendar. But along the left wall, as you come in, there is a rambling, black mechanism. That is what we came to see.

If you remember radio in the early days of radio you might identify this mechanism as a primeval form of wireless. It has coils and wires and boxes strung together like the backyard on wash day, but it is all painted black. Wireless it is, but primeval it is not. This is a receiver the like of which the world has never seen before. This is what brings us to the cubby-hole apartment on the west side, where the white-haired lady who owns the receiver will talk about it only if we do *not* mention her name and address.

"It started in August of 1927." That is how Miss M——— starts her story.

She was sitting alone in her room. She had no warnings or presentiments. Suddenly, gradually, her hand was lifted to her face—"by some strange force," as she phrases it. She pulled her arm down, but something raised it again. She was an old lady even then, 11 years ago, and she attributed the peculiar action to some new nervous ailment. But she happened to talk about it to a friend of hers, a friend who had recently attended a spiritualistic seance. "It is perfectly clear, what is happening to you," said the friend. "The spirits want to communicate with you." Miss M——— laughed, but the friend was persistent. "The next time it happens," said the friend, "put a pencil in your hand. By all means, put a pencil in your hand."

It happened again the next day. Her right arm rose slowly and her hand was pressed against her cheek. It was only skepticism that induced her to put a pencil into that hand. That was when the first of the messages came through.

SPIRIT writing is no novelty in this naughty world. Sir Oliver Lodge has patiently explained it all in the spiritualistic tracts he writes when he isn't busy with scientific problems. The Dead simply want to communicate with us and they select some sympathetic person—some happy medium—through which to express themselves. That is spirit writing down to its simplest fundamentals, says Sir Oliver.

Miss M———, an aging lady, a seamstress by trade, knew nothing about Sir Oliver Lodge, or Conan Doyle, or any of the other logical minds who have sought certain explanations beyond the earthly plane. She had not heard of Margery, the Boston lady whose communications with spirits seemed so bona fide that a professor at M. I. T. who was investigating the authenticity of her claims up and married her and became a complete believer. No, right up to the time the first message came Miss M——— had no truck with spirits. "I was born in the midwest," she says. "I was a member of the Disciples of Christ Church. When I moved to Brooklyn years ago I joined the Baptist Church. I believe in God, even though I haven't been near a church in the last 20 years, but I knew nothing of the spirits." Her hair is pure white now and she finds it hard to move around, even from end to end of the small apartment. She was only 11 years younger when the first message came through, and it didn't seem a likely time in life for her to start learning forbidden things about life and death.

But the spirits did pick her to be the medium through which they were

going to say what they wanted to say.

The first message was a drawing, skillfully transmitted, but of a subject which she did not recognize. Certainly, it had nothing to do with the seamstress trade. It seemed more like something out of a machine shop. After that one, the messages started to come through with amazing persistence. Miss M——— might be awakened in the middle of the night and be forced to write or draw some new message. It was obvious after a while that the spirits—whoever they were—were trying to tell her to build some kind of radio through which they wanted to communicate to the world at large. Miss M——— had been selected as the person to build it.

"I was willing, of course, to do their bidding," she says, "but I tried to tell them that I didn't know a thing about technical matters. That was when they told me to go and see Dr. Muckey."

Dr. Floyd Muckey was an expert on voice and acoustics. (His book, *Methods of Voice Production,* was published by Scribner's.) She did not know Dr. Muckey; the spirits simply gave her his address and told her to knock on his door. She did. Muckey, a scientist, was inclined to treat her as a crank. Muckey's widow says that what finally interested him was the content of the messages. Miss M——— showed him the first one, and Muckey immediately recognized it as a series of resonator cups. Then she showed him several other drawings which had come through her hand. "One," Miss M——— says, "was a kind of water-bag. *They* told me it was a bagpipe, a musical instrument, used by the Hindus. They told me that bagpipes were invented by the Hindus, and that it was a common instrument in Europe in the 15th century. The Scotch are the only people who still keep it. *They* told me that, and I told it to Dr. Muckey."

Muckey, who was an expert on rare old instruments, was fascinated. He had spent years, he told her, gathering just the information that she told him so casually—and so sincerely. Muckey's interest in the case dated from that first meeting. It was he who got members of the psychology department of Columbia University interested in Miss M———. Muckey followed the spirit writings with the keenest interest to the day he died. He helped her start to build the receiver.

THE receiver, still unfinished, is 11 years old now. It climbs in a curious way across the top of a chiffonobe and up one wall. It has peculiar zig-zag resistance coils and wooden braces. It also has a "television" attachment out of which spreads a bouquet of wires and little metal knobs, unhooked, unfinished.

"The first message will come over the radio. The people who are communicating with me are going to appear over the television, and I also know that I am going to communicate with the stars through the television."

"Who *are* the people who are communicating with you?"

"Well, there's Ampère, the Frenchman. There's a scientist named Charles Hutton; a Dr. Marion Schulz who lived in the 17th century; a man name Wurtz Stadler who ran a chemical magazine hundreds of years ago; Alexander Graham Bell; Thomas Edison. There are others too—Victor Herbert—William Shakespeare has come through. When I feel depressed and discouraged because this whole affair is taking such a long time, Shakespeare scolds me for being blue. He scolds in poetry."

The directions the spirits give her are extremely explicit. One time they told her to get some potassium cyanide. She tried to buy it in certain drugstores, but nobody would sell it to her. She came home and complained to the spirits. They told her not to worry, to go out to a certain druggist in a desolate part of Brooklyn and ask for potassium cyanide. She traveled all the way out there (they gave her definite subway instructions) and she found the drugstore precisely where they said it would be. When she asked for potassium cyanide, the druggist said: "I've been waiting for you." And he gave her what she came for.

The secret of the receiver, it seems, is completely in the chemistry of the metals. There is no electrical attachment of any kind. The whole thing will work through chemical reaction. That's why the whole thing is taking so long. They are telling her now to transmute metals (she says it is a simple matter for her to change metals into gold) and she has already transmuted five metals.

She is working on the sixth now, though she will not say what it is. She spent seven years making one single wire.

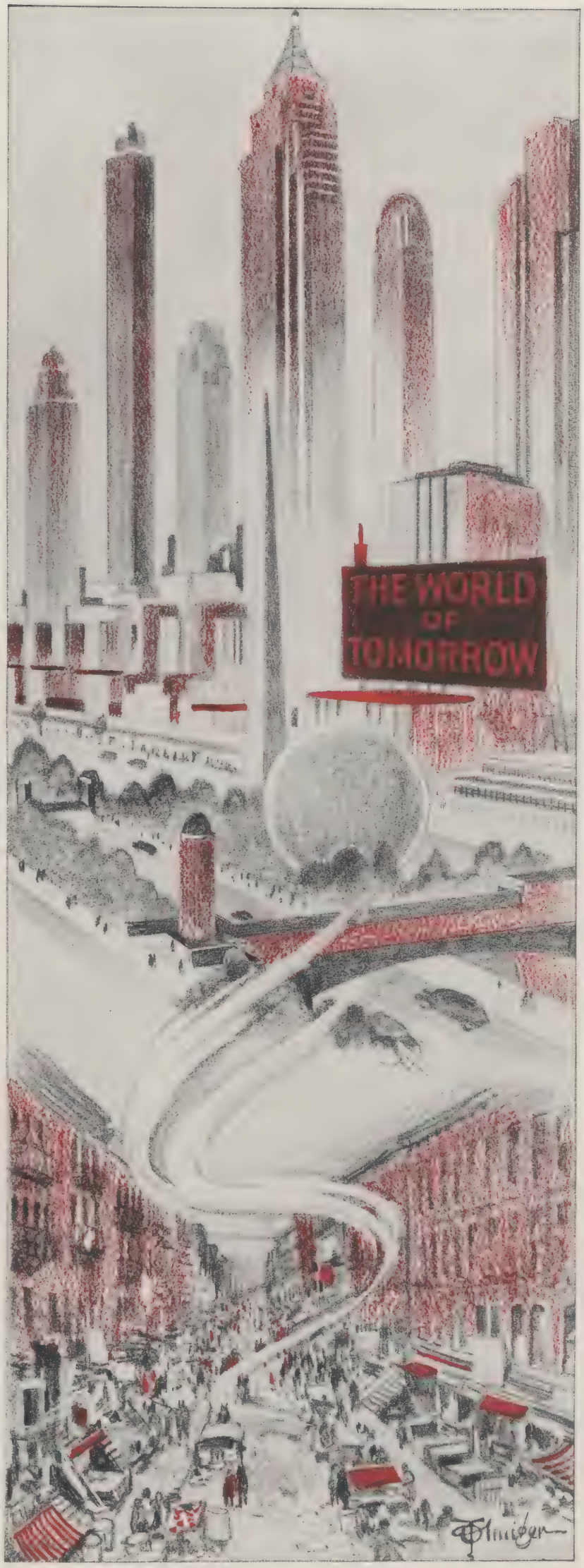
"When *will* the message come through?"

"In a month or so."

A little while ago she was beginning to find it harder to get around, to buy materials, to build the more intricate parts of the radio. But one day not long ago a young man knocked on her door. ("I was sure he was sent to me," she says.) He has been helping her lately, and the work has been going faster. "In a month or so," she says—although the spirits say that they will broadcast on the "universal high tide." The scientists of this world are still disputing as to whether there is such a thing as the universal high tide, but the spirits say, without equivocation, that they will come through on the universal high tide. "That seems to settle the question," Miss M——— says, "as to whether there is such a thing or not."

You see, the spirits do not reckon time as we do. They do not go by clocks, or by night and day. They figure only on the tides.

The receiver has been her whole life for the past 11 years. She is supported by the old-age pension now, and all her extra change goes into buying parts for the radio and the new



What About Today?—

television attachment. Some of her friends have contributed to the cause, but it's a hard job to get along. The parts are expensive. The room is small, but the rent she pays on it looks sizable to her. However, she knows that her message is coming through, and when it does, "I will be well taken care of for the rest of my life. I will write three books. One on the radio one on the drawings of the Hindu instruments, and one on my dreams."

But the matter of money does not interest her. She will be well paid when the message comes through. "The world needs it now," she says. "There are too many *isms* all around us, tearing us away from the fact that there *is* a future."

So she is still building, and the set grows larger and more complicated. Sometimes, the messages, by their very diversity, bring new joy into her life. Victor Herbert, for instance, once came through and told her that he had composed a new operetta which would be sent through the radio. In heaven, it seems, he has finally found a lyric writer and a librettist who satisfy him.

One time they told her to perform a certain complicated job in acoustics which she could not understand (this was after Muckey's death). They told her to go to a certain uptown church at a certain time of day. She went, and she had not been there more than ten minutes when a teacher from Columbia arrived with a class. He had taken them there to explain the acoustical devices of the church, and from his lecture Miss M——— learned what she had to know.

The first great message will come through the receiver in a month or so. Until then, her name and address are locked in this apartment's desk. She wants no publicity until she can prove her case. When the message does come through, we are invited to attend. When it comes through, she will gladly give her name and address to the world. ●

THE KEN STOP-WATCH

Record-holding woman high jumper, Dorothy Odam, should prefer bowlegs

Bowlegged girls jump highest. Wanted: soccer referees. Timing the human fist. Colleges more fertile than sandlots. Golf-pebble bites Japanese ambassador. U. S. girls beat Fiji Islanders.

BY HERB GRAFFIS

TRACK coaches say that bowlegged girls are the superior female athletes, and that the model female human form divine ought to have enough clearance at the knees to provide a correct structural set-up for springing.

Overcoming a shyness about cutely. arched gams is responsible for a noticeable improvement in women's track and field sports, according to these athletic authorities. A knock-kneed kid never can be a jumper in the same class with the present corps of women high jumpers who are leaping at the official Amateur Athletic international record of 165 centimeters set by Fräulein Dora Ratjen, July 4, 1937.

But in Hollywood, if a lady's legs are a bit parenthetical, she twists one knee in front of the other and acts coy. They're not going to jump for records.

•

Despite the failure of Sammy Baugh to justify connection with major league baseball payrolls, the performances of other young collegians headed by Sam Chapman of the Athletics and Harry Craft of the Reds have been sufficient to strengthen the status of the campus as a recruiting ground for talent.

In the judgment of many expert appraisers of baseball potentialities the varsity stock is better than that secured from the sandlots. Collegians are brainier and generally in better physical condition, say the practical authorities.

The majority of them agree that if Chapman continues to maintain the pace he set as a triple-threat man at bat, on bases, and in the outfield for the Athletics, the former All-American from California will definitely outrank Joe DiMaggio as the prize non-pitching find of recent years.

Inability of the collegians to get commercial work has been throwing bumper crops of graduates into sports since 1930.

Perhaps, in the opinion of the highly intellectual critics of "over-emphasis" in varsity sports, C.C.C. uniforms, rather than the habiliments of a pro baseball or football club, are royal raiment when worn for amateur virtue's sake.

•

Who knows the rules of the sports they play?

In the 1938 National Open golf championship delays of an hour were caused by ignorance of one of the plainest rules in the game; that referring to water hazards.

In a Pacific Coast league game Umpire Bert Cole was attacked because he did not rule as fair a ball batted by the younger of the DiMaggio clan. The ball hit the home plate. The DiMaggio bambino, thinking it foul, did not run it out.

Baseball umpires are not supposed to call fair balls. Their job is to call the fouls.

But, like everything else, sports has to depend on ignorance for its most torrid arguments.

•

Soccer football organization executives and veteran referees of the game plan to school officials of the game. They are of the opinion that the growth of soccer popularity in the United States is being generally retarded by the lack of competent referees.

At Marseilles, France, the Brazilian soccer team, defeated 2-1 by Italy in the semi-finals of the world championship, demanded of the International Soccer Federation that the game be replayed because of the "prejudice" of a "robber" referee in an alleged unfair ruling against the South Americans.

Soccer is popular in more countries than any other sport and because of the ability of so many countries to present teams of close playing parity, is the game most frequently referred to in stories of international sports brawls.

However, as a detached observer thinks of how far the League of Nations has been able to get with its refereeing, he doubts that the soccer organization men will be able to bring peace on earth just by increasing the proficiency of its arbiters.

•

Track officials and coaches have been discussing possibilities of photographing finishes of races in important meets, and making the procedure standard. In the I.C.A.A.A.A. meet at New York, Adrian Tolley of Southern California was named the winner in the 100-yard dash, until officials, 24 hours after the runners had finished, admitted that a newspaper photograph showed Wilbur Greer of Michigan State as the victor.

Hairline finishes frequently cause officials to miss accurate identification of the man who is third in the race.

Lack of photo-finish equipment at track meets is an indication of the fact that virtually no money is bet on track meets. Any citizen who has torn up a win ticket because of what he considered an error by race judges could do enough screaming, single-throated, to enforce the installation of photo-finish cameras at every university stadium in the United States.

Photographic records already have embarrassed college football officials; one newsreel of a major varsity game last season showing no less than four serious errors in officiating.

•

Japanese Ambassador Saito stooped over to pick a pebble out of the line of a putt at the ninth green of the Burning Tree Club at Washington.

The pebble stung him and departed.

It was a bee, an insect of the genus Apis, Panayfica. And the hell of it is that it can't write a "so sorry" note.

•

Suzanne Lenglen's death from pernicious anemia, and Helen Jacobs' play in the women's finals at Wimbledon when she limped in a poor second to Helen Wills Moody, have caused thoughtful sportsmen and sportswomen to wonder if the crowd doesn't demand too much of women tennis players.

Lenglen was hooted for vagaries in

performance that the howling, sneering stands attributed to temperament. The cause of her death gives a tip-off to the strains she suffered. One of the causes of uncertain performances, both mental and physical, by the women athletes is mentioned delicately in ads, but a sports column doesn't know how to go about printing anything on the subject.

When the girls are at their top physical condition gruelling tennis matches leave marks that only marvelous recuperative capacities can erase.

One of the most significant sets of the year's sports pictures was taken at Wimbledon, before and after the Wightman Cup international tennis match in which lovely Kay Stammers of Great Britain defeated lovelier Alice Marble of the U.S.A.

Coming onto the courts the darlings looked exquisite and fresh. After the ball was over, they dragged themselves away, tired, haggard and disheveled. And these kids know how to pace themselves to conserve whatever stamina may be retained.

The least the games can do after trying to make the girls look like witches is to give them brooms to ride away from the courts, instead of making them travel under whatever power they happen to have left.

(Pix on Pg. 59)

•

An "electric eye" timing device showed that the right fist of Al Albin, heavyweight spar boy who worked in the Schmeling camp, traveled at a speed of 40.2 miles an hour. Schmeling would not submit to measurements.

He learned, after the scientific measurements were made on Albin, that Joe Louis' fists could give a bombing plane a head start and beat it to the spot marked X on Max.

•

In three months and over 25,000 miles, the United States field hockey team set up a new globe-trotting record for other teams of girl athletes to envy. The American girls lost to Australia, 7-2, and to New South Wales, 6-0, before they recovered from sealegs. They won seven other games and tied two. They defeated the Fiji Island team, 2-1, in a contest that never will be reported in the travel folders because the Fiji maidens didn't wear grass skirts.

Featured in the travelogues of the returned lasses is reference to an Australian dessert known as "trifle." It's a mixture of wine, whipped cream, cake and jam.

It must take a lot of field hockey to preserve streamlines on the figures of young ladies who are fond of toying with trifles.

•

Two of the favorite sports of the Gay Nineties are presenting revivals. Croquet set sales for 1938 to date, are greater than they've been for any entire year of the past two decades. Horseshoe pitching is booming so that leagues are active in several metropolitan centers, as well as in the smaller towns. Drop forges are thundering to supply the horseshoe demand.

But the current generation of horseshoe pitchers won't have the fun of going around to a horseshoer's shop and getting him to make a horseshoe ring for good luck.

•

The lighting for night games at Ebbets field, Brooklyn, is claimed to be equal to the illumination required for 1,500 homes, 447 miles of highway or 9,000 city blocks.

But it is not enough for the Dodgers to see the ball when Johnny Vander Meer pitches.

•

Max Baer tells the papers he's tormented by eagerness to jump in against Joe Louis and relieve the mind of eight-months-old Max, Jr., of the load it's borne since Daddy sat down and confessed to having had enough of Louis, for keeps.

But tiny little Maxie isn't the only incentive, if any. Those annuities Ancil Hoffman arranged for Max, Sr., won't be paying in for some time, and in the interim Max, Sr. is not immune to the need of funds. Taking himself out of bondage to Cupid, and to utterly unromantic persons who had papers entitling them to pieces of the Baer ring earnings, gave Max an acute attack of what The Boys call "the shorts."

So really Max, Sr., can't blame on his little boy any part of what he's going to get —not in money, especially, but from Louis, again.

•

Boatmen are wondering if F. Slade Dale of Barnegat Bay (N. J.) isn't the owner of the country's oldest pleasure craft. Dale's 72-year-old Gloucesterman, the *Emma C. Berry,* was built at Noank, Conn., for fishing service. Dale acquired it in 1931 and restored it to its original condition. The sturdy veteran, which is without auxiliary power, was cruising last winter.

•

Clamor of the Negroes to have members of their race admitted to major league baseball rosters is increasing. The general public refuses to become interested in the plea of the colored players' protagonists. White baseball managers and scouts of major league clubs doubt that any more than three of the colored stars would have a chance of making a white major league team even if the Jim Crow ruling were waived.

•

River Forest (Ill.) Tennis Club hopes to build a midwestern equivalent of the famed Forest Hills stadium, if the United States Lawn Tennis Association will give River Forest the clay court national championships over a period of years sufficient to make possible the financing of its proposed plant.

The River Forest expression is sig-

Green Pastures!

This little fellow is a great American favorite. He's welcomed in millions of homes, bringing cheer in sparkling bottles of Clicquot Club. Flavor-aged and extra dry, Clicquot Club has been America's finest ginger ale for over fifty years. It is still the finest that money can buy.

TRY CLICQUOT CLUB SODA • *YOU CAN TASTE ITS NATURAL PURITY*

26
TIMES
A YEAR

EVERY OTHER
THURSDAY

Ken

GOES ON SALE
AT YOUR NEWSSTAND

nificant in showing the departure of tennis from its original grass court platform. Although less than five per cent of tennis is played on grass courts, the grass-roots conventions are major factors in determining national ratings. Turf tennis court maintenance for championship play is one of the most difficult jobs of finessing in agriculture, hence the scarcity of superb grass courts.

Tennis began its modern history in 1873 as a game patented by an Englishman, Major Walter Clopton Wingfield. He called his game Lawn Tennis, or Sphairistiké.

Those who couldn't say Sphairistiké easily, called the game Lawn Tennis, and those who can't easily get lawns, now call it Tennis.

Think of what the Major might have made had he been able to hold his patents so he and/or his estate had been able to take a bit of a dip into today's tennis gallery fees.

•

Ralph Guldahl, after winning his second consecutive National Open golf championship, was in a daze for 15 minutes after concluding his final round at the Cherry Hills Club, and had to be argued into a realization of his victory. Johnny Vander Meer, Cincinnati Reds' 23-year-old southpaw swiftballer, after pitching his second no-hit, no-run game in a row, admits that it took him a half-hour after the last ball of the second game was pitched to appreciate that he'd performed his feat.

Prolonged sessions of concentration required in such achievements as those of Guldahl and Vander Meer actually have the athletes punch-drunk from focused thinking.

The fact probably will be discounted by those who consider athletic stars as big and sinewy thick-heads, but who couldn't devote themselves solely to thinking for the lengthy span of a minute.

•

In one of the national magazines, prior to the opening of the gridiron season, appears an article which subjects the college version of the game to unnecessary roughness. The by-line on the piece is that of a brilliant young university president.

The literary rap is ghosted!

It merely goes to show that a smart president adopts a practice popular with the smartest and most solvent coaches. The boys carefully avoid penalties for illegal use of their hands in literature.

•

A dog does not have to be registered with the American Kennel Club to be eligible for showing. Any pure bred dog may be shown three times upon payment of a 25c listing fee, and not be barred from winning high honors in a show. After the third showing, cause must be shown for non-registration.

Some pure bred dogs are not yet eligible for A.K.C. registration; among these being the Shetland sheepdog and the spitz.

The Shetland sheepdog is regarded by many authorities as one of the most intelligent of breeds. Billy Burke, the golf professional, has a Shetland sheepdog that will retrieve from a practice fairway only those golf balls hit by his owner.

That is better than some very intelligent caddies can do.

Or maybe the caddies have the usual human being's idea about property rights.

•

At the Suffolk Downs track, East Boston, Mass., almost 66% of the pari-mutuel wagering is done at the $2 windows. Approximately 14% of the trade goes through the $5 windows; 13% at the $10 counter; 2.90% is of the $50 denomination, and 3.17 of the sufferers of the depression patronize the $100 windows.

Isn't it a cheering thing to be able to report the $100 horse-betting arrangement in the plural of window?

When is some thoughtful management of a race track going to make it possible for a fellow to cash his relief check right at the track, instead of compelling some of the $2 clients of the poor-man's stock market to go to the inconvenience of cashing checks with the groceryman, who often is such a cad that he wants what is owed him?

•

C.I.O. members picketed the Sacramento Pacific Coast league ball park in protest against the discharge of four concession employees.

Joe Ziegler, secretary of the club, said two of the employees were canned for being drunk, one for tardiness, and the other for not being a "good hustler."

Joe's list of reasons seems to be three straight strikes on strikers, according to our informant, Mr. J. Tickering Uppahclawss.

•

Ernie Lombardi, Cincinnati Reds' catcher, has a specially built mask to protect his ne plus ultra schnoz from foul tips.

Red infielders complained fouls on the rebound were too fast to field safely.

•

More than $150,000 has been budgeted by the Hurlingham Polo Association for ponies and training of mounts for the 1939 polo championship in the United States.

Argentina and Australia now are being scouted for polo ponies by Messrs. Leaf and Skene, Hurlingham representatives.

What's being used now instead of jobs with bond houses to enlist good polo players? When the bond business dropped off and milk delivery became extensively motorized polo began to get democratic.

•

Ohio game authorities claim the state's greatest sports bargain was received from the $500,000 paid in 1937 for hunting license fees. Commissioner Larry Woodell estimates number of rabbits killed was 2,500,000; pheasants, 200,000; Hungarian partridge, 2,500; and 7,500 wild ducks. Figure them out at butcher shop prices, yourself. ●

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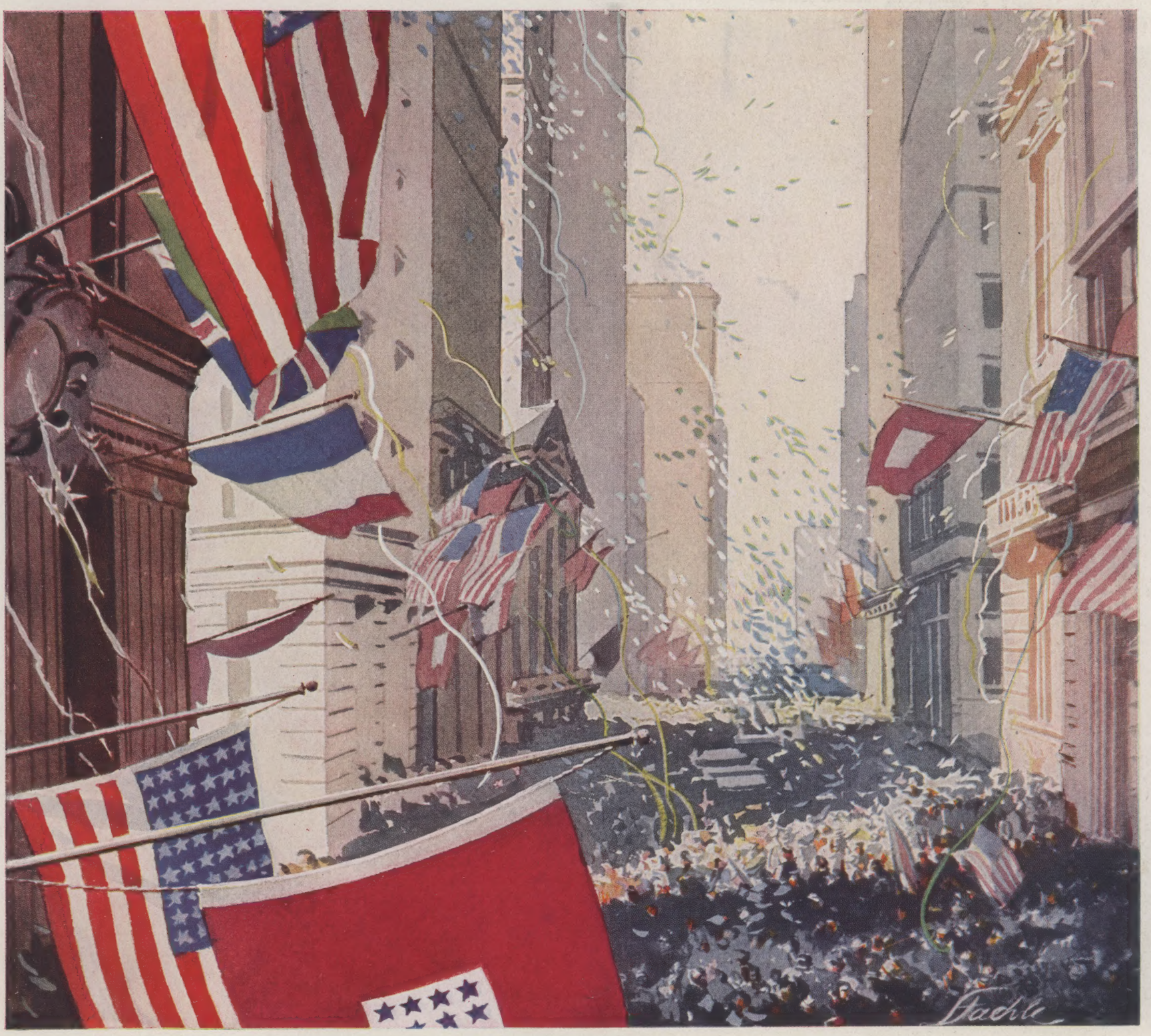


HURRAY FOR WHAT?

The war is over?

Is it over, Mother?—No, your son was killed.

Is it over, little girl with the big blue eyes?—No, your daddy was killed.

Is it over, soldier?—No, you lost a leg.

Is it over, laborer with the horny hands?—No. You, and your children, and *their* children, and THEIR children must lay out their hard-earned dollars in taxes to pay for it!

So why do we cheer?

Only the fighting is over. Hearts will go on aching. And men will walk on crutches. And laborers will work and work, and pay and pay—for years. For years, and years, and years.

Let's not have another war.

What to do about it

Hysterical protests won't avert another war, any more than will "preparedness".

Civilization must build its own defense out of human reason and intelligence, properly organized and applied.

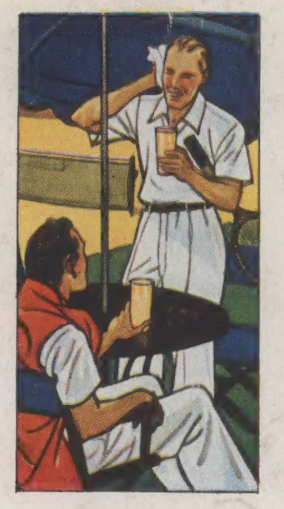
To every reasonable and intelligent man and woman in America goes the responsibility of doing his or her share to avert the coming war.

World Peaceways offers a practical plan of how you *can* help. Write for it. There is no obligation involved in your inquiry, except the obligation to your conscience and to your conviction that *there must be* no more wars. World Peaceways, Inc., 103 Park Ave., New York City.

6-39-26 KNE12909
HARMON MELCHER
CHURCH ST
ATHENS NY

The Puffin laughs because he knows
He can't get hot in arctic snows;
You, too, can laugh at summer heat
If you will try this tasty treat—
COOL OFF WITH A CALVERT COLLINS!

"Here's a trick to beat the heat, Dick!"



DICK: "A *whiskey* Collins, eh? That's a new one on me! And say, it sure tastes good on a hot day!"

DON: "You bet! *I* like a Collins made with whiskey. And if you ask me, a tall, cool Calvert Collins is a summer drink that hits the spot!"

WHEN YOU MAKE YOURS (see recipe at right), be sure to use Calvert—the whiskey that's blended for better taste. Remember, it takes *expert blending* to assure a whiskey as smooth and fine-flavored as Calvert. It's wise to trust your taste —and buy better whiskey.

CUT OUT THIS RECIPE:

1 jigger Calvert's "Reserve" or "Special"
Juice of 1 lemon or a ½ lemon and a ½ lime
2 teaspoons sugar
Shake well—strain into tall glass adding club soda and plenty of ice. Decorate with fruit if you wish.

BLENDED FOR BETTER TASTE

TRY CALVERT DISTILLED GIN . . . for a marvelous Martini, a smoother rickey or Tom Collins!

Call for Calvert *The Whiskey of Good Taste*

Copr. 1938 Calvert Distillers Corp., Distilleries: Baltimore, Md., and Louisville, Ky., Executive Offices: Chrysler Bldg., N. Y. C. Calvert's "Reserve" Blended Whiskey—90 Proof —65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . Calvert's "Special" Blended Whiskey—90 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert Distilled Gin—90 Proof—Distilled from Grain Neutral Spirits.